

Conquest

(猎国)

Arc 1

Born in Primal Wildfire

Dancing

(跳舞)

Story Description:

A powerful minister who does not seek to usurp the throne is not qualified to become a powerful minister ... “One day my face will be printed on the imperial gold coin!” – Shaar Thunder

In the south of the continent was the old but powerful empire – Byzantium. In the north was the Odin Empire and in west the Island country Atlantis. These three Kingdoms formed a triangle on the continent. In the buffer zone between the borders of the three countries – In the wilderness of the primal wildfire– was a youth of unknown origin– Shaar, a child who was adopted by an old man who was the descendant of the Tulip family.

Under the strange training of this old guy, Shaar mastered a pair of amazing skills. After the old man died, Shaar started to climb the hierarchy from a “hillbilly” through a journey of magic and conquest!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Prologue: Shaar Thunder

It could be said that Shaar Thunder was literally a “hillbilly”.

He was called “hillbilly” because he was born in the wildness. More precisely, he was an ignorant country bumpkin born in the mountain.

For example, he hated having meals without some meat. His most profound talents were cutting firewood and hunting. Until he was 16 years old, he thought that the prettiest woman in the world was Aunty Sofia. She had a waist as thick as a barrel, was mother of two and sold vegetable in town.

His name was Shaar Thunder.

His name seemed to have a somewhat mysterious Oriental origin. In fact, when Shaar Thunder was three years old, he did not have a name yet. One day, his drunkard old man used his brain for once and finally remembered that it was a father’s responsibility to come up with a name. He looked at the sky and saw that it was thundering on that summer day. That’s how Shaar Thunder got his name.....

Thus you can image how irresponsible his old man was. It was lucky that it was thundering. Imagine if it was a sandstorm or a blizzard..... Perhaps he would be now called Shaar Sandstorm or Blizzard. With this kind of name he would have to crawl into a cave and live in shame for the rest of his life.

Shaar Thunder’s vulgar taste was constantly reflected by his actions. He preferred buying cloth over silk because it was more durable – of course, a very important reason for his choice was that Shaar Thunder was as poor as a beggar and could never afford silk. His mindset was if you could not afford to eat grapes, then it was too sour for you anyway.

TL: Basically saying that he found excuses for everything.

The most important reason why he was so poor was that the majority of his income came from hunting. Some of it was used for food, but most of it was used to trade against liquor for his old man. – This old man was

Shaar Thunder's father. When he was about eight years old, Shaar Thunder found out that this old man was not his biological father. Even though an eight-year-old was not very intelligent, he at least had some common sense. In other words, he knew that it was absolutely impossible for an old man with blue eyes to give birth to a son with black eyes.

Therefore, when he was eight years old, he refused to call this old man "father" ever again.

When asked about Shaar Thunder's birth, the old man was never specific. In his own words: "Many years ago, there was a month plagued by dark and stormy nights. I sat at a campfire roasting a delicious pheasant. For a short moment I turned my back and walked to a big tree to pee and when I came back I saw a boy lying next to my campfire chewing on the roasted chicken leg with only half of it remaining. When I saw such a small boy hugging and eating half of a chicken leg, do you know what the first thing that came to my mind was?"

Every time the old man arrived at this point in the story, he would shake his head and gave Shaar Thunder a gloomy look: "What I thought was This small boy could eat so much while he was so small and when he grew up he would certainly eat this old man poor!"

When mentioning about the old man who was an old drunkard, it must be mentioned that Shaar Thunder was also an alcoholic. The reason for this occurrence was when Shaar Thunder was still young and crying loudly from hunger and the shameless old man was too lazy to hunt, he would take out some liquor and feed it to the kid instead of food. Even before it was time for this kid to stop drinking milk, this old drunkard started to develop him into an alcoholic. His weird upbringing increased the alcohol tolerance of this kid to a frightening level. At the age of 13, the old man could already not keep up with him anymore. Two years ago, because this poor household could not support two massive drunkards at the same time, the old man shamelessly prohibit Shaar Thunder to drink alcohol.

It had to be mentioned again that one of Shaar Thunder's proudest skills was cutting firewood.

But this was also an important reason why he hated his old man.

The reason being, the old man kept bragging that he was a one of the strongest on the continent and a famous sword master. However Shaar Thunder never saw his old man ever using a sword before. In matter of fact, his household did not even have a sword. The closest thing that resembled to a sword in his household was a charred black pitchfork.

When the boy grew a bit older, he became interested in weapons and martial arts. Constantly listening to the bragging of the old man, Shaar Thunder expressed a strong desire to learn martial arts from him. In the beginning the old man acted arrogantly and refused. Unable to endure Shaar Thunder's constant nagging, he finally conceded and the painful ten year period for Shaar began.

If it was only carrying water bucks and physical hardship it would be still acceptable. In addition, he had to endure a smelly medicine bath everyday which would knock out everyone else just by the smell of it, but Shaar Thunder endured it all.

What he hated most was, that the old man who called himself sword master was actually not willing to teach him to use a sword!

One time, a minstrel who travelled the world visited the tavern in the town. He told the stories of the legendary warriors on the continent. At that time, the young Shaar Thunder was listening and found great joy in imagining the stories of these arrogant and noble warriors wearing snow white cloaks, cladding in full armour, with sharp long swords in hand and surrounded by allies and enemiesah so damn amazing!

For unknown reasons, the old man claimed that, to become a sword master, Shaar Thunder could only use an axe as weapon!

Do not misunderstand. It wasn't the kind of axes or halberds that the legendary masters used.

It was the kind of axe that you could buy in the town blacksmith for six cooper plates and villagers used to cut wood in the mountains. People also called it a firewood axe.

As for how to practice and obtain axe techniques, Shaar Thunder was clueless. The old man once said that the path he taught Shaar Thunder was in matter of fact a return to the roots and original nature. People normally used the axe with precision and strength, however the old man told Shaar Thunder: “As soon as you can describe your axe technique as “skilful”, then you have reached your goal.”

Shaar Thunder knew what precise and strong strike meant. When he was 13 years old, he could throw his axe and cut the tail of a running rabbit 50 steps away.

In the end, how to practise a technique that was regarded as “skilful” was a matter of different opinions. According to the old man, he had to use a ten-kilo heavy axe and carve a piece of tofu into a chrysanthemum – which was obviously something very hard to do for normal people.

TL: chrysanthemum is a kind of flower.

In matter of fact, Shaar Thunder was always suspicious about the axe techniques that the old man taught him. The entire content of his martial arts exercises every day was: Cutting firewood, cutting tofu, in addition to cleaning his preys’ intestines, dividing its meat and chopping its bones.

Although he had some doubts in his heart, Shaar Thunder practised this set of “axe techniques” for a decade. He practiced very diligently, but the old man never gave him any assessments. At most, the old man would hold his liquor bottle and squat on the side while drinking. His look never showed any appreciation nor discontent and his eyes were always hazy.

Up until a year ago, just before the old man died of bad health, he was finally willing to open his mouth and assessed this adopted son’s martial arts. When he gave his assessment at that time, Shaar Thunder thought for three days and was still unable to figure out his meaning. He did not know if the old man was praising him or if he changed his attitude and was beating around the bush to curse him – he actually suspected the second guess. When the old man finally became ill and bedridden, he wanted to continue drinking. Shaar Thunder however refused his request while considering his health – also because his household was so poor

that they had barely enough to eat.

This probably drew the old man's rage onto him.

Ah, before dying, the old man said.

At that time he gave a complex look to his adopted son and sighed:

“ It was fucking creative of you to have practiced my technique
“Thousand men army slaughter” to this extend – I forbid you to touch the
axe ever again after I die. Anything else, swords, spears, clubs I don't care,
but you cannot use the axe or I will turn in my grave.”

Chapter 1: Stepping Into The Outside World

At first, Shaar Thunder contemplated for a long time, while trying to understand the last words and the technique evaluation from the old man.

With his low education level, he only knew that “creative” should be a compliment, while “turn in my grave” seemed like a bad evaluation.

When concerning the cultural and educational studies of Shaar Thunder, the old man was very irresponsible. He only taught him the simplest things. When reading the old rotting books that the old man left to him, Shaar Thunder could barely recognize 80% of the words and what was even worse, he could not understand half of the meanings behind words.

Not only that, the old man even forbade Shaar Thunder to read his book collection. Every time, Shaar Thunder got caught by the old man, he would get beaten up by a stick. Only when the old man drank himself to sleep, Shaar Thunder would have chance to sneak in and had a look at the books.

Most things written in the books were related to “cavalry tactics”, such as “Changing course” “Encirclement” “Outflanking” and so on. Other than that, the books also taught about battle plans, how many supplier wagons a campaign needed, various troop deployments according to the specific terrain, river bank battle, plain battle, canyon ambush and so on.

In the beginning, Shaar Thunder thought that these were war stories, just like the fairytales and campaigns the minstrel in the tavern told. After reading them, he began to see the difference. Compared to the beautiful and vivid stories told by the minstrel, the book collection of the old man was dull and boring.

Shaar Thunder had twice summoned up courage to ask the old man about the content of the books. At the first time, the old man hit Shaar

Thunder's head with his stick and the wound got swollen for three days. The second time, the old man was drunk and did not actually hit Shaar Thunder's head, but trampled on his foot and stared at him while cursing. "During my youth while leading soldiers to battles, when I encountered a disobedient boy like you, I would have cut him down...."

Well, according to the old man whose mouth was full of fantasy stories, he not only "had been" a renown swords master on the continent but also "had been" a general leading armies to battles.

Was it really true?

No matter how stupid he could be, Shaar Thunder knew that a general was not someone who could not even afford to buy liquor. However, this old man could only buy the cheapest black ale when drinking. That liquor was not only spicy, but had also a strong sour smell. Plus, he had to sell his last copper tooth to pay for it.

Shaar Thunder came to the conclusion. "If he was a general, then I would be the emperor."

In the end..... concerning the assessment of his axe techniques, did the old man praise or scold him?

Fortunately, this would no long cause him headache.

After spitting out these last words, the old man died.

If we would use the old man's words, his death would be described as "creative".

When Shaar Thunder came back from cutting firewood, he saw the old man lying on the ground, with no breath anymore. He died on the road – He climbed down the bed and crawled to reach the cupboard with the liquor bottles. What a pity that he was too old and too weak. He managed to crawl half way then became unable to breath and died on the spot. His hand was trying to reach the liquor cupboard until the very last moment.

If taken from another view, it could be said that the old man was someone with a strong personality. Even when staring death in the eye, his messy personality did not change. The reason being, the old man

forgot that the liquor cupboard had long been emptied –not even a drop was left.

Shaar Thunder buried the old man.

He wanted to bury him behind their shabby house in nice place, surround by mountains in the open air. Behind a sloping hill he found a canyon, where he dug a hole inside and then filled it with mud and stones. While setting the tombstone, Shaar Thunder encountered a troublesome issue – the absurd thing was, after all these years, he did not even know the old man's name.

Before he passed his eighth birthday he used to call him “father”. After that, he started calling him “old man”. As for the people in town, they called the old man “old drunk” or “old bastard” and so on.

Shaar Thunder sat in front of the grave for a whole night. Sighing, he split a block of wood in two and engraved one line of ugly written words onto it:

“The old man is buried in this place. I hope your soul rest in peace.”

He then rushed to the town and brought with him the most valuable things in his household – he sold the broken axe for three copper plates and traded it for one bottle of liquor.

One bottle of liquor for three copper plates was without doubt the most “upscale” liquor Shaar Thunder had bought in all these years.

Even so, he poured out this bottle of liquor on the grave of the old man without second thoughts. Watching the liquor slowly flowing into the earth, he did not even had a small sip.

When the sun started to rise, Shaar Thunder's whole body was frozen and he finally decided to stand up. He stood up before the grave, looked at the wooden sign. His face showed an indistinctness expression.

“All right, you are gone now old man and I am the only one remaining. “

.....

The first problem waiting to be solved was how to fill his stomach.

He could be regarded as a professional hunter. No, it would not even be an exaggeration to say that he was the most outstanding hunter in the vicinity within a few hundred miles.

At the age of 13, he climbed up the mountains in search of firewood and used his broken axe to hack a bloodthirsty feral hungry wolf to death – this wolf was a low level magic beast inside primal wildfire. When under attack it had the innate skill to transform its fur as hard as a tortoiseshell, its teeth were strong enough to break a hunter's spear and with its agile movement, it was a formidable foe.

However, at that time, Shaar Thunder only used one strike to cut off the wolf's head.

A gentle strike actually.

In matter of fact, the 13-year-old Shaar Thunder was scared shitless and wet his pants. When the wolf rushed towards him, Shaar almost lost his consciousness. Luckily, his instinct which was sharpened by practicing his combat posture a thousand times moved his hand on its own and chopped off the wolf's head.

Then suddenly.....He felt the warm fresh blood splashed onto his face. When he opened his eyes, he saw a wolf head still baring its teeth on the ground. A clean cut could be seen on its neck and the rest of the wolf's body behind him.

It took him some time until he got back his composure then the excitement overwhelmed him.

ActuallyI am really powerful?!

Afterwards he carried the wolf corpse in high spirits back and could not wait for the old man to praise him for his exploit. The old man however was not happy at all and he told him two reasons. The first one was: "If you practice this long and cannot even kill a small fart wolf, then you should hide your head in a tofu block."

TL: The original sentence was "Buy a tofu block and kill yourself with it" which basically means hide your head in the sand... but I like tofu more!

But the second reason was the real cause that made the old man angry:

“You idiot, don’t you know that if you cut off the wolf’s head, the fur will be worthless!! This wolf skin can normally trade for two silver coins, enough to buy us 3 months worth of liquor! Now you can at most sell it for 1/10 of its price!!”

What the old man said was right.

That time, Shaar Thunder brought the wolf to town. Once when he arrived, many people were very interested and asked about the price, but as soon as they saw the damaged skin nobody inquired again.

As result, Shaar Thunder used the wolf skin that could not be sold and made himself a fur coat. As for the wolf meat, he and the old man ate it for several days.

Uh.....Stop thinking about that wolf meat.

Although the meat of that bloodthirsty feral hungry wolf was hard to eat and had a weird kind of sour taste, but right now he had not eaten anything for a whole day and night. Shaar Thunder’s whole body was frozen stiff and it was a torture to resist this kind of temptation.

However, Shaar Thunder decided not to climb the mountains and go hunting.

He did not want to become a hunter.

He wanted to explore the world. Young people always had many fantasies.

At the very leastIn his opinion looking for labour in the town was much better compared to living in the mountain. Much better than wasting his life like that useless old man.

When he arrived at the town and started looking for a job, even selling carts or some odd jobs would do for him. Perhaps with his kind of strength, a mercenary group would recruit him and he could become a low level warrior or something.

Despite his growling belly and his freezing hands and feet, Shaar

Thunder's thoughts were full of pride and enthusiasm.

With no axe or other weapons he could use, Shaar Thunder took the charred black pitchfork from the house and fixed it to his belt. He put on his hole-ridden wolf skin robe and his worn out straw sandal, then walked down the mountain with his heart full of hope.

This was Shaar Thunder's first step towards the outside world!

A minstrel singing about legends and fairytales would have said "the wheel of fate started to turn" right now.

However our hero who was walking down the mountain right now did not even had the luxury of a "wheel", his shoes were worn out and in the meantime he became dizzy from hunger.

Chapter 2: No Decent People In Primal Wildfire Town

Part 1

If someone wanted to find the most chaotic place on the whole continent, then the title surely belonged to Primal Wildfire Town.

The real name of this Town was not actually Primal Wildfire Town. In fact, it had several unofficial names – this current confusing state was caused by the ownership issue of Primal Wildfire Town.

This small town was located in the southern part of Primal Wildfire and was under nobody's jurisdiction. If it came to the question of ownership, it could be said “whoever's flag was flying over the townowns it”.

The northern Odin Empire, the southern Byzantine Empire and even some large bandits and thieves groups were the masters here before.

The geographical location of Primal Wildfire Town was not very good. It was actually founded at the most delicate spot on the continent. The Town did not have any resources that were worth mentioning. It was mostly surrounded by forests, mountains and valleys. The land here was barren and the climate was mostly bizarre.

Every year, the cold air coming from the north brought a cold winter to Primal Wildfire Town. It for three monthslasted each year . When the winter passed, a warm southern sea breeze started to mix with the northern wind. This wind resulted in making people lazy. When the hot and cold air met each other, it caused ample rainfall and made the land muddy in the summer.

As the result, winter was cold and dry and summer hot and wet in Primal Wildfire Town.

People from the northern Odin Empire were accustomed to a climate of ice and snow and had problems to adapt to the hot and damp summer

here. The inhabitants of the southern Byzantine Empire hated on contrary the winter with its biting cold.

Coupled with the low economical output and tough livelihood, it could be said that this was a region with little value.

Even though the Primal Wildfire Town did not have many resources, it was surrounded by many ferocious beasts and many big and medium native tribes. These big and medium tribes had both a bright and a dark side. In war times, they would fly a banner and work as a mercenary band and in peaceful times they would mask their faces and start robbing people.

In the vicinity, dwarf tribes and also a lot of dirty, cowardly goblins had spread in the forest and swamps like ants...

In this place, only when both big Empires prepared to go to war, would they treat it as the buffer zone. In peaceful times, they would never even bother to look at it.

The two big Empires had formed a somewhat tacit understanding. If some Byzantine troops are stationed here, Odin would certainly invade this place and if an Odin army occupied this location, Byzantium would also follow up and dispatch its troops. Neither of these sides had occupied this shabby place for a long period. As long as the enemy had not seized this area, they would turn a blind eye on it and thus it simply turned into a location which was under nobody's jurisdiction.

Since it was the only town in Primal Wildfire, it had an influx of different and complex personality from the continent. Criminals, most wanted terrorists, petty thieves, burglars, profiteers, adventurers and so on. It could be said a "colourful" community resided here.

An anarchic paradise would be the most fitting description of Primal Wildfire Town.

Recently, several large southern merchant groups from Byzantine were suffering massive losses from robbery of local thieves and bandits. It forced them to raised funds and recruited several mercenary groups from the capital to deal with the robbers and bandit groups. Right now, they

were treating this location as an important goods distribution centre and announced to the locals that this small town was under their “protection”.

In Primal Wildfire Town you could find anything, cart sellers, inns, taverns, gambling den, brothels and even some secret strongholds of some bandits and thieves gangs. In the black market, all kind of prohibited goods could be bought and also the service of mercenary tribes could be acquired here.....

Here was the paradise for adventurers.

This place was not suited for cautious and prudent person.

Even the tailor in the town was probably a fleeing criminal, sought by both big Empires and was evading arrest warrants for many years.

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When Shaar Thunder entered the town, nobody paid any attention to him. The tattered clothed and the ragged wolf fur coat he was wearing gave him the vibe of a beggar. Furthermore, because he fixed a charred black pitchfork on his waist as a weapon, most people thought that he must be one of those “mentally retarded” beggar.

While Shaar Thunder was walking down the street of Primal Wildfire Town like a hungry wolf that just escaped the mountain, a pair of greedy eyes were staring at him from a store entrance on the roadside.

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If only one word was used to describe the looks of Tatara and it had to be in the most accurate way, then this word would certainly be:
Wretched!

If one had to add an adverb to it, it would be “extremely” Wretched!!

He was thin, extremely thin. It could be said he was only skin and bones. He had deep cheekbones, a pair of thick, mean looking angled eyebrows and triangular eyes. Coupled with his wretched and immoral atmosphere, when he smiled he looked like one of those uncles who would seduce innocent kids with lollipops .

It could be said that with his looks, if he walked on the street at night, even if he did nothing wrong, patrol guard would still look at him with suspicious eyes.

In the past, he had once a very “proud” encounter. While studying in the Royal capital, on a casual night he met a woman by chance in an alley. He found himself face-to-face with the opposite party and looked at her. That woman only saw the look of Tatara, became frightened, her beautiful face instantly turned pale and she started yelling “Molester!”

As a result, a patrol indiscriminately tied him up and arrested him. Tatara tried to defend himself, but they only said one thing: “You awfully resemble someone who would molest young little girls.”

Luckily, the current Tatara no longer needed to suffer such a humiliation treatment again.

The current Tatara had the most prestigious occupations on the continent. There was no position with more prestige than his!

His current occupational status was: Honoured Magician Sir Tatara.

Of course, this title was exaggerated. In matter of fact, Tatara was only a low-level magician. Moreover the unfortunate part was, his was not young anymore and during the magic assessment, it was indentified that magic potential would not continue to grow. Therefore he would not get the chance of promotion again.

Although the occupation of a magician was prestigious, it was only referred to those high-level magicians who could control the forces of nature. Low-level magicians like him with no potential of magical growth, were only left with the option to seek a career in a mercenary band and act as a fighting force. It was enough to cover his living expenses, if his luck wishes so, maybe he would meet some ignorant countryside noble who would recruit him as an honoured guest.

Therefore in Royal capital and other big cities, Tatara did not have any advancement opportunities. He could only go to remote villages like Primal Wildfire Town to try his luck.

Another reason for him to come to Primal Wildfire Town was an absolute accident – he went bankrupt.

This was a very absurd matter: How could a prestigious and rich magician unexpectedly go bankrupt?

Nevertheless, this very matter actually happened to Tatara – Out of pure coincidence, Tatara obtained an old book that described a type method to increase one's magic strength tremendously. This discovery stimulated the ambition of Tatara and he purchased many magic materials in order to conduct this magic research. He borrowed a massive loan from a moneylender to cover the costs. Then.....unfortunately, his magic research failed and almost all the material were consumed.

The most unfortunate part was...He later discovered that this old book he obtained was a forged antique sold by relic peddlers!

He was cheated by these despicable profiteers and bought a forged antique as a magician! That was simply the greatest shame for Tatara.

To make things worse, the moneylender was operating legally and was protected under the empire's legal constitution. In order to recover the debt, they went to the Royal capital magician guild and sued Tatara.

Not only did they sue a magician who did not have any money, they also had to bring this case to the magician guild?!

In all these hundreds of years there was never such a big scandal! Tatara was disgraced in the Royal capital and became a huge joke in the magician community. In the Royal capital, this young low-level magician had become more famous than those long serving high-level magicians.

Thus he could only conceal his identity and go into exile. He hoped to try his luck in Primal Wildfire Town which was under nobody's jurisdiction.

Right now, Tatara saw Shaar Thunder walking down the street.

To be more precise, he saw the thing that was hanging on Shaar Thunder's neck!

In the eyes of a magician, as soon as he saw that thing dangling on Shaar Thunder's neck, he could not help get overwhelmed with greed.

It looked like a greyish stone without any gloss.

HoweverTatara swore on the almighty god, it was a superior magic soul crystal!!!

.....

Shaar Thunder was suddenly blocked from his path.

Although he was dizzy from hungry, after clearly seeing that fellow who had blocked his path, he immediately grasped the meaning that something was not right!

"Hello young man, do you want to make a deal?"

Tatara tried to put on his most genuine smile, but obviously his efforts were in vain. Seeing that smile, Shaar Thunder's face became vigilant and his first reaction was to simultaneously grip one hand on his weapon while another hand quickly covered his pocket.

Part 2

(Do I really look like a bad guy?) A sudden urge to crying overcame Tatara. However in front of a beggar, his pride forced him to act in a haughty manner of a master magician.

Seeing the vigorous and strong physique of Shaar Thunder, he gave up the idea of robbing him. (Better deceive him, lure him to an alley and put him to sleep!)

Tatara squinted his triangular eyes and tried to put on a modest smile: "I would like to introduce myself. I am a magician."

Shaar Thunder gave Tatara a dazed look and showed no response.

Tatara waited and expected a look of awe, but the youth in front of him showed an expression that would have made no difference between "a magician" and "a pig".

Awkward silent lingered for a little while. Tatara lost his patience while

continuing staring at him and started coughing: “.....Do you not know who magicians are?”

“I know.” Shaar Thunder honestly nodded. Although he lived in the mountain, he often came and left Primal Wildfire Town. How could he possibly not know what a magician was?

“Then you aren’t surprised when a grand magician is standing before you?” Actually, Tatara was somewhat taken by surprise. The young man stood in front of a magician without even blinking an eye. Was he a hidden master?

Nonetheless, from the look of his appearance, his young age, wearing his ragged fur coat and his hair tied together in braids like local mountain tribesmen, he did not seem like a person with high skills, only naïve and plain.

“That’s because you do not resemble a magician.” Shaar Thunder told the truth and seemed somewhat embarrassed. He shyly scratched the back of his head: “I thought that magicians were supposed to look handsome.”

Tatara: “.....” (His resentment continued to rise)

Being hit on his weak spot, Tatara got a bit annoyed: “Then who do you think I am?!”

“A swindler.” As an honest person, Shaar Thunder gave him a very simply answer. “My foster father taught me a few things. If someone inexplicable approached you with a friendly smile, then the first response should be to cover your purse.”

Shaar Thunder smiled towards Tatara and showed a sincere and calm expression. In a very serious tone he said: “Dear Mr. Swindler, as you can see I am a poor man who currently does not even have a copper plate. I think you prefer not to waste your time.”

Finishing his sentence, Shaar Thunder tried to bypass Tatara.

What the hell... he climbed down the mountain and walked almost 30 miles. On the way, he could only find spring water to fill his stomach. By

the time he arrived in the town, he was so hungry that his belly could be mistaken for a drum. His belt was fastened tighter than ever. Right now, his hunger was so overwhelming that he would eat a piece of wood if it was in front of him.

In this kind of situation, the most important thing was to quickly find a way to get something to eat. He could not bother to waste his time with swindlers – If it was every other normal day, he would have already punched and broke this swindlers bones.

Tatara grabbed Shaar Thunder who wanted to leave and anxiously said: “Wait! I am a real magician! How can I make you believe me?”

“Believe you?” Shaar Thunder blinked his two eyes and hesitated for a while. With an overly cautious and prudent appearance he said: “Only..... Only if you show me your magic.”

“.....Alright!” Tatara wanted to spit blood from anger, but for that superior magic soul crystal he suppressed his rage. He pulled Shaar Thunder from the street, used his back to block the pedestrians and stretched out his finger: “Ok! Look carefully!”

Finishing his speech, his mouth whispered several incantations and raised his hand. Suddenly, a handful of grey powder appeared from his palm and he sprayed it on Shaar Thunder’s body.

This was a handful of dust.

Shaar Thunder looked at his clothes that got dirtied by the dust, patted it and asked dissatisfied: “What magic is this?”

“Enhanced dust magic!” Tatara lifted his chin proudly. This was indeed the magic that he excelled at. It was one of the most low-level spell of earth magic and was used to raise a cloud of dust to confuse the enemy in a fight by reducing the line of sight – It was the same principle as using dry lime powder in a fight, which would have an equally good result.

Shaar Thunder was somewhat disappointed and showed disdains: “What you showed me cannot be called magic.”

He looked at Tatara full of suspicion and firmly shook his head: “The

other day, I saw a performance of a wandering circus in the town. It was more interesting than your trick. There was a person who pulled a rabbit out of his hat!”

Wandering, Wandering circus?!

Pulled a rabbit out of a hat?!!

Fuck, who does this bastard think I am?!

Tatara really felt like spitting out blood!

“AndPerhaps this handful dust was hidden in your sleeve beforehand.” Shaar Thunder looked at Tatara’s spacious robe sleeves with suspicion. Tatara was wearing a fur-lined robe made of high quality material to fit his high magician’s status and acted as a symbol. The robe was made spacious and the sleeves were long and curled up several times.

“Bastard! How could I possibly do such s thing!” Tatara felt badly insulted.

“UnlessYou let me inspect your clothes in order to search for anything hidden.”

Shaar Thunder gave off a very honest look.

“.....Alright!” Tatara’s face reddened from anger and he felt that he got enormously insulted! Even during this moment, he had not forgotten the stone hanging on Shaar Thunder’s neck.

This had to be a joke! Me, a prestigious magician was compared to trickster by this stupid kid?!

His status as a magician was the only thing remained that Tatara was proud of!

He outrageously took off his fur lined robe and threw it in front of Shaar Thunder: “You go and have a look inside and see if there is something hidden! Humpf!”

Shaar Thunder received the robe and immediately searched it carefully. He inspected it unusually careful, from inside to the outside, from neckband to the sleeve cuff and even looked at the inside lining.

While inspecting, Shaar Thunder casually mentioned: “Oh, your robe must have cost a lot of money.”

“Of course! This was bought from a tailor shop in Royal Capital and is worth six silver coins! This is real high quality bearskin! Only this kind of clothes can match a magician’s prestigious status!” Tatara replied annoyed – actually he was lying. The bearskin was real bearskin and it was indeed bought in a Royal Capital tailor shop, but the price was not six silver coins, but only three.

While listening, Shaar Thunder maintained his composure, but his eyes hinted of a deeper meaning.

He raised his head and gave Tatara an innocent expression that looked like he could never harm any human nor animal: “I finished looking... yes...I have to admit that you are indeed not a sly swindler.”

“Of course!” Tatara put out his chest.

Shaar Thunder suddenly grinned and chuckled: “You are actually a stupid swindler.”

The second he stopped talking, Shaar Thunder scooped that expensive fur-lined robe, turned around and sprinted away!!

He ran extremely fast and in a blink of an eye, he vanished in a small alley on the roadside.

Tatara froze at the scene and was stupefied. His eyes widened and it took him some time until he suddenly roared: “Someone snatched my clothes!!”

When he ran into the alley and finally gave chase, he could not even see Shaar Thunder’s shadow.

Shaar Thunder was after all a native in Primal Wildfire Town. He walked on these streets for more than ten years and was familiar with the terrain. How could Tatara a non-native catch up against these odds?

In one breath, he crossed two blocks and after he determined that no one was chasing him, Shaar Thunder finally stopped. He stood under a

big tree on the roadside, caught his breath while touching the fur lined robe made of high quality material in his hand.

“So lucky, just when I entered the town I ran into a stupid foreigner. No need to worry about today’s lunch anymore.”

Shaar Thunder’s face had a big happy smile. Holding the fur-lined coat he entered the shop closest to the roadside.

A little while later, the robe turned into several copper plates and he bought several meat pies from a shop on the roadside. These several meat pies were quickly ended up in Shaar Thunder’s stomach.

Patting his satisfied belly, Shaar Thunder gave off a pleasant sign.

Ah, what a pity. In Primal Wildfire Town, these kind of stupid foreigners from a moment ago were difficult to find.

“Now that I filled my stomach, time to find some work.” Shaar Thunder walked proudly towards the black market’s direction.

This was Shaar Thunder’s first encounter with Tatara.

If we used those magnificent poetic sentences of bards, this event could be described like:

“Once upon a day, some months, some years ago, the future Emperor Shaar met his first loyal future subject Lord Tatara. The great Emperor Shaar irradiated such a dominating aura of a ruler that Lord Tatara’s strong body started trembling and forced him to submit. Henceforth, he swore to follow Emperor Shaar till death do them part! The wheel of fate continued turning...”

Nonetheless, there was a gap between the truth of history and legend after all.

At this moment, our Tatara’s body was indeed trembling. Despite that, it actually had nothing to do with submission, but from.....

Anger!!

“That Bastard boy, do not let me run into you again!!!”

Tatara face turned green and started to spit blood: “There are no decent people in Primal Wildfire Town!!”

Chapter 3: Black Alley

When talking about the liveliest, most dynamic and also the most chaotic place in Primal Wildfire Town, it had to be the Black Alley.

Black Alley was not an official name. In fact, since the period of occupying was very short for both empires, they had not the luxury of making a record of all the streets and buildings – When comparing both parties, the Odin was so ignorant, that it even saved the trouble of inquiring population statistics.

The name Black Street was accepted by villagers through the common usage. It was located at the west corner of the outer town. This street was originally very broad and could be considered as the most spacious street in the town with enough space to fit two carriages side by side – these kind of big roads were not only rare for a backwater place, even in the civilized Byzantine Empire it usually only existed in some of the big cities.

It must be reminded that the word “original” was put before “fit two carriages side by side” – only when the many vendors did not block the street, could it be achieved.

Black Alley attracted all the weird things from across the continent. You could find anything and everything, including those that you could not even imagine it existed.

Regardless of what you wanted to buy, no matter how rare or weird, you just had to come to Black Alley in Primal Wildfire Town and hang up a look-out sign. In matter of half a day, there would be a few sneaky looking ragtag came to ask you for an offer.

These people were neither tricksters nor beggars, but some of the mercenary tribal agents.

In Primal Wildfire, there were many large and small tribes. The big ones could consist of thousands of people, while the small ones held a few hundreds. Some of the tribes survived by doing mercenary job, more often they were gangs of thieves and robbers.

The difficulty lies on how to distinguish whether they were mercenaries or the thieves – well, it all depended on their willingness.

The Byzantines had a proverb on how to distinguish between a mercenary group and a group of thieves:

“If you hire mercenaries as bodyguards, after the mission you only need to pay the commission. If by chance they were in a bad mood, they would not only take the commission money, but also rob your last penny – during these moments, you know they were a group of thieves.”

Obviously, Trading Guilds in the Capital refused to acknowledge such stereotype and repeatedly declared that those registered mercenaries were a legitimate and serious group, of course most importantly law-abiding. They condemned those two faced mercenaries and called them illegal black gangs.

Nevertheless, these black gangs in Primal Wildfire were a necessity for people since they took on jobs no others dared to touch. What's most important, they were serious about their job!

If your offer was tempting enough, they even dared to do some live risking mission! For example, to catch some dwarf slaves, which those formal mercenary groups would never do, these black gangs however..... hey, how much money you are willing to pay?

Despite the harsh environment, it had to be said that Primal Wildfire was a place full of business opportunities! This was the buffer zone and the only trade route between the Byzantine Empire and Odin Empire. The Odin merchants and the Byzantine merchants had to cross this region if they wanted to go to the other country to do business.

The vast and harsh Primal Wildfire was full of hidden dangers. A bit further north outside the town, there was a blue basin – a territory belonged to those ferocious and eccentric dwarves. If you were human merchants, it was in your best interest not to go near there, otherwise on a unlucky day, your skull would be made into a decoration and hung on a shelf in a dim shop on Black Alley.

Only handful merchants established a relationship with those dwarves

and thus, could do some trading with them close to their territory.

The dwarves were easy to deal with (as long as you did not intrude their homes, they normally would not attack you), in comparison, Goblins were the real headache. These little creatures were like rats. They spread like pests in their dens on the northern part of Primal Wildfire. Those vermin were the real robbers – they stole everything that could be eaten, wore and used. It must be mentioned that they would eat anything.

If by luck you are caught by them then congratulations!

Your meat would be made into delicious jerky and your bones grinded to powder to make tasty soup. Even your hair would be sewed into a blanket by the Goblins! In one word, Goblins had a very special quality that was rare for humans: being thrifty!

Trading across Primal Wildfire was very dangerous, but very profitable at the same time!

The Byzantine made superior armors, weapons, horses, cattle, minerals, artifacts.....

The northern Odin Empire produced the finest fur, all kinds of crystal and various sculptures (What irony! The Odins were always regarded as rude and ignorant people and only this benighted country owned the world's best carving techniques. The sculptors from the Byzantine Empire sculptors felt deeply ashamed when reminded. In order to express their disdain to the Odin sculptors, the Byzantines had an explanation: A life of an Odin could be divided into three parts: One third to fight, one third to mate and one third to carve statues and pray.)

It had to be mentioned that only big merchant groups with abundant capitals could afford to do these kinds of business.

Smaller trading groups would first need the guts to see their heads hanging on a belt, if they wanted to take part in such trading.

Needless to say, tempted by the huge profits that the trading could bring, many people were prepared to risk their lives. Among the people coming to Primal Wildfire town, more than half of them were holding a

dream to make a fortune.

Every once in a while, there was always one or two lucky man who made it through the buffer zone alive and entered the destination country. They turned rich over night. This spurred more people with dreams of becoming rich to come to Primal Wildfire.

There was an old saying concerning Primal Wildfire: if you go outside the town and dig somewhere, you will always find skulls of the adventurers buried beneath the soil.

.....

Shaar Thunder walked firmly into the Black Alley. Since he was satisfied that he finally filled his stomach – thanks to that foreign idiot.

Things went as usual on Black Alley, except that not long ago the gang occupying the town had been expelled. Currently, the streets were patrolled by mercenary groups, but the town people had already got used to this. The most important factor was that the new mercenary group ruled with law and did not raise the tax.

Speaking about tax, it was very simple in this town and only one fee called town entry tax had to be paid. No matter whom you were, what status you had, when entering the town, everyone was obligated to pay one copper plate as tax.

Other than the town entry tax, there was no business tax or any other taxes.

When Shaar Thunder went into the town today, he gave his last copper in his pocket to the gate keeper.

So, if he could not find a job to earn money today, he would really have to become a beggar.....

Black Alley was crowded with people and the sounds of arguments and shouting repeatedly came from the shops and street stalls. People here were valiant, since those who dared to venture all the way to this place were not easy to deal with, for most of the cases – that was why there were no decent people here in the town. Even when these rough guys were

only bargaining, it sounded like cursing.

Occasionally, you can see some drunkards thrown out from roadside taverns to the rubbish dump in the corner.

Some suspicious looking guys sneaking in the crowd, who were also called the golden fingers, a.k.a thieves.

Fortunately, no golden fingers would pay attention to Shaar Tunder – he looked even worse than a beggar.

Shaar Thunder walked along with the stream of people, looking for a job to earn some money. His idea was very simple, but he needed to some start fund first. He wanted to try this luck as a magic beast hunter.

Magic beast hunters and hunters were two different professions. The work was basically the same, but they had different hunting targets.

Hunters hunted for pheasants, rabbits, foxes, coyotes and so on. You could become hunter as long as you knew how to shoot arrows or make traps.

But for magic beast hunters, they had only one target: the magic beasts!

When the old man was alive, he prohibited Shaar Thunder to hunt magic beasts. Nonetheless, Shaar Thunder did not plan to so end his whole life inside the mountains as some hillbilly hunter. The life of a magic beast hunter was filled with adventures, excitement and also very profitable. Exactly what young people aspired to become.

Therefore, without telling the old man, he had secretly hunted those prey for several times and successfully killed some magic beasts. Despite that, he had not been able to save any money, since most of the money had been traded for alcohol and was used to satisfy these two drunkards' addiction.

Finally, Shaar Thunder found his target.

Just at the end of Black Alley, there was a board hanging in front of a small shop.

“Magic beast cubs wanted, offering grand reward...”

Chapter 4: Dead People Buried Everywhere

When Shaar Thunder entered the shop he noticed that there are no other guests inside, only a skinny old man sitting behind the counter. Although Shaar Thunder's clothes were very tattered, the old man did not discriminate him, instead he stood up and gave him a warm welcome. With a bright smile hanging on his face, the old man squint his eyes. This kind of smiling face was equal as having "profiteer" engraved on it.

"Respectful customer, what items are you interested in? We recently received a new patch of fine tobacco, which was planted by real Zharturk people! Looking at your age, you are probably not interested in tobaccoah, someone as tall and strong as you, irradiating such strength and courage, you must be a splendid warrior. Yes, we have high quality equipments made by 'Mjöltnir'. What kind of weapon do you need? Is it a good sword, needs new armour? I can guarantee you that all our equipment are authentic, forged by famous dwarf smiths and absolutely are not forgeries!"

Mjöltnir?

Come on, stop the talk.

Shaar Thunder hung out many years in Primal Wildfire Town, how could he not know these profiteers' shameful promises?

The world knew that the weapons build by the dwarf smiths were the best. The dwarves believed in Thor and thus almost half of the weapon shops on the continent were named "Mjöltnir" the hammer of Thor in order to try to make others believe that weapons they sold were all made by dwarves.

Shaar presumed that there were genuine high quality weapons made by dwarves in the Black Alley, however those were highly valued treasures and these profiteers would certainly not show it to a beggar looking boy.

Seeing Shaar Thunder not responding, the old man twisted his beard and put an "I understand as a man" smile on his face: "Perhaps you want to purchase some special drug? We have an exceptional pharmacist that

can manufacture any kind of specialised drug at our headquarter. He is especially efficient in making the type of drug that put someone to sleep! Best used for trespassing, killing or robbing someone's his possessions and equipmentRespectful customer, tell me what you desire?"

Shaar Thunder carefully observed everything inside the store.

The first thing he noticed was the piece of dried sheepskin hanging near the entrance. This was a contract document with two signature stamps below. One belonged most likely to this shop's affiliated business group and another belonged to the mercenary group which currently controlled Primal Wildfire Town.

This contract indicated that this shop and the occupier of Primal Wildfire Town signed an agreement. This shop was under the protection of the mercenary group and must abide to the law of Primal Wildfire Town. Once a law was breached, you could go to the Primal Wildfire's protector and seek arbitration and damage payment.

This store would be considered as "legal".

This was the first point that had to be clarified, sinceOn the Black Alley there were many illegal shops!

There are no decent people in Primal Wildfire Townhehe!

"I came in because of the request sign outside." Shaar Thunder finally opened his mouth and his voice spoke a local dialect.

The enthusiasm of the old profiteer immediately diminished, but still stayed very polite, which made Shaar Thunder pleasantly surprised. At least, he did not judge people solely on appearance and appeared somewhat professional.

"Listens to your voice, you seem to be a native."The old man smiled: "Are you a magical beast hunter?"

While listening to this question, Shaar Thunder could not help but to touch his hole-ridden fur coat and his charred pitch fork on his waist. Perhaps some magical beast hunters wore only some simple equipment, however absolutely no one in this world would use a charred pitch fork to

fight fierce magical beasts.....

Shaar Thunder started blushing, but he overcame his shame and nodded: "Yes."

It seemed that the old man did not deliberately look at Shaar Thunder's ragged coat and his charred weapon. His eyes stayed fixated on Shaar for half a minute: "Alright then you came here to take on the request? The requirement is written here, do you have any questions?"

The request sign was written very clearly.

"Magical beast cubs wanted, offering grand reward

Request: Ferocious Lion cub, characteristics: white fur.

Demand not limited.

Price confirmation: Each cub five silver coins.

Term of validity: 30 days."

"No further questions, if possible I would like to sign the contract immediately." Shaar Thunder put in some effort to pretend he had experience.

The old man carefully studied Shaar Thunder's face and unexpectedly sighed: "Young man, I hope you understand what you are doing. It looks like you know martial arts, nonethelessa Ferocious Lion is not an ordinary beast. Taking into account that winter is coming, magical beasts become more aggressive while stockpiling food for the season. What's more, every beast becomes extremely dangerous when their cub is threatened."

"I know what I am doing and it's not the first time going on a magical beast hunt." Shaar Thunder put his out chest: "But thank you for reminding me."

The old man calmed down and turned around to take out a contract from a drawer behind the counter. He put the contract on the table in front of Shaar Thunder and looked him in the eyes: "Can you read the words? Do you need me to read it for you?"

“No need.”

Shaar Thunder looked at the contract and there were no issues.

“Signs your name below and add your fingerprint.” The old man squinted his eyes and looked at the young man: “What’s your name?”

“Shaar.” The young magical beast hunter’s reply was quiet vague. Deep inside, he was a bit ashamed of his name and therefore left out the embracing part.

“Shaar? What strange name. What is your surname?” The old man inquired.

Shaar Thunder looked at him and did not reply.

The old man showed a faint smile and stopped asking further. Many people who hung out in Primal Wildfire Town had an arrest warrant hanging over their head and rarely mentioned their full name. Not even mentioning the real name was not strange either.

“I need a small advance payment.” Shaar Thunder was very embarrassed when voicing his request.

Advance payment was something quiet common while doing business in Black Alley. Under normal circumstances, you can ask for an advance payment of 1% of the commodity prices.

After all, the thing that were requested were generally difficult to obtain and some time life risking.

Certainly, it had to be prevented that people took advantage of this method and stole the money after signing the contract. Taking the advance payment and not doing the request was not tolerated!

If you still dared to do so, you would be banished by the occupier of Primal Wildfire Town. Assuming that they saw you again, you would be severely beaten and then hanged.

Your only choice would be to never return to Primal Wildfire Town.

It was needless to say that if you die while completing the request, there was no need to return the money.

The old man took out five copper plates without any objections and put it on the table. It was quiet clear that he saw Shaar Thunder's worldly distress: "Young man, take this and go eat a full meal. Only with a full stomach you will have the strength to work."

"Thanks, but I have already eaten enough today." Shaar Thunder immediately took the copper plates and the contract. He hesitated a moment until he could not resist anymore and asked: "Why would somebody buy Ferocious Lion cubs? The fur of these beast are not valuable, the meat does not taste delicious and most importantly those kind of low-level magical beasts do not possess a magical core."

"It seems like you have some knowledge about magical beasts." The old profiteer answered his question: "The young Ferocious Lion cubs have snow white fur until they grow up, depilate and turn their fur into a flame red colour. WellA recent trend of raising Ferocious Lion cubs as pets is growing amongst the aristocrats from the Royal Capital because they think that the snow white fur look very cute.....Oh, nobles are always like this. They promise money and some people are willing to risk their lives. This is only fair."

Shaar Thunder no longer said anything and prepared to leave. Just when he was about to close the door, the old man added: "Since you are still young, I will give you an important hint. Apparently people have encountered some Ferocious Lions on the mountain north of Primal Wildfire Town. I give you this advice so that you can avoid wasting your time while searching."

Shaar Thunder did not turn back his head, he gave back a "thanks" and left.

In the shop, the old man returned to his seat, lowered his head to take out an account book and wrote something down.

Forthwith, a clerk who just finished his job walked in from the backyard. He faked a smile and asked, "Sir, seems like you've got another deal?"

"Nothing much, just a little chaps trying desperately to make a living."

The old profiteer looked up and shook his head: “What a pity! He is so young a child. May luck be with him. I hope I’m not wasting my five copper plates.”

“You are always so kind!” The clerk flattered with a smile, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth. “Have you forgotten the saying: In Primal Wildfire Town, there are dead people buried everywhere.”

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The five copper plates were made full use by Shaar Thunder.

He had spent half a day bargaining in the blacksmith’s shop and finally got a rusty axe for only three copper plates. He then spent a copper plate on rye dough and the last copper plate on a few sips of the cheapest liquor. It was not because his alcohol addiction got him, but because he knew that he needed it to keep his body warm as a hunter. By drinking it he could at least feel warmer while hunting in the mountain in such a cold season.

Carrying the axe, with the dough and water bag of liquor in his arms, Shaar Thunder went out Primal Wildfire town and headed north, still wearing his ragged wolf skin coat and worn-out straw sandals.

Chapter 5: This Was Too Pitiful....

To the north of Primal Wildfire Town, the terrain became gradually flat and a dense forest covered most of this area. There were no mountains in the vicinity, but one would occasionally encounter some mounds. Those mounds could be called small hills at best and could stretch up to seven or eight miles. They acted like road blocks in Primal Wildfire created by God.

Shaar Thunder tramped over mountains and through ravines. The skills that he learned in the woods since childhood played a major role today. He ran through the jungle even faster than on the flat road. He bent down his body and shuttled in the woods like an agile lynx, so deft that he could easily dodge the branches that got in the way from both sides. He stepped on the ground full of fallen leaves, only creating a very slight rustling sound.

Truth to be told, Shaar Thunder knew he had to control his moving speed since he had to save energy. He knew very well that he did not carry much food. Even if he tried to conserve it well, the large rye dough was only enough for two days at most.

In the evening, he found a nest of a long beak beast in the forest by luck.

This long beak beast was one of the few normal beasts living in Primal Wildfire. It was about the same size of a dog and it liked digging in the soil. As a result of its behavior, it acquired slick fur and short limbs and moved very slow. Despite that, it should not be underestimated since it had a flat razor sharp long beak. To acquire food, it would stick its beak into the soil and eat the eggs from the worms' colony.

The encounter with Shaar Thunder was very unfortunate for this long beak beast. Shaar Thunder made a string knots with his trained hunter skill, captured the beast from its nest and made dinner out of it.

The meat of the long beak beast was not very tasty and it smelled strongly of soil. Nevertheless, for a penniless guy like Shaar, it was a great

feast already to taste some meat in this freezing cold weather.

He did play with the idea to hunt some other beasts, for example a deer. Such a beast would without a doubt taste more delicious, however, he was aware that he had to save energy at the moment and it was best to play safe.

During the afternoon of the second day, he struck gold.

While walking in the forest, Shaar Thunder encountered a stupid deer. That dumb animal got its antler entangled in a thorny undergrowth and had been struggling for a while.

With a loud cheer, Shaar Thunder rushed towards it, but showed no intention to kill it. He took out a rope, tied two knots and carefully bound them to the antlers and the deer's neck. Afterwards, he slowly pulled the antlers out of the undergrowth.

The second that the deer got freed, it immediately panicked and tried to escape. Shaar Thunder spotted an opportunity when the deer turned around and jumped on its back. His hands pulled the rope and started riding the beast.

From his experience, it was obviously not the first time he did such a thing. The deer struggled back and forth, but Shaar controlled the deer was very skillful and at the end it finally obeyed his commands. To control the direction while running, Shaar Thunder carefully maneuvered the "reins" with his hand while hugging its neck for balance.

This deer carried Shaar Thunder the whole morning. At noon, Shaar Thunder finally decided to give this poor exhausted beast a break. When the deer was recovering its stamina, Shaar Thunder used his charred pitch fork and stabbed a small hole on its body to take some blood. After collecting the needed amount, he used some herbal paste made from forest plants and put it on the wound. After that, he released this tired fellow.

After having a few sips on the deer blood, a feeling of heated air started flowing inside his stomach. This heat quickly rushed through his body, keeping him warm even when the wind was whizzing around.

Deep inside the forest, Shaar Thunder stopped and tried to confirm the direction he was moving. He was quite sure that he was around two hundred miles away from the northeast part of Primal Wildfire Town. Maybe northwest would be more accurate, since he had to move a bit west during his journey.

He could not move further north anymore, considering it would be too close to the dwarves' territory. Shaar Thunder certainly did not want to die yet.

At the same time, it was also a bad idea to head east. The wilderness to the east belonged to the Goblins and those creatures were even tougher to deal with than dwarves.

According to the message given by the old profiteer, the Ferocious Lion should be residing around this jungle. Perhaps it would be wiser to go a bit further to the west.

It was time to do some preparation!

Shaar Thunder walked towards a small swamp, bent his flexible body like a cat and found a few black mud frogs with fluid sacs on the back currently croaking in the water.

These little creatures behaved like lazy morons. All they do were squatting beside the swamp and croaking all day long while not even bothering to move their asses. They would not even stretch their legs if you tried to catch them.

Shaar Thunder found a sharp branch and started to drain some fluid from the sacs of these mud frogs. The fluid was not toxic but enough to create a sense of paralysis.

Essentially speaking, a lot of hunters who were familiar with the jungle knew this practice and used it as painkiller for injuries.

To finish his preparation, Shaar Thunder went to find a tall pine and picked up several dozens of dried sharp hard pine needles. He found a really thin branch, took out the vessels in it without destroying the bark. He tendered it with soft and caring hands of skillful dexterity.

Thanks to the axe skills taught by his late old man, Shaar Thunder trained with a 10 kg axe to carve a flower out of a tofu. Now after a decade of practice, Shaar Thunder acquired a pair of extremely skilled hands.

He wrapped up the bark like a blowpipe and put pine the needles dipped with toxic fluid from the mud frog inside. A natural but effective blowgun had been made.

After finishing his task, Shaar Thunder coated some toxic fluid on his charred pitch fork and his firewood axe. Finally done with his preparation, he rolled up his trouser legs, fixed it ropes and started searching the jungle for his prey.

In less an hour after he had left the swamp, some rustling sound came from undergrowth in front of him. It immediately alerted Shaar Thunder.

His eyes were lit up! Could it be I struck gold?!

He immediately lifted his axe with his hand and sneaked closer to the wood. Holding his charred pitch fork in the other hand and ready to blow out his darts at any time!

Everyone know that the Ferocious Lion had a ruthless temper!

Ten steps away from the patch of bushes, Shaar Thunder suddenly smelled a faint odor of blood and became a bit puzzled. Slightly hesitating, he quickly grabbed a rock from the ground and threw it towards the noise.

Bang!

The stone thrown into the grove was followed by a dull thumping sound and a sudden “ahem” noise. This sounded a bit strange but had a painful flavor to it.

Was it a person ?!

Surprise for a moment, Shaar Thunder walked several steps towards it and used his charred pitch fork to open the patch in the bush.

On the ground behind the bush, was a person. This fellow was wearing

a high quality fur lined robe, his body shrunk into a ball and his hands were holding his head which was bleeding badly. His dirty finger was pressing against the wound and dried blood could be seen between his nails.

It was very obviously, that this head wound was caused by his stone and was his undoing.....

Seeing this pitiful scene, Shaar Thunder finally relaxed fighting posture. He took a deep breath, stared this fellow in the eyes and shouted: "Hey! Don't you know that when people scare people, someone can die from it! Fortunately, I did not throw my pitch fork or you would have let go of your last fart today!"

That person was still holding his head while giving off a soft whining noise. It sounded like "so painful".

Still venting off his anger, Shaar Thunder angrily approached him: "Idiot, of course it hurts when a stone hit your head. Is there something wrong with your brain or why you are hiding in the bushes? I almost mistook you for a magical beast..... You almost made me a murder you know?!"

When he arrived in front of him, he finally saw this guy's left leg!

A circular iron trap had caught his leg!

These kinds of animal traps ensnare their prey with countless sharp iron teeth. From the look of it, that person looked badly hurt. He was lucky that he wore thick leather boots and even with them his left calf got pierced and was covered with blood. Additionally, pool of blood could be seen on the ground.

It was clear that this trap was set a hunter and this unlucky bastard probably did not noticed and actually stepped into it.

Seeing this scene Shaar Thunder was dumbfounded.....

Uh hitting someone with a stone was already a bad thing to do, let alone hit an already wounded pitiful creature?

This

Looking at it, even Shaar Thunder felt a little sorry for him and he immediately ran over to help this pitiful creature. While holding the animal trap, he tried to pry it open by force.

Finally realizing the pain, this pitiful creature gave off a loud cry. Shaar Thunder grabbed his body while moving it to a better position.

The moment this fellow got grabbed, he started to struggle violently and using his hands to desperately push Shaar Thunder away while randomly shouting: "Let me go, I prefer to die rather than go back with you guys!"

The moment Shaar Thunder opened the trap with all his power and the recoil threw him to the ground. That guy immediately jumped up, his body recovered its strength from some miraculous reason and started to escape.

After two steps, Shaar Thunder could not help but shout: "Hey, wait....."

"Leave me alone, I am never going back!"

"No, I mean"

Just when Shaar Thunder wanted to finish his sentence, "Ah!!!" a sharp shrill scream mixed with a "popping" sound of an iron spring could be heard.

Unfortunately for that pitiful creature, his foot triggered another animal trap.....

This time, the right leg.....

Chapter 6: Shaar And The Pitiful Creature

When Shaar Thunder helped this pitiful creature out of the trap this time, he did not even have the strength to shout from pain anymore. He used his hands to hold his boots tightly while trembling.

“Hey, let go of your hands and let me have a look at your wounds.” Shaar Thunder commanded. This fellow did not respond so he simply pried open his hands and forcefully took off his two boots.

On both of the calves were teeth biting marks from the traps and the wounds were covered with blood. When Shaar Thunder analysed the bones by pressing on the calves, he could determine that it was not broken.

“Well, you are lucky.” Shaar Thunder sighed and took out the blowgun. He took out several pine needles and stuck in to that fellow’s calf.

“Kyaaa!!” That fellow shrieked and got angry while trembling: “You, what are you doing!”

“Stop moving around, I am trying to lessen your pain.” Shaar Thunder was somewhat distressed to use his pine needles – during this season, the mud frog were quiet scarce. These poisonous needles were initially prepared to catch the Ferocious Lion, but now they were actually used to save someone’s life.

The paralytic effect from the mud frog venom kicked in less than a minute and the moaning of that fellow gradually stopped. This pitiful creature felt his calf has getting gradually paralysed and the pain slowly lessened. Suddenly he gave Shaar Thunder a panic-stricken look: “You, what did you do to my leg!!”

Not even waiting for Shaar Thunder’s answer, he instantly lifted his shivering finger and pointed at Shaar Thunder while screaming: “Ahhh! I know now! You! You want to cut off my leg!! Stop, I don’t want, I don’t want!!!!”

While struggling and waving both his hands, his fingers almost

scratched Shaar Thunder's face.

Shaar Thunder lost his patients and ranted: "Stop yelling! Who said anything about sawing off your leg, does your brain have some problem?!"

The pitiful creature suddenly started crying and made a desperate expression while saying: "You don't need to lie to me anymore! Such heavy wounds.....I have heard about it, before undergoing surgery, first an anaesthetic must be used, you....."

"Idiot!" Shaar Thunder could not bother to deal with this crap anymore and started searching in all directions. After a while, he walked several steps and started to gather some jagged green leaves from the ground. When he collected a handful of them, he put some small amount in his mouth and started chewing them while making it into a paste. Finishing the process, he spit it out and wiped it on the bleeding calves of this fellow.

The effect caused the blood to instantly stop flowing from the wound.

"You better stop moving around and listen to what I say! If you do not want to see your leg getting sawed off, you better stop shouting!" Shaar Thunder started intimidating this poor fellow and pulled out two ropes from his clothes. Thereupon, he stared at the robe that fellow was wearing and without asking extended his two big hands to tear down two big pieces from it.

That fellow became horrified and unintentionally dropped his mouth. While staring at Shaar Thunder dumbfounded, he suddenly realized that his clothes were torn apart and screamed. "Kyaaaaa!!!"

The scream this time was double as loud as when he triggered the trap just minutes ago! The voice sounded like the scream of a stray cat that got her tail stepped on.

Whew!

Shaar Thunder immediately forced the rest of the herb paste into the opposite party's open mouth and wrapped the pieces from robe around his calves with the ropes. Finishing this procedure, he stood up and gave

this fellow a disdain looks: “Alright! Stop screaming! You won’t die!”

Once more, that fellow stared at Shaar Thunder with a pair of panic-stricken eyes and was shocked speechless by his actions. Only after a certain period, he started to cough violently and started desperately spitting out all the herbs in his mouth.

Behbeh! It stinks!! You, what did you gave me just now?! You, you, you... You let me eat something that was in your mouth.....”

“Stinks?” Shaar Thunder scratched his head: “It is probably the medicine flavour, since my mouth certainly does not smell.” He cracked a smile and revealed his white teeth.

Finishing his joke, he took a handful herb paste and wiped it on this fellow’s wound on his forehead while talking with a smile: “Hey, I saved your life. Even if you don’t thank me, you don’t have to start cursing.”

“Saved” This fellow started shaking his head and his appearances started shrinking. After finally pulling himself together, he hesitated for a while and said in a low voice: “.....Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.” Shaar Thunder stood up without any hesitation, patted off the dust on his clothes and turned around to leave. After walking two steps, that fellow called out: “Hey! Wait!”

“Is there another problem?” Shaar Thunder frowned, while still thinking how to hunt the magical beast.

“You” Intimidated from the rough personality of Shaar Thunder, that fellow whispered in a helpless low voice: “YouYou are leaving me like this? What I am going to do?” He finally gathered his courage and stared Shaar Thunder in the eyes: “I mean, my leg is injured and I cannot walk. Here in the wilderness, even if I don’t starve to death, if by chance I meet a wolf, I will”

Becoming impatient, Shaar Thunder frowned and hesitated a while, but finally sighed. He stamped his foot and declared: “You won! People always say if you start saving a life, save it until the end! Before we go, you need to promise me you stop screaming! It is very dangerous here and it would

be a disaster if your scream attracts some fierce magical beasts!”

After his warning, he put out his hand and helped this fellow up.

The warning that Shaar Thunder gave him sounded like a threat and this fellow’s forehead were full of cold sweat. He stubbornly bit his lip so that he did not make any unnecessary noise. Seeing him standing, Shaar Thunder became shocked that this fellow was actually really tall!

Shaar Thunder was 18 years old and would count as tall in Primal Wildfire Town. To his surprise, this fellow was unexpectedly even a bit taller than him! Nonetheless, his shoulder seemed slightly narrow and had a somewhat delicate appearance.”

“Growing so tall, but still looking so skinnyOh.” Shaar Thunder came a few steps closer, while touching the other guy’s body and could not help but saying with a smile: “Hehe, you might be skinny but there was actually some muscle on your bones. You must actually be quiet heavy!”

“YouYou are heavy!”This fellow could not bear the insult and started arguing.

Pausing for a moment, he could not bear it anymore and asked: “I, am I really that heavy?”

This odd fellow was actually more worried about his body weight rather than his own injuries.

.....

.....

Carrying this pitiful creature that got hit in the head by him, he walked for half a day until the sky gradually darkened.

Looking at the sky, Shaar Thunder evaluated the surrounding terrain and finally selected a place shielded from the wind and put down this pitiful creature.

“We will spend the night here.” He clapped his hands and went around picking up the dry twigs. Collecting enough, he came back, made a small

pile and ignited it with his flint.

As night fell, the Primal Wildfire became very cold and that skinny fellow started shivering from the wind and could not bear it. He therefore moved closer toward the warmth coming from the high-piled firewood. Seeing this, Shaar Thunder added another bad characteristic of him to his heart: Spoiled since childhood.

Yes, this fellow was obviously not adventurer who came to Primal Wildfire to get rich.

Looking from his appearance, he could not endure hardship, feared to get hurt and was sensitive to cold. Furthermore, his behaviour was also very strange for a guy. His clothing, that fur-lined robe, from his experienced hunter vision, Shaar Thunder noticed that it was made of expensive black mountain sheepskin. The broken boots were also made from high quality deerskin.

Having wiped off the blood stain and the dust on his face, this fellow finally revealed his original appearance – His skin was pale and delicate and looked like someone who had never endured hardship. Both his hands looked extremely fragile.

HmmHow could his eyes be some big and his mouth so small?

While staring at this pitiful creature for a while, Shaar Thunder made that fellow intensely uncomfortable. His body shrank a bit and he gave Shaar Thunder vigilant look.

(This is bad, this fellow might have seen through my appearance. If he is planning something badYes, I am certain!! If, if he dares to bully me, I will fight him with everything I got!!)

Preparing himself secretly in mind while staying in alert, he made both his hands into a tight fist and stared maliciously at Shaar Thunder. These ferocious eyes instead made Shaar somewhat dumbfounded.

“Why are you staring me like that? Is there something on my face?” Shaar started to touch his face.

“.....Nothing.”

While the pitiful creature was avoiding his eyes, a loud growling sound could be heard.

Shaar Thunder paid closer attention and another growling sound could be heard, but this time twice. The face of the pitiful creature immediately reddened and he buried his head inside his knees.

“Huh? Tonight the mud frogs are making a strange noise.” Shaar Thunder looked deliberately in all directions.

“.....No, these are not the mud frogs, is my stomach!” The pitiful creatures clenched his fists and asked: “Hey... Are you not going to have dinner?”

Giving off a mocking laugh, Shaar Thunder fished out rye bread from his body and tore off a piece. His face might show a heroic smile, but in his heart actually housed some anxiety. This bread was only enough to eat for two days by himself. Now that there is an additional person, he feared that he had to look for food tomorrow.

It looked like what his old man said was true. Acting as a benevolent person had its price.

The pitiful creatures grasped this piece of black and hard bread and pinched it while looking at it, but he did not move his mouth. No longer able to watch, Shaar Thunder finally spoke: “Hey, don’t you know that bread is there to be eaten and not for watching?”

“You, what did you say?!” This pitiful creature screamed out in surprise: “This thing, this thing can actually be eaten by a human?!!”

Getting angry Shaar Thunder responded: “Nonsense, if not eaten what else is it for?!”

The pitiful creature was at loss for words once again and blushed while staring at Shaar Thunder.

“Either you eat it or you starve to death! In any case, I have only this thing to eat.” Shaar Thunder ranted angrily: “Don’t you know that you are holding 1/10 of my complete family belongings! Bah! If you don’t eat it, give it to me!”

When he tried to snatch it away, the pitiful creature immediately became anxious. He have never seen this type of rye bread before and when seeing Shaar Thunder trying to get his food back, he quickly forced himself to bit off a piece.

This bite, went bad

With a day and a night not eating anything, he became hungry like a wolf – with his background, up until now in his life he had never endured so much suffering. For this reason, he used all his remaining strength in this bite.

Unfortunately for him, these black rye breads were made dry and stiff to help long-term preservation. By fermenting it, the texture was extremely hard and adding that the current season was winter, with the ice-cold climate from the Primal Wildfire, this thing was frozen and hard like a rock.

Ka!!

A sudden breaking sound could be heard and when this pitiful creature opened his mouth, one could see that hard bread did not have any biting marks. From his mouth, a piece of snow white tooth felt to the ground.

“.....”

A Silent lasted for a while followed by the moaning and screaming of a painful.

“Oww.....My tooth.”

Chapter 7: A forceful “Push”

Looking at this pitiful creature screaming in pain, Shaar Thunder laughed so hard that he started to roll on the floor while holding his belly.

This malicious laughter stimulated the tears from the pitiful creature's eyes and threw away the bread out of spite. While pressing his lost front tooth to his chest, he started crying overwhelmed by grief.

Finally calming down from laughter, Shaar stood up and picked up the bread with his charred pitch fork. He extended it towards the fire coming from the high-piled firewood and started roasting it while putting on a smile: “It is certain now, you have never stayed in the wilderness in the past. Before eating these things, you must roast it with fire first to make it softer.”

Seeing this fellow still weeping bitterly, Shaar Thunder scratched his head: “Common, stop crying. Isn't it just a tooth? Real men do not cry when losing a tooth.” He continued with good intention trying to comfort him: “I think you should be a noble right? You must be rich? Just wait until you get home, go find a good craftsman and insert a gold tooth. In our town, the boss of the tavern had inserted two gold teeth. Each time he smiles, his mouth shined like a gold bar, I don't have to tell you how impressive that looks!”

Just when he was about to calm down, he heard about inserting a gold tooth and “mouth shined like a gold bar”, the pitiful creature became terribly saddened again and almost cried himself to death on spot.

Not caring anymore, Shaar started selfishly eating the roasted bread with his big mouth. Thinking for a while, he decided to keep a small piece for this pitiful fellow.

“Hey, I like to remind you that if you don't eat now, the next time we have a meal is tomorrow afternoon.”

Finishing his sentence, Shaar Thunder got up, started unpacking a piece of cloth for a while and finally pulled out a dry and hard coal like

briquette. From far away, the pitiful creature could smell the stench and could not bear it anymore and cover his nose.

Shaar Thunder walked around the periphery of the camp, cautiously grinding the powder from the briquette and sprinkled in the surroundings. Finishing this process, he clapped his hands and rubbed it on his clothes while not bothering to wash it. He walked towards high-piled firewood and extinguished it with a kick while pushing the ashes aside.

Still boiling hot from the fire, Shaar Thunder lied down on the roasting heat and satisfied breathed a sigh of relief. Getting really to sleep, he turned around and mumbled: "Good night." With his ass facing the pitiful creature, in less than a minute a loud snoring could be heard.

This jerk, he, he, he did not care how I feel and unexpectedly went to bed himself?!

Resentment filled the heart of the pitiful creature, half from the sorrow of losing his tooth, the other half from being ignored by this rude guy.

This bastard, could he be a blind person?!

Listening to Shaar's loud snoring sound, the pitiful creature finally stopped his moaning. Not being able to bear the hunger anymore, he finally took that small piece of bread Shaar left behind and put it in his lips while nipping on it.

The tooth was still somewhat sore and the black bread's rough texture was very difficult to swallow. Nevertheless, he was too hungry and that nasty thing was the only food available. After forcing several bites of the bread into his mouth, the pitiful creature eventually started choking on it while his eyes started turning. While he was panicking and almost crying, he suddenly saw that spiteful fellow was awake and looking at him. He did not know when Shaar woke up, but his eyes were wide open and looking at him with a mocking smile.

Shocked from being seen in this embarrassing manner, the pitiful creature was startled and spat and the bread all over his cloth while nearly coughing himself to death.

“You must be someone who is used to a good life.” Shaar used his bag as a pillow, tilted his legs and smiled: “Hey, where do you actually come from?”

The pitiful creatures stared at this fellow with a ferocious look.

“Hm, your hair is the blond, so you should be a Byzantine. However you are quiet tall, most Byzantines do not have such heights and only the northern Odins are this tall. Furthermore, the accent that you spoke was also very strange. It was the official Byzantium language, but your pronunciation is very awkward and somewhat stiff. Also not how the Odins normally speak – I meet some people from the Odin Empire in the Primal Wildfire Town and when these fellows spoke in Byzantium language, it sounded really weird since their tongues were not used to the bending. Hehe.....Who are you? How could a person like you come to a dangerous place like this and stepping in a hunter’s animal trap?”

The pitiful creatures did not answer and gave Shaar Thunder a disgusted look.

Shaar Thunder declared: “Up to you if you don’t want to talk. I guess you must be a wanted criminal. Hehe, probably committed some crime and are on the run now, that’s why you do not dare to say your name? Relax, I am not a bounty hunter and won’t turn you in for bounty.”

“Then what type of person are you?” The pitiful creature finally opened his mouth.

“II am a magical beast hunter!” Finishing his declaration, Shaar Thunder proudly threw out his chest.

The pitiful creature looked at him with scorn: “You are hunting magical beasts? With your broken axe and charred pitch fork? Ha, I have seen magical beast hunter before and they are always well-equipped. Just a piece of their equipment is worth at least 100 times more than your family belongings combined. Where are your anti-magic protective gears? Do you have weapons to break the magic beast’s defence? I think you are only a little third-rate hunter at best.”

These words immediately poked at Shaar Thunder’s sore spot. He rolled

his eyes and snorted: “Heng, the old man was right, an ugly person it always rude!”

“.....”

The pitiful creature’s eyes instantaneously widened and stared at Shaar with an indescribable look. Recovering from this shock, he suddenly jumped up!

Not caring about the wound on his legs, the pain on his head and not even that a small piece of tooth chipped off! He roared at Shaar Thunder:

“What did you just say?! You said that I am ugly?!!!”

The pitiful creatures flew into a rage, while hearing the most intolerable insult.

“Are you not?” Shaar Thunder looked disdainful at this guy: “As a “man”, your appearance is simply pitiful if you could be even can that way. Look at yourself, you grew this tall, but can’t even open an animal trap by yourself. Your face – a handsome man should have a robust physique, strong and muscular. The face should be square featured with thick eyebrows and a wide mouth. Ideal would be to have a scar on the face, a big mouth to drink liquor and eat meat in bulks.....That is a real man.”

Oh may gods forgive this pitiful hillbilly....

It was obvious that this boy had little experience of the world. His aesthetic standard was so twisted, even to a large extentit could be said that it was entirely “attributed” to that already dead old fart!

In order to make his own adopted son respect him, that old man taught him that his image and behaviours were the standards of the worlds most handsome and amazing men.

Vulgar, sturdiness, scars, can eat a lot, drink a lot and sleep.....

Although Shaar mingled since his childhood in Primal Wildfire Town in some bad places and was gradually influenced by some basic attitude from the town locals, it had to be said that in certain aspects he was still very innocent.

Hearing his explanations, the pitiful creature's jaw dropped. This time it wasn't from anger, but from this guy's ridiculous world view.

".....As for you, as a man you are really a useless. But if you were a woman" Shaar blinked his eye.

".....as a female then?" The pitiful creature could not help but ask.

"If you were a woman, then you would be even uglier." Shaar's words almost made the pitiful creature spit blood.

"Ugly! You said I am ugly!!" The pitiful creature was enraged!

Her head may break and her blood may flow. As a beautiful woman who would be surprised that her own appearance was the most important thing to her. This was the one thing all beautiful women in the world would not tolerate when insulted!

"You hillbilly tell me, how does a beautiful woman looks like?!"

"First she needs to have a big ass and big breasts." Shaar Thunder lifted both his hands to make two extremely exaggerate arcs: "A big assed woman can have many children and a woman needs large breasts to produce sufficient breast milk to feed the children. Additionally, her hands and feet need to be thick so that she can work, cook and carry water to wash clothes, hehe."

The pitiful creature stopped being angry and started to give Shaar a strange look: "Hey, then what about theface? In your opinion, how should a beautiful woman's face look like?"

"Face? Does it matters how the face looks like?" Shaar gave a disapproval tone: "Old man said: Turn off a light and all women look the same."

He deliberately put a very sophisticated look on his face.

..... The pitiful creature started to pity this pitiful hillbilly.

"Uh, who is the 'old man' you talked about?"

"My foster father."

The pitiful creature sighed and looked at Shaar Thunder while asking in a low voice: “These things you said were taught by your foster father?”

“That’s right.”

“Ok, I understand now” The pitiful creature answered in a relaxed tone: “Your foster father has certainly a grudge against you.”

.....

Fails to agree with each other, they simply turned around and decided to sleep. At midnight, feeling the cold wind against her body, the pitiful creature woke up still feeling drowsily. The heat from the fire was already cooled down and her body was rolled together. Unable to resist the cold air, while still half asleep, her instinct drew her towards the only heat source in the vicinity.

Still in his sleep, Shaar felt that something soft had sneaked into his embrace. Not caring, he bluntly turned and pressed his thigh on the other side’s waists. Drowsily, he probably thought that he was holding a big soft cotton blanket and even wickedly rubbed against it a couple of times

When the sun started rising, the pitiful creature woke up first. She did not sleep very well the whole night and after waking up, she immediately discovered something horrible.

When this hillbilly did start hugging her with his arms?!

Her instinct told her to scream, but she immediately discovered that the hillbilly was still sleeping at the same place as last night. It was her who moved actually quite far from before – vaguely she started remembering her own initiative to seek warmth in his embrace!!

Her heart started pounding madly. The body of this hillbilly had an unpleasant fishy smell, yet the warmth from his embrace felt sinfully comfortable and made his pitiful cold-fearing creature hesitant to leave this sanctuary.

Just when she moved her body a bit, she immediately discovered an even more terrible thing!

Ok.....Let us carefully analyze this situation.....

First, Shaar's thigh was pressed tightly against the body of this pitiful creature.

Alright, although this was somewhat excessive, it was nothing compared to following event.

Secondly, Shaar was a healthy young man and according to his "ideal woman" standard, it was obviously that he was a virgin. Therefore in the morning, his body has an urge that all men around the world knew about.

A minute ago when the pitiful creature moved her body, she immediately felt the thigh pressing against her body and an extremely hard rod like thing pushing against her waist.

Even wearing several layers of clothes, she could feel being threatened by this ferocious weapon.

Even though the pitiful creature was young, nonethelessCompared to the hillbilly who did not understand common knowledge, she knew the important facts about man and woman.

She only needed a moment to instantaneously understand what kind of weapon was thrusting against her waist!

The almighty gods could testify! In the 17 years of this pitiful creature's life, she did not have been violated this excessive by a man!

So she immediately responded according to her instincts.

Bent body, bent kneespreparing power.....

Push!!!

"Kyaaaaa!!!" A loud shriek.

"Aaaaaahh!!!" A pitiful cry.

Chapter 8: A Damaged Anus, A Pool Of Blood

The whole morning, Shaar Thunder walked around with his body bend like a big sun-dried shrimp. Luckily for him, they were in a position where they hugged each other on the floor and the strength of that pitiful creature was quiet weak. If not for these conditions, just shortly after Shaar Thunder started his magical beast hunter career, he would have changed his profession again to: Castrato.

The pitiful creature was not better off.

Attacking a hunter who had practiced martial arts for a decade was a bad idea. Even while sleeping, Shaar Thunder counter-attacked by instinct. As a result, the pitiful creature also got injured and her eye had a big black circle around it.

o

Nevertheless, after this intense short conflict, they never mentioned what happened ever again.

After the incident, the pitiful creature did not dare to mention it again. Just by thinking about such a shameful act, she wanted to crawl into a hole.

As for ShaarHe felt disgusted!

When he had a “morning wood” in the morning, he would normally not get embarrassed about it. On the contrary, the old man taught him that it was a something to be proud off.

Nevertheless, hugging a man and getting to a “morning wood”

(He actually dared to hit me! Most men wished they could go on their knees and kiss my shoes! But this Hillbilly dared to hit me!) The pitiful creature thought angrily in her heart.

(Disgusting! So disgusting! I hugged a man and got an erectionOh god!!) Shaar Thunder thought while his heart was crying.

While the pitiful creature silently reorganized her clothes, Shaar Thunder started to pack his bag. Picking up a solid stick from the vicinity, he threw it in the front of the pitiful creature: “Use this as your walking stick. From today on you will walk on your own since I won’t carry you anymore.”

Hearing this proposal, both silently agreed. At least for now, neither the pitiful creature nor Shaar wanted to touch the opposite party’s body.

Just when the pitiful creature picked up the wooden stick to stand up, Shaar’s body suddenly started to tighten up!

His face instantly showed a hint of danger and suddenly leapt towards the pitiful creature’s body to push her to the floor.

“Aaahh!” The pitiful creature immediately yelled while her heart became startled – did this fellow finally notice my true appearance and his beastly instinct finally awoken?

Shortly after this thought passed her mind, she heard a painful sound coming from the hillbilly’s body.

A sudden wind gust brought a heavy stench towards them. They had yet to manage to get up after falling on to the ground, but all of a sudden a gruesome howl could be heard!

When the pitiful creature lifted her head, she saw a big toothy maw with bloody sharp fangs and a beast covered in fur staring at them. At the corners of its mouth, disgusting saliva was dripping down!

This ferocious beast was a Bloodthirsty Great Wolf, in matter of fact a fully grown specimen! Its majestic physique could rip apart a calf with one bite! Its brown fur was standing upright like a sea covered in sharp thorns! A pair of crimson eyes showed its strong killing intent and greed. Most importantly, the front claw of the wolf were like iron hooks and bloodstains unexpectedly covered its claws.

Huh? Blood?!

Getting startled, the pitiful creature immediately reacted.

Quick on his feet, Shaar noticed that his axe was 5 steps away and near the baggage. Luckily for him, the wooden stick he gave the pitiful creature a moment ago was nearby and he used it with both his hands to keep the beast at bay.

Turning his back towards the pitiful creature that was lying on the ground, she immediately noticed Shaar's wound!

On his back were two deep wounds reaching almost from the shoulders to his waist. The thick fur coat was badly damaged and raw muscles could be seen while blood was flowing down in streams. This wound was at least one finger depth!

Just a moment ago, if that hillbilly did not jump to push me away, then that wolf would have lunged on me. Perhaps, I would be dead by now!

Carrying a wooden stick Shaar Thunder cautiously lowered his centre of gravity. A man and a beast were staring at each other while waiting for the tiniest opening. Shaar Thunder did not dare to move rashly, by experience he knew very well that this Bloodthirsty Great Wolf was not an ordinary wild beast, but an evil magical beast. Even though it was a low-level magical beast, it had a certain amount of wisdom and knew to seek weakness spots of its prey.

The Bloodthirsty Great Wolf made some lateral step, its back was bending and its mouth was making some growling sounds.

Just when this beast stepped into Shaar Thunder's left backhand range, it instantly leaped with all its strength! Obviously this beast had experienced fighting humans before and even knew that most men are not used to fight with their backhands. It was a weakness that it could use!

When the Great Wolf leaped, from its force, a strong wind was caused and spread that heavy stench to the surrounding. It raised all its claws which were sharp like steel blade. Reacting to this attack, Shaar Thunder used his wooden stick to block it. Knack Just from one touch, the stick in his hands was instantly missing a big chunk! The wooden stick was no match for the sharp claws of the Great Wolf. Realising that the weapon

in front of him was extremely frail, it started to increase its killing intent. Showing Shaar a malicious grin, like making fun of the non-existent threat, it continuously growled at him. Looking down on the wooden stick in Shaar's hand, the Great Wolf threw once more towards its prey.

Not retreating, Shaar Thunder roared and jumped towards the wolf head on! Seeing that the claws of that Great Wolf almost touching him, Shaar Thunder twisted his body midair like a fish in water. His suddenly waist movement would normally be humanly impossible!

A millimetre away from being ripped apart, he dodges the razor-sharp claws of the Great Wolf and hugged the Wolf's head from the side! A man and a beast suddenly fell to the ground, continuously rolling several meters and spilling the ashes of the campfire everywhere. During that moment, Shaar Thunder seized the opportunity to climb on the back of the Great Wolf and used his left fist he hit the nose of the Great Wolf!

With a cracking sound, his fist broke the nose bone of the Great Wolf! Shaar knew very well that the weakness of canines were their noses. This heavy punch cause the Great Wolf immense damage and blood immediately started to flow, even from its eyes. The Great Wolf howled in pain and its body started bouncing. Like a bull, it bounced up and down trying to get ride off Shaar while turning its head trying to bite him.

Shaar Thunder could feel the sharp teeth near his own neck and cold breathing air on the back of his head. With a desperately cry, Shaar attacked the raging wolf with his wooden stick and pounded towards its head. Annoyed from the constant attack, the Great Wolf bit off the stick and Shaar was forced to jump down from it back while only one-fourth on his weapon remaining.

Shaking off the pain, the Great Wolf shook its head. The nose was already crook and it stared annoyed at Shaar. A man and a beast were preparing their next confrontation while circling each other.

Touching his waist with his hand, Shaar took off a rope. Slowly he started binding the end of the rope to his hand and waited for the Great Wolf to adjust his timing for the next attack. Shaar dodged with lightning

speed and twisted his waist again to land on the beast. His agility and speed was like a thunder. Positioning himself on the Great Wolf again, he used his rope in this moment and wrapped it around the head of Great Wolf. To keep better balance, he used his body and pressed stubbornly against the back of the Great Wolf. Both his arm tightened ruthlessly against the rope!

Showing a fierce complexion, Shaar's thick bare neck muscles became exposed, each part muscle string had an abnormal size. With all his might, he pulled the rope and it began to embed itself into his flesh!

Struggling, the Great Wolf went all out and distorted it back in all kind of positions. A pair of claws was furiously digging into the earth and in less than a minute two deep holes were created. The wolf head was strangled facing towards the sky and its mouth spat bloody foams everywhere. While swaying its body furiously from side to side, Shaar was almost thrown off several times. He felt his heart pumping faster and faster, his breath was getting more and more rapid. He finally felt the strength of the Great Wolf beneath him starting to weaken. Beside the two massive holes on the ground, there were deep wolf claws marks everywhere!

Just when the Great Wolf was nearing its demise, the rope suddenly broke making his effort for naught.

At that moment, Shaar cursed in his heart – the rope made by him was created out of hemp soaked and dried in beast oil. It was really durable, but obviously not enough to subdue the Great Wolf with brute force. If he had knew earlier, he would have made the rope thicker with more strings and by now the beast would already lie dead on the ground!

However, right now was not the moment to complaint. When the Great Wolf finally managed to get up, it did not have enough strength left to attack Shaar and was panting heavily. Having almost consumed all its strength, the wolf desperately crawled a few step forward and it head struggled to breathe.

With a beautiful roll, Shaar brilliantly dive jumped away while

discarding his rope. In his hand only remained that small piece of the wooden stick.

A man and a beast, both heavily panted like competing with each other.

Even though Shaar had a lot of brute strength, right now both his hands and feet were worn out and aching. After all he was only 18 years old, but his opponent was a Bloodthirsty Great Wolf! This beast could easily kill a mountain panther!

With his eyes fixed on his axe 8 steps away, Shaar believed that as long as he could obtain it, with his “firewood cutting” axe technique, he should be able to solve this beast problem. Nevertheless, this wolf obviously noticed his intention and used its body to block Shaar’s vision.

No matter how strong Shaar’s inborn body was, a human’s physique was not match against a Great Wolf. Even with the training of the old man, a decade of ill-smelling herbal medicine baths which reinforced his body as strong as metal, at this moment his breath could not catch up to the fast recovery of the Great Wolf.

At last, the Great Wolf started to use its unique skill. With a loud howl, the fur on its whole body suddenly tightened and transformed into a shiny rock like layer.

This was the magic of magical beasts! This special skill of the Bloodthirsty Great Wolf, would transform its whole body hard like a rock and even ordinary swords had difficulties to inflict damage.

This Great Wolf finally learned his opponent’s skills and no long threw itself and Shaar but used.....

body check!!

Pushing of his back legs, Shaar saw a mass of gray shadow maliciously rushing towards him. Struggling to dodge after physical exertion, Shaar was knocked down to the ground and half his body felt numb after the hit. His body flew like a rock and was stopped by a small tree. The thick trunk simply folded in two after the impact!

Seeing his attack succeed, the Great Wolf immediately threw itself at

Shaar and caught his Shoulder with its sharp claws. These razor-sharp weapons instantly pierced Shaar's shoulder, gripping into his meat and the taste of blood only made the wolf more excited while opening its mouth to bite down its prey.

Smack!!

Shaar suddenly threw out his hand with full strength.

The moment he hit the tree a moment ago, Shaar immediately grabbed a stone from the ground and waited for the Great Wolf to bend its head to bite. With a throw he shot this stone towards the wolf's head.

This poor Great Wolf really deserved pity for its bad luck. With so many preys in the vicinity, it had to provoke Shaar. This time, Shaar used all its remaining strength and when the stone hit the wolf's head, it immediately cracked! One could imagine, with what outrageous force Shaar threw this stone!

Being hit by this huge force, the Great Wolf was close to its death door. The head got bent, its mouth opened and two sharp fangs broke and fell to the ground.

Struggling to stand up, Shaar furiously walked towards his opponent while his right hand gripping tightly onto his stick. With on quick hit, he maliciously thrust his stick into the Great Wolf!

With a sickening sound, Shaar thrust his wooden stick into the anus of the Great Wolf with two-thirds stuck inside!

Receiving his terrible blow, this Great Wolf's body immediately spasmed, raised its head and sent out miserable loud howl. It was so loud that Shaar's got dizzy from the sickening noise.

With a last struggle, the Great Wolf tried to stand up, but soon fell down. Struggling several times, it finally stopped moving and died. Before closing its eyes, the wolf gave Shaar one last look of "hidden bitterness".

Chapter 9: Shaar's "part-time job"

Lying on the ground with his face up, Shaar's chest fluctuated heavily and he was out of breaths. His heartbeat could be mistaken as a drum, both his hands and feet felt weak and sweat was oozing out his whole body.

After resting for a short while, Shaar slowly sat up while his back wounds started to affect him. The pain was so intense that it almost took away his breath. Turning his head, he looked at the dead wolf whose body became stiff by now. Its buttocks were lifted a bit and the wooden stick was still sticking out of its anus.

"Hahahaha!" Shaar began to laugh wildly: "You want to eat me? Hmpf! I am destined to become the continents strongest magical beast hunter, how could I die here!"

Pausing for a while, his face revealed a hint of his ruthless nature: "Since you wanted to eat me, today I will eat you."

Finishing his sentence, he felt his strength slipping away and struggled few times to stand up. Unable to get up by himself, he opened his mouth and call out: "Hey! Pitiful creature, are you dead? I will forgive you for not helping me in that fight a moment ago, but could you at least give me a hand now?"

Hidden behind a pile of rotten trunks, a small head peeked out after hearing his shout. The pitiful creature was dead frightened and her whole face was pale. Seeing that Shaar was alive, she delightfully cried out in joy and ran to Shaar's side.

"Don't pull me up yet in my bag there are some herbal medicine. Go take it and help me apply itI cannot reach the wound on my back."

Shaar powerlessly waved his hand.

Not expecting the outcome, he quickly regretted asking this fellow for help.

From the look of it, this pitiful creature never helped a human being

bandage a wound before. It took her long time until she finally managed to wrap a piece of cloth around Shaar's body and it was badly patched up.

"Hey, the knot you tied around my chest, what kind of knot is that?"

"Eh, it's there to keep the cloth together."

"I know for what purpose it was, but that grip is quite strange, what is this thing? Tying it this complicated is wasting a lot of cloths."

".....It's a butterfly knot."

"A butterfly knot? Is it useful?"

"Eh.....it looks pretty."

"....."

Coupled with the sudden change of events, they are now both wounded and could only rest in this place.

Resting for half a day, Shaar finally restored enough strength. Although somewhat annoyed that the pitiful creature wasted so much clothes, but as soon as he saw the wolf corpse nearby he quickly beamed with joy.

"Hahaha, I am rich, I am rich!" Using both his hands and feet, Shaar crawled towards it. He looked so excited that it looked like he would start hugging and kissing the wolf corpse.

Although he secretly hunter 2-3 magical beasts before, they were mostly low-level beast without much danger. Once he caught a fire tree fox, by using traps.

In front of his lay a Bloodthirsty Great Wolf and from the look of its body size, it was a grown specimen. Its body was imposing and the fur shiny.

Despite that a Bloodthirsty Great Wolf was only a low-level magical beast, this specimen was actually a well wanted product. First of all, Shaar did not cut off the wolf's head this time and the wolf did not suffered any major damages. The wolf skin was complete and as long he peeled it well, he could sell it for several silver coins in Primal Wildfire Town!

Several silver coins were enough for Shaar to eat and drink for 1-2 months.

Furthermore the Wolf bone was also of value. General speaking, the bones of Bloodthirsty Great Wolf were not necessarily valuable. Nevertheless, this specimen that Shaar killed was a strong and healthy full grown Great Wolf. The magical affinity of Bloodthirsty Great Wolf was actually earth type magic. Its bones could be used to create earth type magic spells and some shops were willing to purchase the wolf bone.

Everything considered, if he could carry back this wolf, if luck wishes and he could sell the bones, he could gain 7-8 silver coins in total.

Overwhelmed with excitement, Shaar was considering to simply carrying this fellow back to Primal Wildfire town and not taking the risk anymore catching a Ferocious Lion cubs. By selling the wolf skin, the money was enough to pay back the prepayment of the shop in Black Alley. The remaining money could be lived on for 2-3 months and also buy a genuine sword. Perhaps with luck he could acquire a decent leather amour with remaining money as well.

Looking at Shaar Thunder jumping around from joy, the pitiful creature could not quite understand and did not agree with him.

A hillbilly will always be a hillbilly. It was just a wolf corpse, what was so valuable to be so excited about?

Holding the dead wolf's body while dancing around, Shaar was so excited, that it began to affect his wounds. While seeing him both smiling and crying in pain, that pitiful creature could not help herself but to start pitying this fellow a bit.

"Hey" The pitiful creature shouted. When Shaar turned his head around, the pitiful creature became somewhat flushed in her face: "ThaThank you, for saving me."

"No need to thank me. I did not only do it to save you, but also to save myself – If I did not kill it, I would be finished by now." Shaar waved his hand.

Seeing his carefree attitude made the pitiful creature seeing Shaar in a more favourable light and she answered with a smile: "I now believe a bit that you are actually an actual magical beast hunter."

"Why?"

"Your strength is quite big." The pitiful creature's face suddenly reddened and she tried to change the topic with some random hand gestures: "I know that the strength of a Bloodthirsty Great Wolf is huge, but you actually managed to overwhelm it. Also, when you went all you, your aura was very intimidating."

Observing Shaar's happiness, the pitiful creature's eyes suddenly brightened and showed a grinning smile while asking: "So what is your plan now? You probably came here in the wilderness to hunt right? Now that you got your prey, are you considering going back to the town?"

The actual question the pitiful creature wanted to ask was: Can you bring me back to town?

From yesterday and today's bitter experience, the pitiful creature understood very clearly. If nobody protected her and she was alone in the wilderness, she feared that she would not even last a day in Primal Wildfire!

Assuming that nobody protected her, even if she did not get eaten by a magical beast or by bad luck she met some evil tribe, perhaps meeting some cruel and merciless adventurers, she would be treated like a fat sheep ready to be butchered.

Additionally with her appearance, she feared that it would attract an even more sinister outcome.

From her perspective, following this hillbilly would be quite safe. He proved that he had some skills by killing a Great Wolf alone. The most important part was that he could not distinguish between a beautiful and an ugly woman. By following him, at least she would not have to worry about him having any dirty thoughts.

Considering for a moment, Shaar looked at that wolf corpse and sighed:

“It is not possible. I can temporarily not go back I need to look for a Ferocious Lion.”

“Why?!” The pitiful creature started to yell: Don’t you have your game already? Carrying such a big wolf must be already hard enough, why do you need to look for other game again.”

The real intention of the pitiful creature in fact was: She did not want to accompany him on this dangerous trip inside Primal Wildfire, better hurry up and deceive this hillbilly to go back to Town while protecting her.

“Wolf” Shaar Thunder did not want to abandon his spoils of war and kept staring at it: “Although the wolf is valuable, howeverI promised someone. Ah, I have signed a contract and cannot renege on a promise.”

Finishing his sentence, he threw out his chest: “The Old man had taught me: Do not say something you cannot achieve! However once you promise something to others, no matter what it must be achieved! A man has to keep his words!”

His age may be young, but when he said these words, adding that a while ago he demonstrated his valiant and clever fighting style and currently threw out his chest while saying these brave words, one could see a bit of his heroic spirit.

“But” The pitiful creature was somewhat worried: “But we are injured. Furthermore, my wound needs urgently treatment from someone. You are also heavily injuredCan’t you deliver me back to the town first?”

“It cannot be done! The dignity of a man is at stake here!” Shaar Thunder firmly shook his head.

“But” Getting somewhat annoyed, the pitiful creature suddenly remembered this fellow holding that dead wolf body and dancing around in joy a moment ago. Squinting her eyes she proposed: “Well, I will pay your money. How about I hire you to escort me back? How much is your manly dignity worth?”

“Bah, do you think I am that type of person who would give up his ideal for money!” Shaar Thunder tried to display that he had a strong sense of righteousness.

“50 gold coins.” In matter of fact, the pitiful creature wanted to say 500 gold coins, but feared that it would scare this hillbilly who had not seen the world yet shitless.

Shaar Thunder’s eyes lit up. Hearing 50 gold coins, his face instantly revealed that he was speechless! He had never seen such a huge sum of money in his life!

50 gold coins were enough to buy him the finest magical beast hunter equipment in Primal Wildfire, he could drink the highest quality wine, enter Primal Wildfire Town’s most expensive hotel and eat the meal there. Maybehe could even go to the legendary “Powder Street” and experience world.....

Thinking for a moment, Shaar shook his head and showed a disdained look: “50 gold coins? If you had 50 gold coins, it would be enough hired a team of warriors to protect you. Looking at your appearance, you look like a lonely travelling noble, perhaps even a fugitive. I do not believe that you have such a huge sum of money.”

The pitiful creature proudly smiled, reaching into her chest and took out a bag made of deerskin. This leather bag itself was a rare item made from such a good quality. What’s more, it was embroidered with flowers made by gold strings. The pitiful creature shook the bag, which gave out some clatter sound. Then she opened it downward. Suddenly a handful of shiny stuff dropped out!

Gold coins!!

Genuine gold coins! The gold coins of Byzantine Empire!!

Shaar Thunder was stunned. Immediately, he stepped forward, grabbed some pieces with his hand and hefted. He even took a big bite on one.

Real gold coins!!

He Looked up at this pitiful creature – was this fellow so rich?

“How about now?” Seeing this hillbilly forget himself in front of gold coins, the pitiful creature revealed a look of disdain: “Is this money enough to buy your so-called dignity as a man?”

Taking a deep breath, Shaar Thunder threw the gold coin to the ground. He raised his head and paid the pitiful creature a strange look.

His look was very tranquil and somewhat amused.

“To tell you the truth, you shouldn’t have taken out so much money in front of me.” Shaar Thunder seriously declared.

“Why?” Sensing some change in the hillbilly’s tone, the pitiful creature got a bit nervous.

“I forgot to tell you something important.” Shaar Thunder chuckled with his lip forming arc.” I’m a magic beast hunter for most of the time, but... in some unusual situations, I don’t mind to do some other jobs occasionally.”

“What kind of jobs?”

Shaar Thunder gave a big grin, revealing his white teeth.”Bandit!”

Sighing, he continued in a casual tone.”When a fat helpless sheep takes out a large sum of money in front of me in a deserted wilderness, where even God can’t hear when you cry. If someone kills an innocent person here for money, he can dig a hole, dump the body and perhaps hid his crime for five decades...”

Saying this sentence, he intentionally talked very slowly and finally laughed at the end: “Every time when I encounter such a situation, I won’t mind at all to do this “part-time job”.”

Chapter 10: Rule

The pitiful creature became completely dumbfounded.

Just a minute ago, the pitiful creature believed that this country bumpkin was somewhat vulgar, but not a bad guy – the appearance of Shaar Thunder had always been very deceptive. Especially his simply “mountain hillbilly” smile and his eyes which under normal circumstances seemed like he could never harm any animal or person could deceive anyone.

Although he was crude, he seemed like a nice guy with a warm heart. Furthermore, this Hillbilly had already saved her twice.

Nevertheless, this pitiful creature probably never heard the saying: Bad surroundings breed bad people!

You should never assume that all country folk were simple and honest. In matter of fact, most country folks were cunning in their own ways.

Additionally, Shaar was born in Primal Wildfire and since his childhood lived amongst anarchistic Primal Wildfire Town locals.

These kinds of people stayed in Primal Wildfire Town: robbers, thieves, profiteers, wanted criminals, prostitutes, pimps, smugglers

Fifty gold coins were considered a huge sum of money in Primal Wildfire Town.

Low quality black barley bread cost approximately one copper and ordinary bread cost three coppers.

Exchanging normal bread for three coppers were enough for a person to eat for 2 days.

According to the Empire’s currency value, one hundred coppers were equal to a silver coin and ten silver coins were equal to a gold coin.

A silver coin was enough for a normal person to feed himself for 2 months.

Assuming that Shaar exchanged the fifty gold coins for bread, it would

last him for 20 years!!

Such a large amount of money was enough for people to risk their lives.

Shaar Thunder knew that the black market price for assassinations in Primal Wildfire Town was only one gold coin.

With fifty gold coins, you could hire a team of professional mercenaries as bodyguards with high quality equipments and decent skills to protect you for a year!

Not to mention.....

Shaar Thunder intentionally gave off an evil laugh while looking at the pitiful creature's pale face: "Besides, there seemed to be more than fifty gold coins in your leather bag right?"

Indeed, there were more than eighty pieces inside.

Shaar Thunder calmly bent down to put a handful gold coin into the bag and weighed a few times to see how heavy it was. Showing a happy smile, he said: "No wonder you were so heavy yesterday. You were carrying such a large amount of money with you."

He did not hesitate to take his leather bag into his hand while looking calm and without any shame.

He had no reason to be ashamed of what he is doing.

Shaar Thunder knew very well that there was nothing wrong with his actions.

Whenever travelling in the wilderness of Primal Wildfire, no matter if you were a merchant, an adventurer or a magical beast hunter... regardless of whomever you were, everyone followed a rule.

On the occasion that your life was in danger in the wilderness, if someone saved your life during that time of need, that person has the rights to take all your belongings.

The reason being, if this person did not save you, you would have died anyway.

This did not count as stealing.....Only if this person killed you, would this be called stealing.

In the wilderness of Primal Wildfire compassion did not exist, only the naked law of the jungle.

For those who were accustomed to the wilderness, if an adventurer encountered someone in distress with valuables, not killing him was already counted as benevolent. Saving that person from danger before take the valuables was a rare kindness in this place.

When encountering someone cold hearted, getting a slash from his blade while in distress was not something uncommon.

Even when meeting other adventures under normal circumstances, stealing was quite common.

Looking at the frightened pitiful creature, Shaar Thunder started laughing.

The money, he would certainly keep it, but the “dig a hole to dump the body ” a minute ago was actually to scare this fellow. Why did he not obey the custom? With so much money on him, it should be obviously to repay his saviour after saving him twice, no? This was too selfish of him.

“Rest assured, I was just teasing you.” Shaar Thunder slapped the pitiful creatures face twice. She was probably scared silly, since she did not even dodge his hands, despite this Hillbilly using his rough hands to hit her delicate face. With a mocking tone he declared: ” I was just scaring you. Your money belongs to me now, but I won’t kill you.”

“You” snapped back from her fright, the pitiful creature looked at Shaar full of fear. She wanted to get angry, but suddenly remembering this guy killing a ferocious Bloodthirsty Great Wolf just a while ago. He showed a ferocious and strong killing intent back then, so he could not help but to worry: “You, what are you planning to with me.....”

“What about it.” Shaar looked at this fellow scornfully: “I don’t understand how people like you can come to Primal Wildfire without even knowing the rules. Your money belongs to me now!”

Adding on, he explained the rules here in a few words: “It is considered merciful of me not to kill you here. If it was some other cold hearted guy, maybe you would be already sold to the dwarves as a slave.”

The pitiful creature blinked her eyes a few times, tears were quickly building up and her face indicated that she could burst out crying at any moment.

Shaar looked a little bored when seeing this – as a man, it would not be a problem if you look ugly, but how could he be such a crybaby? Were all the rich people like this?

Fortunately he did not thought of the term “girly”, since in Shaar’s view, women were far stronger than this pitiful creature.

“You you, how could you do this to me. I.....” The wronged pitiful creature pressed her lips: “I thought you were a good person.....”

Shaar did not care about her and turned his back and sat down while letting this fellow cry.

Sobbing for a while, the pitiful creature finally discovered that it was helpless since this guy did not show the slightest compassion. Suddenly, she remembered that this hillbilly still believed that she was a man – and a quite ugly one at that.

“Hey!”

Finished crying, the pitiful creatures suddenly started shouting.

Shaar however ignored her and was holding his axe while standing beside the Great Wolf’s body. Facing the dead wolf for a while, he finally started his work.

Using his axe, he effortless cut open the wolf’s belly. Along the midline of the abdomen, he opened a hole and paid carefully attention while splitting the body in two.....

With lighting fast movements, the tough wolf’s body transformed a fragile tofu under his axe. Soon, Shaar split up the dead wolf’ body and stripped off an undamaged fur.

Wielding his axe, he easily decomposed the remaining wolf corpse. Great Wolf's bones were very hard, but under Shaar's axe which always smartly found the most vulnerable parts of the bone joints, the wolf's skeleton was quickly dismembered. Taking out the wolf's skeleton, one could see that most of the bones were completely undamaged.

Under this bloody scene, Shaar quickly waved his axe with ease and even emitted a cruel but strange beauty. Each chop was done without the slightest waste of energy and was performed the most skillful way possible. In his hands, the axe became like a chisel in an artist's hand!

His every action seemed to be formed by reaching the pinnacle of this art.

Even through this was a bloody scene, it still made the pitiful creature awestruck!

While dismembering the dead wolf, this guy looked more like an art sculptor than butcher!

Since the luggage could not hold everything, Shaar could only reluctantly throw away most of the wolf corpse.

He rolled up the flayed skins, kept few bones from the wolf's rear leg and pulled out all the wolf's fangs.

At last, he cut a few pieces of the wolf's meat from its leg. Considering that this was a male wolf there was a bonus. Shaar hesitated slightly, but waved his axe near its crotch to cut down its most precious thing.

He heard rumours that some merchants in Primal Wildfire Town acquired this kind of thing to make a potent wine with it.

As a result of his injuries, Shaar Thunder finally took a little breathing time, before he turned and looked at the pitiful creature: "Alright, if you cried enough, then go prepare yourself. We will hit the road soon."

The pitiful creature immediately looked at Shaar Thunder with a miserable and fearful expression: "You, where are you going to take me?"

Where? " Shaar deliberately snorted and said while smiling: "Back to

Primal Wildfire Town.”

“..... Uh?” The pitiful creature’s eyes widened and gave Shaar Thunder a weird look.

“Hmpf, don’t look at me like that, I’m not so kind.” Shaar cleaned his axe with a distained look: “I did not lie when I refused to go back a while ago, but now the situation changed...” He then patted his swelling leather bag with his hands: “With so much money, I think it would be better to take a trip back to Primal Wildfire Town first. With this money, I can buy some high quality equipment. To hunt magic beasts, I need better weapons and armor. This luxury did not exist in the past, therefore I could only bear with it and risk my life in an all out fight. Since I have money now, of course, it would be better to arm myself. In case I encounter powerful magical beasts, I would have ability to protect myself – my life is still worth something to me, if there are occasion where I can cherish it, naturally I would to cherish it. ”

“But, you” The pitiful creature was somewhat taken by surprise: “So you mean, you will bring me back?”

Shaar Thunder smiled and just when he was about to speak, his ears suddenly heard a moving sound along the wind. Not far away, there was a faint sound of strange movements.

Shaar’s face immediately tensed up. From his rich experience in travelling in the wild, he could immediately indentify that it was the sound of a person walking while breaking branches on the ground. Furthermore, listening to the sound, it was certainly more than one person.

Shaar’s face immediately changed! He quickly ran towards the pitiful creature, picked her up while covering her mouth with his hands. With a few fast steps, he immediately hid in the bushes nearby.

“If you don’t want to die then shut up and do not make any sounds! Someone’s coming!”

Being grabbed by this hillbilly, the pitiful creature’s hearts suddenly leapt. When hearing that someone was coming, she wanted to argue, but

Shaar suppressed her voice and sneered: “You better do not do something foolish. In Primal Wildfire, it is often more dangerous to encounter people than beasts!”

Chapter 11: Experts?

Those footsteps that were coming closer along with the jingling of metals were getting louder. It was obviously that these people were equipped with metal armor and weapons! That clashing sound of metal collision came from someone walking through the jungle.

People travelling in Primal Wildfire with weapons were mostly adventurers.

Nonetheless, bumping into other adventurers in Primal wildfire is not necessarily a good thing.

Shaar understood very clearly that he was at most a small part-time robber, far from professional. Therefore he could not compare to the other “professional” old-hand adventurers in Primal wildfire, who mastered the “dog eat dog” business over the years!

People walking inside this wilderness day in day out, were scratching out a living while risking their lives daily. Nobody here cared about morality or justice, only the weapon in hand decided everything!

Generally speaking, if adventurers encounter their counterparts in the wild, the first thing to do is to make an evaluation.

In case the number and strength of both parties are well-matched, then each party would stay on alert while quickly getting away from each other. Enough distance apart so that they did not interfere with each other.

On the assumption that one side is stronger than the other and the weaker side carried some valuablesAhem!

Currently, there were only two people in Shaar’s team and both were injuredTo put it straighter forward, when Shaar evaluated their fighting strength, this pitiful creature was not even considered a “person”, more a burden.

In case the people coming towards them found out that Shaar was in such a weak position, they would surely become greedy and see them as

sheeps ready for slaughter it!!

At the start he was penniless, therefore even if he encountered others, they would probably not think about robbing him when seeing his “financial difficulties”.

However right now, he was carrying a superior wolf skin on his back and a large sum of money in his pocket.

Shaar’s whole body was tightened, but each of his movements was agile. Even when grabbing the pitiful creature in one hand, he quickly found a big tree in the distance and climbed up nimbly like a big lynx. He immediately hid his body behind big branches and thick leaves.

Soundlessly, Shaar held his breath and gave a threatening looks towards the pitiful creature whose mouth was tightly covered by his hand. After few moments, Shaar Thunder finally saw the people coming towards him.

The opposite party consisted of four people.

At the head, there was a man who had the appearance of a 30-year-old. He was blond, had a tall stature and a delicate look. The most important factor, he was wearing shiny full body armor! The silver-white armor was polished and radiated in the sun. This guy was also carrying a long-sword on his back which had a red gem mounted on its hilt.

In Primal Wildfire Town, there are only few adventurers who wore metal armors. The reason being, most metal armors were generally very thick and heavy. Wearing such thick heavy armor restricted the movement and speed of the user. Only people with abundant financial resource bought superior armors such as chain mail. These mail armors and helmets were made with superior steel, but the crafting process was very complicated. The covering range was higher than traditional plate mails, but still lighter in weight. It had very splendid deference attributes, particularly against bow and arrow.

Of course the price was not low either. Shaar once saw some people selling one set of this kind of chain mail for five gold coins in Black Alley!

One day, Shaar dreamed of wearing this type of high quality armor to

walk proudly on the street of Primal Wildfire Town.....

The second person wore a long back fur-lined robe. He seemed short and thin, however that fur-lined robe had a cape and it completely covered his head. From his occupied position, Shaar could not clearly see the appearance of opposite party.

The third fellow had a brawny stature and looked like a great bear. His red long hair had a wild style and he was the strongest looking among them. From the look of it, he was much taller than the rest. With a closer look, Shaar Thunder discovered that this huge muscle mass was actually hiding a lot of fat underneath. On his back, he carried a tortoiseshell formed giant shield made of iron. On the surface, it had flower patterns engraved on it, which Shaar did not recognize. Most of Shaar attention was fixed on that weapon that this big guy was carrying on his back. It was the same type of weapon that Shaar used, an axe!

Nonetheless, Shaar started blushing when he compared that fellow's high quality axe with his firewood cutter.

It was a superior steel waraxe! A circling pattern was engraved on the handle, which increased the handling of the axe. This pattern effectively prevented the user from slipping while wielding the axe. The axe blade was forged in a white lunar sharp with a fine curving radiant like a crescent moon. The thick backside of the axe emitted the feeling of strength and power. Additionally, on the top of the axe were several sharp spikes!

It could be said that this kind of axe was Shaar Thunder's long-awaited weapon!

By chance Shaar once saw a similar axe in a weapon shop in Primal Wildfire Town. From the look of it, it was slightly inferior to the one that the big guy was carrying. Comparing to the chain mail, it was slightly cheaper, but regards still an astronomical figure for Shaar: Three gold coins!

Keep staring at the handle of this waraxe, Shaar could not bear but to yearn for something like that. He subconsciously patted his bag filled

with gold coins and the hard feeling comforted him somewhat. He could not help but think to himself: Yes, this time I must buy a high quality axe when I am back! Ah, maybe also add a set of heavy chain mail to it.

At the same time, Shaar's eyes felt on the fourth person.

It was a woman!

Without a doubt, the vast majority of men in this world would not be able to resist and held their breath when seeing such a beauty!

Pink cheeks, eyes like a peach flower, delicate eyebrows and skin fair and white as snow.....

Her bewitching pair of eyes was enough to make the majority of men's heart melt. This woman of young age radiated a heavenly beauty and her body was clad in beautiful leather armor. Why was that leather armor beautiful?

With a closer look, one could see that the leather was actually a rare white rhino skin! A white rhino skin was recognized as one of the finest leather material for manufacturing armors. This skin was tough and firm, ordinary swords had difficult to penetrate it and counted as the king class of Leather. More importantly, it was a rare type of white rhino and worth an indescribable amount of money!

Currently, this beautiful woman was climbing the mountain in this silver painted white rhino leather armor. On the surface, a beautiful pattern of blooming flowers were painted on it. The natural high ventilation shape and the high elasticity of rhino skins were evidence that the production was very sophisticated. Tightly attached to the beauty, it brought forth the attractive curve of her body even more.

Under her armor was a battle dress. Each piece of metal on this armor was formed according to a lotus petal.

This tall and slender girl carried a long bow on her back. Her bow was jet black and made of superior spring steel. The bowstring was very thin and dispersed a silver gloss. Looking at this bow, Shaar could not help but sigh: Oh god, did this woman shit money? The bowstring was made out of

a silver string!!

What was even more exaggerating, on this girl waist hung a quiver with merely ten arrows inside!

Shaar gave a closer look and sighed.

The price of every single arrow inside that quiver was probably enough to feed him for ten day! In matter of fact, this was still an underestimation.

Normally, ordinary arrows of higher quality were made with goose plume. Yet the arrows of this woman..... Using his experienced hunter vision, Shaar Thunder identified that the arrow tail were unexpectedly made with hawk feathers!!!

The weirdest part was that there were only ten arrows in the quiver..... Shaar was extremely puzzled by this.

In the wilderness of Primal Wildfire, wild animals and magical beasts were as numerous as hairs on an ox, not counting other countless dangers. Most adventurer archers would take at least two big quivers with them and even that was barely enough.

This woman

This group of people had a warrior, a swordsman, an archer and someone who wore a fur-lined robe. The last person might be a pharmacist or even a magician from the legends.

This kind of band was a standard formation for an adventurer group. Furthermore, from the look of these people's excellent and expensively equipment, they must be experts!

It must certainly be so..... There was another thing that made Shaar sighed.....

The appearance of this female archer.....

Ah, so there were such ugly women in this world.....

It seemed that even ugly people can become experts.

Chapter 12: Shaar the Road Robber

The four adventurers immediately stopped walking when they arrived at Shaar's previous camp.

The golden haired swordsman at the head of the group slightly changed his expression and he lifted one hand and declared cautiously: "Stop! Somebody had been here."

His voice had a hint of arrogance. He rolled his blue eyes, observed the surrounding ground and said: "There are traces of fighting here, look!"

He pointed towards the ground in the distance where the butchered corpse of the giant wolf lied. The skin was peeled off, the bones disassembled, the meat smashed and a puddle of blood was on the floor.

Seeing this, he quickly investigated the remains of the campfire while kneeling down. Reaching at the high-piled firewood ashes, he stretched his hand to touch the ashes. After making a conclusion in his mind, he stood up and made a proud expression in front of his companions: "The firewood is cold. That guy must have left already."

Meanwhile, Shaar listened quietly to their conversation on his tree. There were some doubts in his heart: Eeh...there was something wrong from what that guy just said.

How did cold firewood indicate that the people who used it were already gone? If it was in the ordinary jungle, it might be possible, butBut this was Primal Wildfire!!

If people camped in an ordinary jungle, they would let the bonfire burn for a whole night to drive away wild animals with the flame.

Nevertheless, the experienced adventurers in Primal Wildfire would absolutely not do such a suicidal thing.....The reason being, magical beasts did not fear fire!!

If you dared to make a bonfire in Primal Wildfire at night, it was like announcing to all the magical beasts in the vicinity: Come! A sumptuous dinner was waiting for you here!

Therefore last night Shaar put out the fire before sleeping.

Just now when this golden haired swordsman touched the ashes, how could it possibly still be warm?

To judge for how long people had passed or left a place, a person who lived in the wild throughout the years like Shaar, had many other methods. For example, to look at the surrounding ground vegetation for traces of being trampled, to inspect the dew on the root of grass or even to check if somebody left around some excrement....

Judging by merely touching the bonfire ashes.....Perhaps only those idiot bards on tour would do such a thing.....

“Hahahaha!”The strong gigantic man immediately gave out a vigorous laugh: “Gary, you are truly the most careful amongst us.”

The swordsman called Gary stood there proudly and intentionally made an arrogant face: “Ahem, naturally you must know some skills if you want to survive in the wild. This was nothing.”

During that time, that man who stood at the side wearing a fur-lined robe and a cape ran to the nearby ground. He bent and grabbed a handful black dry powder:”What’s this?”

While he looked to his companions, the golden haired swordsman and the strong gigantic man instantly gathered around him. The three whispered for a while, but it seemed that neither of them could identify this mysterious powder. Seeing people that everyone was looking at him, Gary the golden haired swordsman remained silence for a second and then said with confidence:”It is probably some drug that the camp guy used. Ah, yes! I think it must be powders to repel mosquitoes. I’ve seen it before.”

While saying that, he looked at the fellow who wore the black robe: “Master magician, you are the most knowledgeable person here, was I correct?”

Master magician?

Was that fellow wearing the fur-lined robe really a magician?

That short thin master hesitated for a moment, took the powder in his hand to get a close look and smelled it carefully. Nonetheless, he still seemed uncertain...

Hiding in the tree, Shaar frowned his eyebrows. It was nothing special, he thought to himself. This was only the poop from a species called “arrow pigs”.

The arrow pig was a low level magical beast. If it was alone, it was not that dangerous, however they always lived in colonies. It meant that when they ran into an enemy, they would rally together and attack in force. Generally speaking, even the more powerful magical beasts were not willing to provoke these fellows carelessly.

The poop of those arrow pigs was very special. Last night Shaar Thunder sprinkled some around the camp in order to let other magical beasts think that arrow pigs build their colony here after smelling the poop. This would hinder them to approach this place easily at night and kept Shaar safe while sleeping.

This procedure was very common amongst people in Primal Wildfire. Anyone who had the slightest experience could tell by one glimpse.

Something even stranger continued to happen.

Below the tree, those four well-equipped adventurers gathered together to have close look at the powder and still could not reach to a conclusion after a while. The swordsman said that it was the drug to drive away bugs, but the gigantic man claimed that it was coal ash.

As for that “master magician”, after deep in his thoughts, he unexpectedly dipped some powder with his finger and then put it into his mouth to taste it.....

(Huuurrrgggeehh!!)

Looking at this scene, Shaar nearly started vomiting and almost felt down from the tree.

That “master magician” tasted it carefully for a while, turned his head and said in a low voice with an authoritative expression: “Ahem, there is

no need to argue anymore. It was clearly a food seasoning that got discarded while camping. Yes, it has a somewhat salty flavor.”

Shaar: “.....”

Looking at the “master magician’s” appearance while using his mouth to carefully taste the excrement, Shaar’s whole body got Goosebumps. His hands and feet started to lose strength, his throat had a feeling of nausea and he almost had to vomit at the scene.

Hearing the “master magician’s” judgment, that gigantic man slammed his waraxe to the ground. He then declared with a deep and gruff voice while smiling: “I don’t know which fool did this, but he unexpectedly threw away some seasoning. Just as it happens, our seasonings are all used up and luckily we don’t need to eat these white and tasteless barbecues today anymore!”

He conveniently picked up a stone and threw it toward the bush.

His throw immediately frightened a flock of birds in the bush and they instantly started to take off. This gigantic man laughed: “Alright, a flock of birds. Quickly Martha, shoot us some lunch!”

The golden haired swordsman next to him started smiling while clapping his hands and said: “Yes Martha, you are the new “Dark moon Goddess” recognized by us. Show us your mysterious archery now!”

Martha, the female archer, showed a reserve smile with a hint of arrogance and quickly prepared her bow while taking out a hawk feather arrow – her posture was actually very beautiful. More importantly, as soon as she pulled the bowstring, she bent her black spring steel bow into a full moonscape! Hiding on his tree, Shaar’s heart instantly started to pound while observing her!

Amazing! When using a black spring steel bow, even a strong man might not be able to pull it to such an extent! This female archer had extremely strong arm strength!!

Not only that, Martha demonstrated a proudly smile, raised her chin and declared in a heroic tone: “Look carefully, I will shoot the third bird in

the middle in the right eye!

Her elegant performance easily made others believe in her!

Whilst Shaar was admiring this archer, he heard the bowstring making an acoustic oscillation sound and a sharp arrow shot to the sky and made an elegant arc.....

Wosh!!!

The shot must have been quite accurate..... but somehow it felt a little strange in Shaar's view.

A realization flashed across his mind and he immediately understood what went wrong!

The shot itself was quite accurate, but it was missing on power. The arrow that was shot seemed too weak!

Such little strength might be enough to kill a house sparrow or a pheasant, but this flock of birds consisted of Mountain Goose which built its nest in Primal Wildfire. It was highly aggressive and even common eagles feared them.

As predicted, the arrow shot by that "goddess" flew towards the Mountain Goose in the middle. Almost hitting its mark, the bird made a contemptuous cry, turned its body mid-air and faced that weak arrow with its peck. With one movement, it fended off that arrow with its peck.

Before flying off, it deliberately screamed a few times towards Martha.

The goddess archer's face suddenly turned purple and tried hard to maintain her composure. To cover her shame, she desperately tried to make an excuse: "You stupid animal! I tried not to harm your life with a warning shoot and you dared to mock me for this....." Her backhand pulled out another arrow and shot again.

Phew!

This Mountain Goose turned around and evade with ease.....

The goddess archer could not take it anymore! Getting ashamed, she became angry and took out the eight remaining arrows from the quiver.

In succession she shot all of them one after each other!

Hiding on the tree, Shaar was exactly twenty steps away from the circling flock of birds. While this goddess archer initially gave him a good impression, he did not expect that a misfire would fly towards his tree during that female archer's rapid-fire. Not having the time to respond, Shaar's nose suddenly got scratched from by that past flying arrow!!

While still appreciating the archer, who would have thought he would receive such a "surprise attack"? Shaar was not prepared for this attack at all and this "archer" almost killed him without knowing.

When that arrow scratched the tip of his nose, Shaar immediately broke out in cold sweat! That Bloodthirsty Great Wolf could not even kill him when he was weaponless and now his poor life was almost done for by that woman's bad aim?

Shaar got enraged!

Shit, they actually dared to call this archer the Dark Moon Goddess?!

Fuck! She missed by 8 meters when shooting a bird – if she was the Dark Moon Goddess, then I am the god of war Achilles!!

.....

Emptying her quiver, Martha became tired and was out of breath. She put down her bow while panting and her whole face reddened. No one could tell if it was from the fatigue or from the shame, maybe a bit of both.

Her companions nearby stood there dumbfounded for a while before that golden haired swordsman Gary managed to get back his composure. He cleared his throat and walked next to Martha and patted her shoulder. With a loving face he comforted her in a gentle voice: "Martha, it's all right, youuh... You were tired from all the walking and your strength is still weak. Occasionally missing something is nothing worth mentioning."

Martha lowered her head and respond in a pitiful voice: "I don't understand how it could happen. I am usually very accurate when

shooting sparrow in our house.....”

The golden haired swordsman stared maliciously at the gigantic man: “Nigal, this was your great idea!”

The gigantic man Nigal smiled embarrassedly and from the look of it, this golden haired swordsman was the leader of this group. Nigal did not dare to refute and turned his head towards that magician to change the topic: “Master magician Bidaldo, please have a look at the vicinity, we should be almost at our destination right? Didn’t that profiteer on Black Alley say that Ferocious Lions had their dens nearby?”

The magician smiled and did not respond while taking out a parchment with a map from his pocket. He then carefully took out his compass, observed it for a little while and looked at the terrain. Finishing his analysis, he pointed his finger to the east and confidently said: “Yes, it’s that way.”

Still observing this farce on his tree, Shaar silently sighed: “Idiot, it’s the opposite direction! It should be to the west insteadIf you really dared to go toward the east then you can meet those lovely goblins tonight.”

At that moment, he loosened his hand that covered the pitiful creature’s mouth and stretched his arms a bit. While lightly patting the face of that pitiful creature, he declared in a low voice: “Hey, for the time being we can’t leave here. There is work.”

“Huh? What kind of work?”The pitiful creature’s face blushed while asking in a low voice.

“Down there there are four fat sheep.” Shaar squeezed his jaw and announced: “It seems like it was destined by god that I would have to make a guess performance as a robber today.”

Finishing this sentence, he put the pitiful creature on a thick branch: “Sit here carefully and do not fall down.”

With one jump, he leapt from the tree.

Those four people with high skills were still discussing something when suddenly seeing a person falling from the sky in front of them and got

startled!

“Who is there?!”

The golden haired swordsman Gary immediately drew his longsword, with its ruby mounted on the hilt and its sharp blade. From a closer look, Shaar saw that the blade was unexpectedly made of silver.

“Haha!!” Giving a loud intentional laugh, Shaar tossed his long black hair which smelled of the wild and used his hand to swing his rust stained axe. After taking a deep breath, he stuck out his chest, stared at them and shouted with a clear voice:

“This mountainuh, this mountain was not discovered by me! This treeuh, this fucking tree was also not planted by me! Nevertheless, if you want to cross here then you have to pay the safe passage fee!” While saying this sentence, his face intentionally made a ruthless expression: “If I hear a word from your mouth, hehe – then I will kill chop off your heads!”

Tightening his face, Shaar’s heart was relaxed – This should be right. He heard those lines from the bards in the tavern and it took him a long time to remember it. Yes, he should have remembered it correctly.

Those four expects stared dumbfounded at the robber who suddenly felt from the sky:

A ragged beggars equipped with a rotten rusty axe was pretending to be a robber..... Uh? His body was wrapped in a bandage?

The most ridiculous thing was, that bandage cloth had a pretty butterfly knot tied at the front.....

Chapter 13: The Four Heavenly Masters Of Royal Capital

An awkward silence lingered in the air for a while.....

“Hahahahahaha!!”

The four experts simultaneously burst out laughing. The gigantic man was losing his balance from laughing and the female archer almost her felt down. The magician Bidaldo was the least affected and hid his face in his cloak and stared at Shaar Thunder.

Finally, the blond swordsman Gary chinned up, chest out and took a step forward with a scornful smile on his face. “Little pest, you dared to offend us? You just signed your own death warrant. Hmpf, don’t you know who we are?”

The female archer Martha standing next to them put on a “kind” smile and said “Gary, stop scaring this kid. How could a nameless robber have ever heard of our renowned reputation?”

The gigantic man Nigal peeked at Shaar and yelled:” Boy, we are the famous four masters known throughout the world. Since we are almighty and benevolent, we will give you the chance to lay down your arms, kneel before us and get out of our sights. I prefer not to dirty my axe with your filthy blood. A nobody doesn’t deserve to be killed by my axe.”

After his speech, he started gently fondling the edge of his axe sighed and showed a look of a lonely master who had no equals.

Shaar gave off a mocking laugh: “You guys? Who are you? Are you really famous?”

The blond swordsman Gary and the gigantic man Nigal looked at each other, as if they were signaling with eyes to determine who should teach this guy a lesson. After a short while, the gigantic man Nigal nodded and took a few steps forwards. He gave Shaar an arrogant look: “Boy, we will lessen your ignorance today. AhemListen carefully, keep your legs strong and do not shit your pants! We are the four heavenly masters of

Royal Capital!”

The four heavenly masters of the Royal Capital?

Bemused, Shaar shook his head.

“This is the ‘Silver Juggernaut’ Gary. He had taken penance in the faraway land of slaughter. His longsword was sharp enough to behead a demon in one swing! And this beautiful lady over here is Miss Martha. People know her as the ‘New Goddess of Darkness’. Her mystical archery skill matches her beauty! At last, master magician Bidaldo’s magic is as dazzling as the sun itself. The bright light of his magic would be the last thing you have ever seen in your life!”

Nigal paused for a while, relaxed his shoulders and spoke in a humble way, “As for me, my name is Nigal and people know me as the ‘Beast Spirit Berserker’. My fighting power reminds everyone of the huge power of the ancient beast spirit warriors! Hehe, do not beg for mercy when I crush your bones later.”

He looked down at Shaar, “I, Berserker Nigal, the beautiful Martha, Silver Sword master Gary and with master magician Bidaldo, together we are known as the legendary “Four Masters of Royal Capital! Fuck your mother!”

Irradiating a look of ecstasy, he got ready for this little pest to throw away his arms, go on his knees and kiss his feet.

“Four masters of Royal Capital? Ni..Ma..Ge..Bi? ”

TL: These are the all surnames of the 4 masters. The pronunciation of “Ni Ma Ge Bi” in Chinese means “fuck your mother”.

Shaar whispered their names twice before he felt a burst of rage.

“Fuck! You dare to mock me!! ” Shaar flared into a rage “You think I am stupid and have no idea that you are making fun of me?!”

Seeing this foolish pest not knowing his place and not asking forgiveness before death, the handsome Silver sword master snorted proudly and declared “It’s alright, let me send you on your road to death.”

The gorgeous female archer gave a cold smile “Gary, don’t waste any time with him. Finish him quickly!”

“Oh.....Martha is just too kind.” Gary gave a fake sigh and instantly drew his radiant silver longsword and screamed “Little pest, prepare to die. My razor-sharp blade will make it quick and painless.”

If this sentence was said by a famous sword masters from the continent or by a battle hardened veteran from Primal Wildfire Town, Shaar would be scared shitless by now. But with words coming from this guy’s mouth, he just sneered and silently took out his axe!

Gary sighed, raised hand to strike with his shiny silver longsword.

His strike looked very fancy. A white flash could be seen with every strike. On the hilt of the sword, a sparkling ruby mixed a faint red light with the white flash.

His strike could be compared to a magnificent dancing performance. Even the twist of his waist was full of desolate beauty.

The silver glitters fell down in silence...

Compared to the magnificent sword dance of Gary, Shaar’s movements were much simpler. As quick as thunder, he did a straight chop!

Even the pressure of axe edge compressed the wind into the sound of thunder!

Shaar’s flawless chop was acquired by shedding his sweat and blood for countless days and nights. The proof of his diligence could be found in the bared forest near his residence. In order to acquire firewood, he had to walk ten extra miles to find some trees that had not been chopped by him before..

Ding!

With a ringing sound, shadow of these two figures crossed and separated. Gary kept his posture of lifting his longsword while gradually turning back to sneer at Shaar.

Dumbfounded, Shaar stood there, staring at his rusty axe which was

almost split in two. The edge of the axe was badly chipped. It was evident that something worth only three coppers could only have poor quality.

Feeling triumphant, Gary boasted. "Boy, how dare you to fight me with such a rusty axe?"

The moment he wanted to continue bragging, all of a sudden a loud collapsing sound could be heard.....

The splendid silver longsword in Gary's hand were suddenly broke into three pieces!! The fractured fragments fell on the ground with only the hilt left in Gary's hand.

Gary got speechless .Not counting the proficient of his martial art, his silver longsword was a extremely high quality weapon! The razor-sharp blade was forged with the finest steel. Even it would not cut iron like a tofu. It was truly an indescribable deadly weapon.

Before he could fully comprehend what happened, a "Woosh" sound could be heard. His elegant armor was split into two and crashed on the floor, falling from his chest.

A fine scratch could be seen from his chest to his waist.....

It did not stop with only his armor. Both his underwear and belt was ruptured and something dangled down to his knees.

All of the sudden Gary felt the chilly wind below his waist. With every gust of wind, his whole body shivered while his private part dangled between his legs, exposed to the crowd.....

After a few seconds, Gary finally started screaming like a girl while turning away to hid his crotch.

Seeing this amusing scene, Shaar burst out laughing. He took a step forward, kicked Gary's rear end and propelled him to the ground. "What a shitty sword master, if you count yourself as a master swordsman, then I am the sword god on this continent!"

As Gary stumbled back, the other three masters turned pale and stared at that "Pest" in horror with an estrange look.

Gary lifted his pants quickly, turned his head and screamed desperately “Bahh! Little pest! Don’t act so arrogant! My defeat was caused by the bad foods I ate this morning!” He pulled the gigantic man towards him and asked: ”Nigal, punish this pest and don’t let him ruin the reputation of the four master of Royal Capital!”

Hesitating, Nigal saw the broken axe in Shaar’s hand and finally gained some courage to move forward. He shouted. “Boy! The previous round doesn’t count. My companion was only careless. Now it’s my turn to take your life! ”

He walked forward with a grinning face. “You have no weapon anymore, so let’s see if you still can act arrogant now!”

He waved his axe and announced. “My mountain splitting axe weights 20 kilos! With just one chop, you will become.....”

Unimpressed by the declaration, Shaar watched this guy with a contemptuous look. It was just a fight, so why is he blabbering so much nonsense. Was he practicing to become a bard?

Without uttering a word, he looked around and directly walked to a huge tree. He embraced it while crouching down. He took a deep breath and exhaled...

Kaka Kaka

After a series of resonant and frightful sound, the huge tree was uprooted with mud falling down.

Effortlessly, Shaar hugged this huge tree which he pulled out with his strength only. He did showed the slightest exhaustion from doing it and taunted Nigal, whose jaw almost fell to the ground.

“Hey, big guy, how much did you say your axe weight?”

Pa! Nigal’s axe dropped on the ground hand as his hands trembled.

Chapter 14: Buried treasure

Nigal's waraxe fell down and landed on his own foot. Still focusing all his attention on Shaar at that moment and staring at him totally struck dumb with astonishment, he didn't even notice the pain for quite a while. "Awww!" Finally back to his sense, Nigal started wailing and lifted his hurt foot and started hopping around in pain resembling a clown performance.

Shaar smiled with a hint of malice and with a push he threw that big trunk toward Nigal: "Big guy, catch!"

"Ahhh! Don't....."

Not even having the time to scream, the pitiful Nigal instantly got overwhelmed by that heavy tree and was pressed to the ground. Luckily for him, his strong build was not only for show and he immediately supported the weight with all his arm strength. In a flash, his face turned red like a monkey's butt and he started breathing heavily. Almost being squashed to death, he screamed for help: "Someone save me! Move that damn tree away from my body... *cough**cough*..."

"Bidaldo, quick use your magic!" While still performing the naked man, Gary finally recovered and gave an order. While Gary was shouting at him, the magician already started his moves. With great agility, Bidaldo took a step back, drew out a short wooden stick from his sleeve and started to form circles in the air with it. He chanted several strange words from under his cape.

Shaar's heart started to wave a bit – was he really a magician?!

Living in Primal Wildfire since his childhood, Shaar was rather confident with his combat skills. He had fought against wild animals and magic beasts for as long as he could remember. Naturally, he also had fought against people of the town. Having already grasped the real abilities of these "Masters" in front of him, he didn't even bother to get serious. Nevertheless...was this guy really a magician?

To tell the truth, he had never fought against a magician before!

When Shaar was still deep in his thought, the stick that Bidaldo was holding rapidly generated a beam of light that overshadowed the user. “Peng!” Smoke suddenly started to rise after a loud explosion. Hidden by the smoke, this magician transformed himself into a grey rabbit and started dashing towards the south while hidden in the grass.

“.....Is it his magic?”

Shaar nearly busted out laughing and instantly started aiming for that running rabbit with his charred pitchfork. Like a lightening he threw and transformed his fork in a deadly weapon using only a simple waist movement.

Wush!

In a flash, his pitchfork turned into a black beam and hit the tail of the rabbit with deadly precision and pinned it to the ground. A fountain of blood started to spray from Bidaldo’s butt and with a moan that pitiful magician transformed back in his original form again. Unable to endure the pain, he stayed crouched on the ground and groaned with the pitchfork still stuck into his bleeding butt.

“Hahahaha” Enjoying Bidaldo’s dilemma, Shaar leisurely hopped towards his victim and tramped one foot on his butt while pulling out the pitchfork. This exercise immediately brought Bidaldo to a new level of pain and he started to scream like he never did before and hammered his fist on the ground in process.

Turning around, Shaar now started to face his last rival – that Goddess archer Martha.

Let alone this fake “Dark moon Goddess” – Even a real “Dark moon Goddess” was just a target in Shaar’s eyes without a single arrow left in her quiver.

“Hm.....The old man said that a man should not hit a woman, so you” Actually, what Shaar wanted to say was “So you’d better surrender now”.

However, the beautiful Martha instantly misunderstood this vicious

bastard in front of her. Facing the man who just beat the crap out of her three companions, she got frightened and started quivering. Pressing her lips tightly together, she started crying.

“WuwuYou, you... you can have all our properties, but don’t violate.....”

Xia Ya: “.....”

With his intense eyes, he stared at Martha and suddenly exclaimed: “Violate you? Someone as ugly as you? You better stop dreaming!”

Shaar felt insulted and was enraged! Violate? Such an ugly woman?

Hmpf, even if I would violate someone, it would probably be a genuine beautiful woman like Aunt Sofia from Primal Wildfire Town.

(His Old man is having a laugh in hell right now.....)

Walking towards the three, Shaar sent that Silver swordman Gary in front of him flying with a single king and stopped before Martha. While seizing the black spring steel bow in Martha’s hands, she did not dare to complain and she obediently presented her bow to Shaar while crouching down.

“Huh?”

Taking this bow in his hand, Shaar immediately sensed that something was wrong.

In case of a real black spring steel bow, its weight would be naturally very heavy. However this “black spring steel bow” in his hands was lighter by a few folds. Looking more carefully, although this bow was jet black, with a closer look he could see that it was painted and making a weird sound while bending it.

“Shit! I thought that it was a good bow... but it turned out that it was actually a fake one covered in tin. No wonder this thing is so light.” Shaar gave it a disdainful look.

Tin was a type of iron that was light and fragile. It was generally used as decoration and some children in Primal Wildfire Town used it to make

toy sword to fool around with of it ...

No wonder that girl could bend that bow in a half-moon sharp a while ago and the arrow flew with such a weak force.

Although the bow was a fake, the silver wire used as the bowstring was actually real. Shaar snapped the bow, pulled apart the string, made it into a bundle and put it in his pocket. Licking his lips he ordered: "If you have any other good stuff you better take it out now and don't make me search you."

Lying on the ground, Gary looked at that terrifying guy with dreadful eyes: "I, we have some money on us, it is in the bag on my leather belt

His leather belt got split in two by Shaar's axe a moment ago. Looking around, Shaary picked a purse from the ground and after opening it, he only found several silver coins and not even a single gold coin inside.

Even through this harvest was not small Shaar could not help but feel depressed.

These people call themselves masters but had less money on them than that pitiful creature.

Shaar's next action made the four masters of Royal Capital realize what "heinous" actually meant – this fellow was actually a reincarnation of someone who starved to death in his previous life!

First he took the waraxe from Nigal. This weapon was genuine and would cost a reasonable price, much more than the rest of his companions weapons combined. Although frightened and shaking like a leaf, under the intimidation of Shaar, Martha could not escape and had to contribute her white rhinoceros leather armor.

While Lady Martha was resentfully taking off her armor in shamed, she exposed her thin linen cloth underneath and started to cover her chest with her hands in fear of awaking the beastly desire of this rough bandit in front of her.

However that vicious bandit unexpectedly gave her a distained look

while watching her and sighed in a pitiful tone: “Ah, having your looks, what pitiful a woman... ahActually it is not your fault, a tip, from now on you better stop leaving your house.”

Martha stared at him with dead fish eyes: “.....”

Gary’s armor which got split in two by Shaar was wrapped up and put into his baggage. (This was superior quality steel, if brought back to Primal Wildfire Town, it could sell for a lot of money.)

Nigal was saved by Shaar from the tree at last and got his armor taken away. Seeing his gigantic shield, Shaar’s eyes started to shine.

In a had a waraxe and in another a great shieldHaha, right now he had the appearance of a well-equipped magical beast hunter!

Bibaldo was the most “fortunate” out of them. At the beginning, Shaar was interested in his fur-lined robe, but soon discovered that it had a hole made from his pitchfork while it pieced this guy’s buttock. It was full of blood, so Shaar finally gave up the idea on robbing this magician.

“Are you really a magician?” Seeing his magic, Shaar treated him a bit better than the rest: “Just now you turned into a rabbit. Was that real magic?”

His forehead full of cold sweat caused by the pain, Bibaldo still replied: “Certainly, it is magic.....”

“Ah, are the skills of magician all this lame?” Shaar was somewhat surprised.

Bibaldo quickly shook his head: “Of course not. I practice distortion magic, but unfortunately it is on at the first-level right now. If my magical power was bigger, I could transform into a fiercer beast, such as a bear or a lion. Higher level distortion magicians are able to transform into ferocious high level magical beasts.....”

Who would have thought that this guy was actually a real magician?

Shaar instantly felt respectful towards him!

Nevertheless, he still shamefully put his hands into Bibaldo’s sleeves

and started searching.....

Listening to the legends, a magician was very rich. Normally they had magic gems, magic beast nucleus and magic crystal on them..... each item would easily transform into several gold coins!

However Shaar got disappointed.

Master Bibaldo's pockets were cleaner than his from two days ago! Let alone any gems, he did not even had a copper plate on him!

"How could you be a magician?!" Shaar was furious: "Where are the magic gems, the magic crystals and magical beast nucleus? Not even a gold coin?"

Opening and closing his mouth several time, Bilbaldo thought to himself. If he had this type of things, I would already be promoted and I would not be bullied by a robber like him.

Nonetheless, without a good harvest, this bandit boss would probably start to feel unhappy. If that bandit felt unhappy, Bibaldo feared that he would start feeling unhappy very soon too.....

"EhhI can tell you a secret." Hesitating a bit, Bibaldo finally continued his sentence: "A secret to get rich."

Seeing that Shaar did not believe him, that magician hurried and screamed:"I am saying the absolutely truth!!!"

The expression of this magician suddenly became somewhat complicated as he looked at another other three masters of Royal Capital with a hesitating look.

Shaar was not a fool and immediately noticed the strange look in this fellow's eyes. He touched his chin, and pick this magician like a chicken up and carried him several steps into the woods and threw him on the ground: "Alright, say it!"

Still feeling dizzy from his fall, Bibaldo did not dare to complain about his pain and struggled to sit up. Checking restlessly at his three companions in the distant, he determined that they could not hear his

words here and smiled bitterly while saying:”Actually, I came to Primal Wildfire Town for another reason than the other three. I have a special reason, I cameI came here to find a buried treasure!!”

The expression of this fellow instantly turned mysterious.

For those who are wondering, this is how Aunt Sofia looks like, go to the charactersheet.

Chapter 15: Bro Is Going To Take You On A Dragon Hunt

Shaar was getting annoyed.

With his backhand, he forcefully slapped Bidaldo's face. Two teeth instantly flew out and that poor magician screeched in a pitifully tone."Do you think I can be easily deceived? Hidden treasure? Who do you think I am? A three-year-old boy? There are thousands, if not millions of legends about hidden treasures in Primal Wildfire that I had heard of over the decade. Only kids would believe these stories. With a silver coin, you could buy eighteen different treasure maps in the taverns of Primal Wildfire! Besides, I heard everything you said on the tree just now. You are just here to hunt some Ferocious Lions! Or am I wrong?!" Shaar was enraged.

Bidaldo covered his bloody mouth and cursed Shaar's ancestors in his heart, yet did not dare to show a trace of anger on his face and started begging:" Everything I said is true.....Master Bandit, your Excellency, well.....We just arrived here from the Royal Capital and my companions are all scions of noble families. They hardly have any experience in the real world and consider themselves experts among other young aristocrats, but actually do not possess any real abilities....."

"Huh? At the very least you are someone who understood things and know that your companions are all idiots."Shaar got a little bit curious.

Still covering his face, Bidaldo bitterly smiled: "Certainly I know. They are nobles and other people easily accept it when they are ignorant of the world. By randomly practicing some martial arts, they would get flattered by their family servants who are competing with each other to make their master favour them. When time went by, they automatically started to consider themselves as masters. However, I am a certified magician of the church. Although I merely reached the first level, I understand my limits."

When he paused, he immediately discovered that Shaar was getting

impatient. Bidaldo did not dare to make more idle talk and quickly continued:” I incited them to go out this time and convinced them that since we are four masters, we should start travelling around the world and spreading our fame to every corner of the continent. I told them that it was the way to become known in the world and these fellows were easily fooled and got tempted to leave their homes in search of adventures.....” The magician’s face reddened and he said with a bitter smile: “Of course there was a reason for me to do this. Since I am a low level magician, nobody would hire me when there are numerous high-level master magicians in Royal Capital. The only way for me to earn a living is to cheat those young nobles. However, a few days ago, I got information from the magician guild and I can vouch that the source is absolutely reliable!”

“Despite my humble strength, my teacher is a real intermediate-level magician and quite famous in the empire. On that day I heard from my senior that our teacher would leave us for some time. He told me that our teacher would go on a long journey together with several well-known master magicians from the Royal Capital. After my continuous nagging, my senior finally gave in and told me the truth when we were drinking in the tavern. The truth was, my teacher and other magicians are coming to Primal Wildfire.”

Bidaldo’s eyes suddenly sparkled with excitement:”I learnt that they made an important discovery in the Primal Wildfire! My teacher and the empire’s master magicians are coming here to examine it!”

Reaching the end of his patience, Shaar asked: “After all that talking, what the hell does it have to do with a secret of treasure?!”

Seeing Shaar raising his palm again, Bidaldo immediately covered his face: “No! No! Please don’t slap me! Please, I’m about to come to the point.....”

His heart began to fill itself with a huge sense of grievance. Did he not understand that even a low-level magician was considered a magician.....

Swallowing his complaint, he quickly continued:“ The treasure certainly

exists.....that important discovery found in Primal Wildfire is.....”

Stopping mid sentence, he could not help but stop for a second, gave Shaar a proud look and then slowly uttered the answer:

“It is a dragon!”

Dragon?

Hearing the answer, a solemn expression was shown across Shaar’s face!

Dragon? A real dragon?

Even though he had not seen a dragon beforeOf course, most people would hardly see a real dragon in their life and those who had mostly won’t survive to tell the tale.

On the continent, dragon counted as almost an untouchable existence. Shaar had heard of various kinds of legends in taverns of Primal Wildfire Town. At the heart of every story, there was a legendary hero who would alter the course of the world and of course it always had a clichéd plot where he would fight against an evil dragon at the end. Dragons were always depicted as the final boss in each story.

Nonetheless, legends were just legends.

The reality was, the dragon clan did exist on the continent, but it inhabited remote unknown regions in the far north end of the continent. It was even further than the northern border of the Odin Empire..... Anyway, there was absolutely no such thing as a dragon in the Byzantine Empire.

Thinking about this, Shaar became suspicious. He had enough common sense to know that neither Byzantine Empire nor Primal Wildfire had any dragons and supposedly, Odin Empire did not have any either.....

“I am telling the truth!” Bidaldo lowered his voice:”Master Bandit, you see, I know very clearly that my strength is very humble. I’m different from those bragging noble brats. Why would I come to such a dangerous place as Primal Wildfire without a particular reason?”

This argument finally convinced Shaar.

Indeed, with those guys' abilities, coming to the Primal Wildfire was nothing short of a chicken running into the weasel's nest.

They did not get treated as fat sheep ready to slaughter in Primal Wildfire town probably because their equipments played a big role in scaring the others away.

"Believe me, there is a dragon in Primal Wildfire! I got this information from my teacher! That's why my teacher teamed up with several other outstanding magicians and was travelling to Primal Wildfire. Their purpose is.....to kill this dragon!"

Kill the dragon?

Getting excited, Shaar's curiosity got the better of him. He felt like a young boy again and remembered hearing those stories in the tavern.

"It goes without saying that dragons are very powerful. Under the normal circumstances, fighting against a dragon alone would make you a laughing stock, despite the fact that my teacher is an intermediate-level magician and quite well-known in city palace. Therefore, he teamed up with several strong magicians and decided to hunt it together. The deciding factor..... it is said that the dragon which is hiding in the Primal Wildfire was for some reason in a very weak condition. Therefore it's the perfect time to kill the dragon!" The more the magician talked about it, the more excited he became: "You know, for magicians, a dragon is a perfect treasure! Its skin, scale, bones, teeth, even the saliva are the highest magic materials to have! What's more, if you can dig out the dragon crystal, you could obtain the soul power of a dragon.... Using it would increase a magician's strength and gain a substantial leap by several levels."

Hearing that, Shaar looked at Bidaldo and sneered: "So you got tempted to come here and hunt the dragon? With your small trick of rabbit magic?"

Bidaldo blushed: "Isurely I would not be stupid enough to hunt the dragon. Even if I was crazy, I wouldn't believe it would be possible for me,

not even in another 100 years. I came here just for the money.”

Money?

“Dragons were creatures which love sparkling thing by nature. They would collect all kinds of valuables treasures and hide it in their lairs. The treasure inside would be piled up with various gems, crystal, and gold that the dragon would gather..... It would pile up like a mountain!”

Bidaldo sighed loudly: “For ordinary people, the treasure was definitely a great temptation. However for magicians, they are nothing more than worldly things. An extremely powerful magician will not be tempted by all the gold. That’s why I think my teacher and the other dragon-hunting magicians will not be tempted by it either. Their goal was to kill the dragon and as for the hidden treasure, well, probably after their victory, they would just randomly leave it there.....”

Shaar finally understood and smirked: “So, you want to sneakily follow them, after your teacher and his companions killed that dragon and left, you could get all the hidden treasures they did not need?”

“..... Yes.” Bidaldo nodded: “I am a small ungifted magician and do not expect to become an outstanding magician in my life. That’s why money means a lot to me. Otherwise I would not be involved with these useless aristocrat brats.....I am very poor and don’t even have the money to cover the travel expense from Royal Capital to Primal Wildfire, therefore, I can only.....”

“So you cooked up this bullshit story, deceived these useless aristocrat brats to come with you and pretended that you were travelling around the continent?” Shaar shook his head while staring at this guy: “Cut the crap, tell me where those magicians are going to kill that dragon? Since you came here, you must know the place!”

Bidaldo sighed while helplessly pulling out a parchment along with a stick of charcoal and drew a map on it.

“Travel from here all the way to the west, across these two mountains and the wetlands. There it is.”

Shaar glanced at this map and smiled: “How could I believe what you just drew was true or not?”

Bidaldo immediately responded: “I dare not! My life is now in your handsAlthough money is attractive, I still need my life to enjoy it. I’m a coward and would not risk of my life for this.”

Shaar glanced at him and smiled. Pulling him up, he pointed at the other three and said: “Alright, I will believe you this time. Now go and get the hell out of here with your buddies.”

Finally getting his amnesty, Bidaldo crawled up and limped to the other three. He whispered something to them which Shaar could not hear, but he did not care how this magician would deceive these three idiots.

Sure enough hearing this, the other three masters of Royal Capital looked horrified at Shaar and quickly got up and grabbed each other and fled like the wind.

Standing under the tree, Shaar watched these four until they were far away and then looked up while shouting to the tree:”Hey, pitiful creature, time to jump off!”

Still sitting tensely on the tree, the pitiful creature already could not feel her legs after such a long time anymore, but still did not dare to jump. Shaar glared at her and shouted:”Jump, I will catch you! If you don’t jump, I will cut down the tree!”

Terrified by this, the pitiful creature knew how much brute strength this horrible person had. He could effortlessly rip out a big tree and was vulgar and malicious. If she had the guts, she would have already complained.

Left without an option, the pitiful creature could only close her eyes and jump.

Keeping his word, Shaar held out his hand and caught the pitiful creature comfortably, but instantly threw her to the ground.

“Did you hear everything that was said from the tree?” Shaar scratched his chin while looking at the pitiful creature.

“..... yes, I heard.” Pitiful creature obediently nodded, but suddenly realized something and screamed while looking at Shaar with panic-stricken eyes: Are you about to silence me!! I, I do not have the slight interest in a dragon’s hidden treasure!!”

“I don’t have a slight interest in murder.” Shaar comforted her while shaking his head:” Do you think the magician’s told the truth?”

The Pitiful creature hesitated: “I think.....part of it is believable, but

She sat on the ground and looked at Shaar: “Are you planning to look for that dragon’s hidden treasure?”

“Of course, who wouldn’t like the gold and silver?” Shaar groaned.

“Then, what about me?”

“You have two choices, either you go back to Primal Wildfire Town from here on your own, or.....you can go with me, once I found the treasure, you can help me carry the gold.” Shaar grinned.

Go back to Primal Wildfire Town by myself?

With her navigation skills, she already got lost once in the wilderness.... Without this hillbilly’s guidance, she might actually walk straight into a dwarf’s cave!

“Do I really have a choice?!” The pitiful creatures replied angrily.

“Great. Once I found the treasure, I will share one-third with you.” Shaar was very happy:”I will not hurt you since you do not represent any threat to me.”

“Why..... why do I’ve the feeling that you just said that with a hidden agenda? Will you just simply allow me to go with you?” The pitiful creature looked at Shaar warily.

“Alright, I will tell you the truth.” Shaar looked calm and candid: “A good person does not hide things! If we got there and find that those magicians were not able to kill the dragon, but instead were killed by the dragon Then our only option is to run.” He paused and explained: “when I was a

little boy, each time I would carry a living rabbit when I went woodcutting in mountains. Usually I would break its legs beforehand. In case I encounter a wolf, I would throw the rabbit to divert wolf's attention in order to help me escape. I will use the same principle with you now while taking you with me."

The pitiful creature:".....%%* %× *"

Chapter 16: Hello, Mr. Goblin.

While Shaar was packing his luggage, the pitiful creature nearby stared at him dumbfounded.

This guy carried all the “spoils of war” on his body, not leaving anything behind. A gigantic round backpack tied together by countless ropes, it made Shaar looked like a human-snail.

“Hey.” The pitiful creature simply could not bear and reminded him: “We are going to look for a buried treasure mountains of gold and silver! Do you still have to bring all this junk?”

Not counting the other things, even the split armor was packed carefully by this fellow like it was his most precious treasure.

TL: My Previous!!!

“Mountains of gold and silver? We still have yet to succeed obtaining it. Perhaps our hunt will be a fruitless one and we return empty-handed.” Shaar displayed the typical cautious attitude of mountain folks: “With these things, even if we do not find the buried treasure, I will at least not return empty-handed. If we find the buried treasure, I can still let go of it.”

This guy was not only a hillbilly, but also a miser.

The pitiful creature gave Shaar a new definition in her heart.

However she was a bit moved by this fellow.

At the very least, Shaar gave the pitiful creature the white rhinoceros leather armor, stripped from Martha!

Among the loot, this rhinoceros leather armor was the only one in perfect condition! This hillbilly unexpectedly gave that to her!

It seemed like he was not an outright bastard after all.

Unfortunately, this slight image improvement in the pitiful creature’s heart was only short lived before it got shattered.

“I lend this leather armor to you because I heard that dragons like shiny

things. If we encounter the dragon, you can better attract its attention wearing this silver-white leather armor.”

..... Alright! He was a total bastard!

The pitiful creature could only bitterly grind her teeth: Keke, keke.....

When did Shaar ever have time to pay attention at the mood of this fellow? He took out the map that Bidaldo drew and carefully looked at it. Giving it a cold laugh, he tore the map in two.

“Hey! What are you doing?”The pitiful creature froze: “Why did you tear that map

“Fake.” Shaar replied without hesitation and instead stared the pitiful creature deep in her eyes: “Did you think this map was real?”

“But

“Hmpf. This map pointed its direction towards the west!”Shaar showed a very confident expression: “However I remember the magician taking the compass while looking at the terrain and telling his companions to go northeast when we were still hiding in the tree! At that time I thought he was just a simple fool and made a mistake with the directions. But now looking at like, that person was the only one who had a brain in their ground and therefore would absolutely not made such an obvious mistake with the direction. He intentionally gave his companions the wrong information.....The direction he gave was where the dragon should be!”

The pitiful creature stared blankly at Shaar.....

This rough looking hillbilly, who would think that he actually remembered all these details and kept for himself? The previous unimportant details actually turned out to be crucial! Although this guy was vulgar, he actually was not an idiot.

“So, we should walk towards northeast, right?”

Thinking a moment, Shaar tightened his belt and inserted his charred pitchfork on his waist to its original position. He resembled now a mercenary from the Primal Wildfire Town.

Shaar faced the pitiful creature and closed his eyes for a moment: “Yes towards northeastHowever, I have a question I need to ask you.”

“What question?”

“Have you ever encountered a goblin in your life?”

The pitiful creature immediately turned pale! In Primal Wildfire, encountering goblins was much more terrifying than meeting a group of dwarves! Dwarves, although short tempered, but at least, they do not eat the humans!

Goblins on the other hand attacked in large number, were disgusting and despicable. These things were even more hated than rats. The most important factor, they eat human flesh and would even grind your bones to powder.....not forgetting your body fat will be kept in some clay pot to use as oil reserves and winter stocks!

“.....no I haven't” The Pitiful creature quickly shook her head.

“Then congratulations.” Shaar sighed: “If we are unlucky, you will soon encounter these ‘lovely ‘fellows.”He pointed his finger towards the East: “That direction is the territory of the goblins.”

.....

On the journey towards northeast, Shaar did not mistreat the pitiful creature and even treated her slightly better than before.

Having a wounded leg, Shaar did not let her walk but instead put the great shield on his shoulder and let the pitiful creature sit on that great shield.

Nevertheless, the pitiful creature was not moved by it the slightest.....In her heart she knew very clearly, this hillbilly is taking such a good care of her, like a fisherman carefully looking after its baits while carrying it under his arms. The brute strength of this guy was frightening and could be compared to a monster from the past. His physiques might look quite robust and healthy, but no one would think that this body contained such an astonishing strength!

While hiding, the pitiful creature saw Shaar pulling out that big tree with her own eyes. Until this point, even her bodyguards who were all experts could not achieve it.

Furthermore, he killed a man-eating Bloodthirsty Great Wolf with his bare hands. This guy... She had never seen such a brave warrior before..... If he was not that vulgar and if he did not treat her so badly, perhaps she might have tried to find a way to improve his position when she got back. She still remembered him saving her life.

However now.....Hmpf!

The pitiful creature felt her tooth itching again.

After going back, I will arrest him. Since he had a lot of strength, I would throw him into a mill and make him grind flour for the rest of his life! Hpmf.....

Shaar of course did not know that the pitiful creature sitting on his shoulder was already treating him like her family's mule in her heart.

Walking further towards northeast, the trees gradually became shorter and were no longer grouped densely. The weed on ground also gradually appeared withered, yellow and sparse.

The ground became hard and dry, small stones were scattered everywhere.

While the surrounding trees were gradually getting fewer and fewer, the terrain also started to become flat and in front was a boundless horizon with nothing but a desolate wilderness.

In this wilderness, the ground beneath was red, the soil seemed to be scarce and majority of the area was covered in sand. Looking around, nothing green could be seen, only occasionally passing a thorny plant while travelling through this dessert. Big rocks were raging everywhere on the surface.

"If we move further, I fear we won't even see those thorny plants." Shaar whispered in a low voice: "Do you see the red earth beneath us?"

“Yes.” The pitiful creature nodded.

“In fact, strictly speaking here is the real ‘Primal Wildfire’.” Shaar seemed to smile, but gave a strange look while hiding his emotions. However sitting on his shoulders, the pitiful creature had no way of noticing it.

“.....Why? Why is here the real Primal Wildfire?”The pitiful creature was puzzled: “Just a while ago, did we not walk through that dense jungle. Does that not count?”

“It counts, but at the same time it doesn’t.”Shaar gave a somewhat vague answer: “In ancient time, the real Primal Wildfire had a legend. A very long time ago, a Byzantine rebel army was besieged by both Byzantium and Odin imperial armies. However the leader of that rebel army was a very powerful general and when that fellow saw that victory was hopeless, he used a mysterious magical formula and torched this entire region. The fire raged for days on this land and burned all the people on it. Even the rocks and soil were burned red by the fire. That’s why it is called Primal Wildfire.”

Startled by the story, the pitiful creature observed the surrounding for a long time and finally asked: “What you said is true, the land here is really red, butCan the ground turn fire red because of fire?”

Shaar smiled and responded in a weird tone: “Ifit adds all the blood, it can turn fire red.”

“.....” Somewhat shocked the pitiful creature murmured: “BloodIt must have been a lot of blood if it can cover this huge wilderness.”

The pitiful creature could not bear but ask: “Who told you this legend. I have never heard about it.”

“.....”Silent for a moment, Shaar answer her in a calm and gentle tone: “My foster father. When I was still young, every time I felt ill, he would sit next to my bed and tell me those legends.”

Although Shaar’s expression was very calm, the pitiful creature who was very sensitive could hear a hint of mood change from his tones.

Hesitating, the pitiful creature did not open her mouth again. She had a faint feeling that asking more details would be quite inappropriate right now.

Silently, Shaar continued to carry the pitiful creature for a while.

Being completely surrounded by this desolated land, the surroundings were filled with large tracts of red sandstone. Even the air, had a somewhat desolate and lonely taste.

Exactly at this time, the pitiful creature's body suddenly shivered and immediately raised her hand to point at a distant piece of red rock: "Ah! There! There seems to be something, it just moved a moment ago and hide behind it again! Some people are spying on us!!"

Shaar responded very plainly: "Yes, you just noticed? They started to stare at us the moment we entered this wildernessDon't make such a fuss about it and start waving to greet them. Haha, this is a memorable moment! Oh! You finally meet your first living goblin!"

Chapter 17: Sleeping in the Red Wilderness

Frightened, the pitiful creature shrank into a ball and stared at the red rock.

Increasing his pace, they soon crossed that rock and the pitiful creature could finally see the appearances of those goblins more clearly.

From their appearance point of view, these fellows really put the rumours and fears of Primal Wildfire to shame. At the first glance, those goblins look a bit ridiculous.

Their entire body was covered by a fresh green skin like a frog after summer rain. They had pointy donkey ears and a large nose resembling a carrot stuck on their faces. These fellows did not have any hair or beard. The head was gigantic, but the body was ridiculous thin beyond comparison and did not fit at all. Their height was about 130 centimetres from the looks of it and the proportion between each part of their body was very obviously uncoordinated. Hiding behind that rock, these little creatures bared a mouthful rotten but sharp tooth at them and started at Shaar and the pitiful creature with a strange look.

What especially surprise the pitiful creature especially were the goblin's long arms. While hanging down, they sufficiently surpassed their kneecaps.

When first seeing those fellows, it would be very difficult to fear these creatures – first, they seemed very thin, small, poor and dirty.

Yes, those goblins were actually more “beggarish” than beggars. Between those fellows behind the rock, only one of them was completely clothed and wore a broken sack (Nobody knew where he got it). Three holes where cut on the sack for the head and both arms.

Another fellow had a weapon in its hand made from some large animal leg bone with a stoned fixed on top to increase the lethality. Furthermore, this creature had an “armor” sewed together by sixes to seven different things.

Oh god, this counted as armor?! Giving this armor a closer look, its composition materials were: Two broken copper plats, one pile of tree barks, several rotten woods and something resembling a rope.

The pitiful creature stared at them for a while and was somewhat suspicious: “Are these creatures really goblins?”

“Yes.” Shaar nodded.

“But, they did not seem terrifying like in the legends.” The pitiful creature was very puzzled.

Shaar smiled: “Goblins are also separated between the strong and the weak. Those you see don’t belong to any tribes and are outcasts. The truly dangerous ones are from the goblin tribes. Don’t think that a single goblin is small, weak and cowardly, if you run into several hundred of them and furthermore if they didn’t have any food for several daysYou will learn their ferociousness.”

Indeed, when Shaar said it, the pitiful creature detected the same look in their eyes as a group of stray dogs surviving in the wild. They acted somewhat cringe and a little timid, but also hid a bit of viciousness and hostility.

Shaar did not pay any attention to those dirty fellows and continued taking his usual big steps forward. When several goblins came too close, Shaar would stop, stand firm and pick up a stone and threw at them while threatening them by screaming – whenever that happens, these goblins immediately dispersed.

When the sky was getting darker, the pitiful creature discovered that those hobo goblins which were following them disappeared.

Before night felt upon them, they discovered a giant skeleton in the wilderness left behind by some large animal. The pitiful creature did not know if it was a buffalo or camel or other animal.

This giant bone structure on the ground had its huge ribs horizontally placed in a line, in a very symmetrical manner. It was impressive that on the entire skeleton, not a tiniest bit of meat was left....Obviously this was

not the doing of Mother Nature through decaying, but something removed every tiny bit of flesh of it and plundered it clean.

Approaching the bones, the pitiful creature saw that it had pieces of dense and numerous teeth marks on them.

“It’s the goblins. It’s obviously that only the goblins can manage to clean the meat so neatly.” Shaar conveniently pulled out a bone and weigh a couple of time: “It seems that the animal died ten days ago at most, the bone is still very hard since the water has not completely dried inside yet.”

“Why do I have the feeling that you understood about these things a bit too much?” The pitiful creature gave a somewhat suspicious look towards Shaar.

Shaar did not answer this question and instead took off his Bloodthirsty Great Wolf skin wolf and threw it over on the skeleton of the animal bones which in turn transformed into a natural small tent.

“Tonight we rest here.” Shaar announced his decision.

The supper was of course roasted wolf meat – the meat of that Bloodthirsty Great Wolf Shaar killed. Although the wolf meat was hard, a bit acid and very difficult to bite, nevertheless the pitiful creature endured it.

Since she could not complain about the bad tasting wolf meat, throughout the entire evening, she sat by the bonfire and continuously nipped on that meat. The surrounding wilderness gave a distinct feeling that countless eyes stared at them secretly. In their looks was a strong hint of greed filled with hunger, ferociousness and a bit cowardliness.

Listening closely, she could clearly hear a “gurgle gurgle” sound while they swallowed their saliva in the dark wilderness. Some sounds of teeth grinding was mixed in between – those sounds crept out the pitiful creature a bit.

“TheyThey are peeping at us.” The pitiful creature was determined to remind this hillbilly about his casual negligent appearance while he

seemed to show a terrible alertness.

“I know.” Lying down his head on the bones, Shaar closed his eyes and enjoyed the warmth coming from the fire: “Left one, right two, in front and at our back one and some sound of movements at the distance

Talking about it, he rolled over and faced the pitiful creature: “Relax, they will not provoke us at the moment. Goblins are very cowardly and have a group mentality. They must reach a certain number before getting the courage to attack. According to goblin standards, to cope with two human warriors, they must reach at least over 20 goblin warriors to gain an overwhelming victory. Nevertheless, the intelligence of a goblin is generally speaking not very developed and they judge things much simpler: Someone who has a weapon is a warrior and someone who doesn't is a commoner. We are very lucky that you put on the leather armor while I am carrying the axe, therefore those fellows regard us as human warriors. This means, they will wait to increase their numbers over twenty before launching an attack.”

“How is this possible?” The pitiful creature did not believe him: “If they need to wait this long to cope with only two human warriors, then why did I hear that so many caravans were attacked by the goblins?”

“That is just a rumour.” Shaar gave a disdainful look: “In Primal Wildfire, rumours will always be a popular thing. The actual goblin is not that fearful as you had imagined.....Although they are very annoying, at the very least they are not as fearful as those legends describe them. Those legends about terrifying goblins were mostly made up by humans. I heard that some large business groups in Primal Wildfire deliberately like to spread those stories. Thus a lot of people are afraid to risk coming to Primal Wildfire and everybody is avoiding this trade route which makes them the only one to dare send caravans to trade! Hmpf

“ButI heard that those goblins will capture humans and eat them. The bones will be grinded to powder, the hair made into blankets and even the fat will be used as oil to cook

The pitiful creature's teeth started clattering.

“These may be true, in any case for them, we humans are an alien race. Do we humans do not treat cattle and sheep the same way? So what is strange about it?” Shaar yawned: “The truth is goblins rarely attack a team of armed humans. Many people died indeed in the arms of goblins in Primal Wildfire, but the majority were those bold people who like to leave things to luck and wholeheartedly wanted to get rich by taking the risks and bringing a cargo through Primal Wildfire in a small caravan. These small business groups do not have the money to hire mercenaries to protect them and once they meet the goblin, naturally they would be out of luck.”

“But you said that the goblins would wait really long before attacking two people.....”

“What I said was ‘warriors ‘, you idiot.” Shaar shook his head: “When goblins target commoners, they become very brave. However for them we look like human warriors! Understood? We are carrying weapons and therefore they regard us as adventurers and mercenaries. In Primal Wildfire, goblins had already suffered countless times under human adventurers and therefore learned to be cautious. If we did not carry weapons with us, they would have already swarmed us!”

“But

“Relax, we are still at the edge of the goblin domain and the surroundings do not have any big goblin tribes. They must thus collect 20 goblin warriors to deal with us and I am certain it will take a while. Those hobo goblins do not dare to provoke us, so sleep in peaceIn the wilderness, I know more than you rest assure. Even I would not take my own life as joke.” Shaar rolled over and started to sleep.

“.....” Laying down for a moment, the pitiful creature still heard those creepy sound brought by the cold dessert wind in this wilderness and could not help but to stay terrified in her heart. Enduring for a while, she could not bear and eventually whispered: “ICan I come closer to you? ThisUm, it’s somewhat cold.”

Not getting an answer from Shaar, the pitiful creature waited for a little

while and finally took her own initiative to lie down beside Shaar. The body of this hillbilly still had the smell of earth on him, but a warm feeling calmed down the pitiful creature's heart.

Certainly, the more important factor was his abnormal aesthetic standard, which gave the pitiful creature the reassurance that he would not assault her indecently during the night.

Chapter 18: The Same Kind Of Scream

The next morning, Shaar rolled over in his sleep and heard a scream from the pitiful creature behind his back. Like being cut by a knife, he instantly bounced a foot high and stared at the pitiful creature with his eyes widened.

Lying on the floor, the pitiful creature touched her chest and took a breath. She was nearly crushed to death by that rude hillbilly's heavy weight.

"You! Who allowed you sleep behind me?!" Shaar was so upset that he wanted to pull his hair out.

The pitiful creature's face flushed: "It was a bit cold out here last night, so..."

Shaar felt an indescribable feeling in his heart. Don't take it wrong, he was not moved. On the contrary, he felt disgusted!! He remembered his morning wood experience and forcefully spat on the floor while rubbing his face. He gave the pitiful creature a relentless stare: "Stay away from me while sleeping...Or don't blame me when I crush you at night!"

Shaar behaved like someone who got "taken advantage" off. In her heart, the pitiful creature felt a strong dissatisfaction: No matter how you put it, I'm the person who truly suffered. It was you who took advantage of me! Before this all happened, men couldn't even touch my dress when they kneel down and beg me! But this hillbilly acted like he was assaulted by me!

Thinking about it, the pitiful creature could not help but feel embarrassed and stood up to rearrange her clothes. In matter of fact, she was wearing thick clothes beneath the white rhino skin armor. Shaar got up, drank bit water from the bag and took a bite from the bread.

Before leaving camp, Shaar refused the pitiful creature's request to wash her face since the water in the bag was getting low. The remaining water was only enough for drinking while washing their faces and

brushing their teeth would only waste it before they found the next water source.

Not only was this vulgar hillbilly rude, he was also filthy! The pitiful creature thought to herself full of anger.

When our duo was setting off, the goblins surrounding them became alarmed.

A dozen of goblins had waited nearby in the wild for a whole night and the pitiful creature saw how they were starting to get up as well. Some of them who were still snoring loudly and dreaming were kicked awake by their companions.

These goblins started screaming and shouting when they saw that Shaar and the pitiful creature were about to leave. At the beginning they were a bit anxious, but approximately after the sun rise, a significant number of hobo goblins had gathered in a larger group and started to boost their courage. After murmuring to each other for a while, several of them who had weapons made of animal bones started approaching Shaar and the pitiful creature with evil intent.

Finishing preparing the hill sized package on his back, Shaar finally put the pitiful creature on his big shield carrying on his shoulder. When he noticed that at the distance several goblins carrying weapons were approaching them, he laughed and kicked a rotten bone on the floor.

That rotten bone flew and hit the head of a goblin who wore a ox skull as helmet with high precision. With a cracking sound, the helmet split apart and the goblin fell down while holding his head and screamed in pain.

Shaar's cruel laughter instantly crushed the courage of the other goblins. Panicking, they immediately dispersed and fled dozens of meters. They only stopped running to cowardly look at Shaar's next movements.

It was obviously that they were cowards, but the big heavy bag carried by Shaar and his strong body made these fellows drool greedily while they refused to give up.

These guys who did not dare to approach, but were not willing to give up and therefore could only follow on their tails.

Later in the morning, two goblins seemed to come up with a good idea and picked up some stones from the wilderness and started throwing them. This way, they could hide in a distant place while attacking Shaar and therefore did not need to be afraid of Shaar's robust and powerful physique.

However, this approach soon proved to be useless since Shaar instantly picked up some stones and fought back. With his greater strength, he could throw further and with more force, the two Goblins were hit and fainted. The other goblins watched in terror and could only run away.

Nevertheless, when afternoon arrived, the goblins on their tail became more and more. Their numbers gradually reached several dozen, but they were still hobo goblins. Shaar described these goblins to the pitiful creature as "goblins with no organization including only outcasts. They lack weapons and food and those hungry guys do not have much strength."

Indeed, looking at how they are dressed up, those goblins might be even weaker than beggars in Primal Wildfire Town. The most essential aspect, not even one of them had a metal weapon in their hands and this was probably the biggest reason while those goblins stayed away.

At noon, the goblins finally achieved a deal to cooperate between each other and dozens of them rush towards Shaar and the pitiful creature while they were taking a break. Seeing the upcoming attack, Shaar leisurely took his waraxe and his shield while moving forward to intercept them. Compare to the diminutive Goblins, Shaar's strong build looked like a giant in comparison.

He flew into the goblin group like a wild bull and bashed two goblins with his shield. Those goblins flew away like insects and one of them smashed his bones on a stone. Shaar followed up with his axe and swept past two other goblins holding their bone weapons and shattered both user and weapon with one swoop. All the goblins were propelled 6 meters

away and landed on the ground while vomiting blood.

The remaining goblins instantly turned their tails and ran while screaming like a crowd of girls seeing a sexual harasser. With one step, Shaar caught a fleeing goblin and grabbed its neck between his fingers.

The pitiful goblin was the one with the strongest build amongst the goblins and wore the most armor like thing on his body. In reality, this “armor” was just a piece of cowhide.

This green skin was frightened to death while being carried like a chicken by Shaar. Its two thin short legs struggled in the air and its mouth kept screaming while waving its two arms.

Shaar threw it in the front of pitiful creature, did not gave it time to sit up and used the back of his waraxe to smash its leg. With a cracking sound this pitiful goblin’s foot was easily broken and smashed to pieces.

“OUKE! OUKE!! OUKE!!” The pitiful goblin yelled with a deep sorrowful scream.

In the language of the goblins, ouke was a word to express strong emotions.

Many people thought that the language of the goblins was very difficult to study, but in reality it was just the opposite. Although the goblins were a different race, they still had a certain degree of wisdom and even a bit of civilization. Nonetheless, civilization was outrageous simple and with their low intelligence quotient, the goblins made their language extreme simple.

Ouke this word almost covered everything that needed to express in a Goblin’s short life, since they always expressed strong emotions despite the usefulness sometimes.

For example, when they feel happy they would shout “Ouke”, when they were angry they would also shout “Ouke”. When upset they shouted “Ouke”, both when hungry and full they would shout “Ouke”. While having a nice shit, they would shout “Ouke” even during mating they shouted “Ouke”.

When you see two goblins fighting with each other, both the attacker and the defender would shout “Ouke”, so do not feel weird. Furthermore, perhaps they were actually not fighting, but carrying out the important work of increasing their numbers.....

Certainly, this pitiful fellow shouting ouke right now was surely not feeling pleasure at the moment. Its ugly face became even uglier when its mouth, nose and eyes were almost squeezed together.

Obviously, Shaar had no intention of shutting it up and let the miserable howling continue.

Slamming his waraxe in the ground, Shaar took out his bread and started to eat it. While the goblin screamed full of pain, Shaar was munching his bread casually not caring about the goblin at all.

Seeing that the pitiful creature was getting somewhat softhearted towards it, Shaar gave her a cold stare: “Do you think that I am cruel?”

The pitiful creature whispered in a low voice: “Why did we capture a prisoner? If you do not plan to kill it, why making it suffer?”

“Its pitiful yell is useful to us.” Shaar gave a simple explanation: “By hearing it screams, the others will fear us! This truth is not only applied to goblins, but also to humans.”

The pitiful creature thought about this sentence for a minute and gave the hillbilly a somewhat strange looked: “Did your foster father teach you this?”

“Yes.” Shaar nodded.

Sure enough, those surrounding Goblins who stayed ten meters away and intend to wait while observing heard the screams therefore could not help themselves but ran further away out of fear.

After resting a while, when Shaar planned to set out again, he gave birth to an even crueller act. While kicking this goblin’s foot, he pointed towards the front with his axe with an obvious meaning: Walk!

Although with a broken foot, the pitiful goblin had no choice but to

stand under the threat of the axe. Moving forward while jumping, it started to scream even more pitiful, scaring the other goblins even further away than before.

Sitting on Shaar's shoulder, the pitiful creature had a hard time to endure, however Shaar shut her up with only few words.

"If you think this is pitiful, imagine the things that will happen if they catch you. Don't forget, we are in Primal Wildfire where dead people are buried everywhere."

Chapter 19: Better Than A Goblin

When goblins that looked like “regular soldiers” appeared in front of them in the wilderness, Shaar’s careless expression finally became serious.

With a kick, he pushed the pitiful captured goblin to the ground and let down the pitiful creature while paying close attention at the front.

Comparing with these hobo goblins from before, the group which was blocking their way in front was obviously better equipped and less disappointing.

They numbered about a dozen and from the physical point of view, they looked much stronger than those hobos – but only a bit better. The leather looked like it was not cleaned for a long time and was covered with dirty red clay and some suspicious white things – However it would just pass as “armor”.

Furthermore, they had weapons in their hands. Although it would be considered ridiculous simple according to human standards: Several short spears where the handles were made of animal bones and the spearhead was made from sharp iron. Several rusty blunt knives which looked like it had been dug out from some graves. One of the biggest goblins even had a shield and wore an armor made of countless layers of skill and rotten woods. However, this shield was probably only the size of a human’s washbasin.

Nevertheless, at the very least these goblins were organized.

The pitiful creature immediately began to worry. If they added those regular soldiers to the hobos who followed them, the surrounding goblins would exceed 80.

So many goblins, if they close in.....

However, something occurred that quickly surprised the pitiful creature!

This group of regular goblin soldiers unexpectedly did not attack Shaar and the pitiful creature directly. They circled from the side and were

making threatening gestures while waving their weapons. Suddenly, they started to chase those hobos and beat them up badly while their victims screamed and cried.

Those hobos seemed to fear the regular soldiers and almost collapsed at the first encounter. Looking at their kindred getting beaten bloody, those goblin soldiers started to laugh happily. While their enemies were escaping, they shouted an excited “Ouke” after them. Two of the more daring goblins even took off their pants happily and slapped their asses.

“There is an old saying in Primal Wildfire: Goblin is a race that will never learn ‘unity’.” Shaar mumbled: “There are as many goblin tribes in Primal Wildfire as hairs on an ox. The big population has over a thousand and the smallest around 100. There were innumerable number of small tribes and the total goblin population reached an astonishing number. If they united, even the dwarves would fear them in Primal Wildfire. However historically, the goblin race had never united before and seemed to be fine with bullying others since it was fun to them.”

After driving away those hobo goblins, the soldiers did not attack Shaar and the pitiful creature. Two goblins dashed back and the remaining goblins substituted the roles of those hobos and monitored them from the distance while surrounding them.

Picking up the pitiful creature, Shaar began to proceed forward. Not letting that pitiful captive off the hook, Shaar kicked and forced it to crawl forward helplessly.

Looking at their kindred getting abused, those goblin soldiers did not showed the slightest trace of pity even while facing their common enemy, but instead pointed at the victim and laughed maliciously.

Even though the number of those goblin soldiers was less compared to hobos yesterday, the pitiful creature felt that Shaar’s reaction became more serious.

The imposing manner displayed by those goblin soldiers exceeded the previous hobos by far. The hobo goblins acted like a group of stray dogs. They kept their distance while following them and barking occasionally

once or twice. These goblin soldiers however were like pack of wild wolves that not only barked, but also bared their fangs at them.

The first test appeared in the afternoon.

The two goblin soldiers that ran away a while ago probably notified their tribe and brought more companions.

70 to 80 goblin soldiers assembled in front of them and they even reluctantly maintained a formation..... Alright, their bad formation was at a similar level compare to a crowd of human bandits.

Furthermore, the number of goblin soldiers increased their courage and for the first time they held up their weapons while obviously trying to block the way of Shaar and the pitiful creature.

While continuously screaming Ouke Ouke, those goblins began to become excited. After putting down the pitiful creature, Shaar kicked his captive and when that pitiful goblin saw these numerous goblin soldiers gathering in front, it became so frightened that its legs became soft. Lying on the ground and covering his head with his both hands, it shivered like a leaf while sticking up his ass.

Continue pressuring on all sides, the distance between them suddenly became only a dozen steps. From the crowd, a goblin was pushed at the front by the others and it stood there yelling at Shaar from a safe distance.

“Ouke! Human, goblin, territory, siji!”

Repeating this sentence twice, this goblin looked timidly at Shaar while staring at his waraxe and quickly pulled back after he finished. Returning back into the goblins ranks, he immediately became courageous again.

“What did it say?”The pitiful creature asked.

“It said that humans intruding the domain of goblins are bad.”Shaar grinned while smiling: “The meaning of siji is bad. The language of goblins is very simple and one word sums up often a lot of meaning.”

Indeed, the pitiful creature suddenly remembered that the captive

goblin was repeatedly shouting ouke and siji after Shaar crushed its leg.

For a goblin, foot “broken”, broken can also be replace by “bad” therefore “siji” could be used.

After finished explaining, Shaar raised his axe and walked forward alone. Seeing him approaching, the goblins immediately started to panic and raised their weapons while shouting at Shaar.

The next occurrence surprised the pitiful creature.....

When arriving in front of the goblin, Shaar slammed his axe into the ground and cleared his throat to speak:

“Ouke! I, continent, strongest, dragonslayer, goblins, cannot kill!” Finishing his sentence, he unexpectedly turned his back and patted on his ass twice while facing the goblins. He then turned around and made a disdainful appearance.

Even the pitiful creature could understand these words..... How could this hillbilly tell such a big lie without feeling any shame?

The general meaning of what he said was: Fuck you! I am the continents strongest dragonslayer, if you don’t believe me, I will kill you goblins..... Ouke here meant “Fuck you”.

Saying his second sentence, Shaar turned around and pointed behind him at that captive goblin first: “Soso!”

Then referred that piled up luggage as: “Soso!!”

Finally pointing at the pitiful creature: “Soso!!!”

Focusing on these goblins again, Shaar shouted: “I, soso! Chaji! Woke! Goblin, do not kill! Ouke!!”

The pitiful creature could not understand this sentence at all and was shocked in her heart: This hillbilly could unexpectedly speak the goblin language?!

Hearing his declaration, these goblins surprisingly calmed down immediately. Several of the bigger goblins who looked like leaders stared carefully at the pitiful creature and then looked at the prisoner and at last

at the luggage. Finally, they started to whisper to each other and discussed something.

Getting somewhat impatient, Shaar pointed at that goblin captive and screamed: “Soso! Chaji!”

The goblins shook their heads.

Shaar pointed at that pile of luggage: “Soso! Chaji!”

The goblins continued to shake their heads.

Finally he pointed at the pitiful creature again: “Soso! Chaji!”

Hesitating, the goblins carefully looked at the pitiful creature again and after a while, shook their heads once more.

Shaar seemed disappointed and lifted his axe while turning around.

Returning to the pitiful creature side, she immediately started asking: “What did you say to them? You could actually speak the goblin language?”

Shaar looked at pitiful creature with one eyes and with a somewhat discontented appearance: “I can a bit, hmpf.....”

“What is the meaning of soso?”The pitiful creature asked: “You pointed at us and shouted soso a moment ago

“The meaning of soso is spoils of war, captive, gold coins, cattles, pigs, horses, domestic animals, weaponry and also cargoAll the things that have being captured can be called soso.” Shaar replied.

The pitiful creature’s face showed a somewhat ugly expression: “What about chaji?”

“Exchange!” Shaar snorted: “Woke means passing and a moment ago I said that I would exchange my spoils of war to them if they allowed me to pass through their territories. Well.....Unfortunately, they actually think that the spoils of war were unexpectedly too inferior and are not willing to comply..... Take a look, not even the goblins wanted someone as ugly as you.”

Finishing his sentence, he sighed showing that he regretted it very much.

The pitiful creature froze for a moment and then completely exploded!

“WHAT!!! You wanted to give me to the goblins?!”

Jumping in the air, ignoring her injured leg, she started to hammer that bastard Shaar with her fists. With one slap, Shaar’s palm sent her to the ground and he showed her a disdainful look: “What are you shouting for!”

The pitiful creature started crying out of anger. She knew that she could not beat that hillbilly and released her anger by slapping the ground. Her tears flowed in streams.

This bastard! Hillbilly! Country bumpkin! Illiterate!

At home, everyone treated the pitiful creature as the most precious treasure. Something so precious that they feared it would start breaking when holding in their hand, starts melting when they kept in their mouth. All these men admired and treated her as a peerless treasure.....This hillbilly, his rude and violent behaviour could be forgiven, however he unexpectedly sold her to a crowd of goblins?!

Moreover..... The most annoying thing was that he complained that she could not be sold to a good price!!

“Hillbilly! Just kill me already!” Showing her backbone, the pitiful creature held up her head and declared: “I prefer to die rather than being sold to those goblins by you!”

“Idiot.” Shaar was not angry but instead smiled: “Are you an idiot? Naturally I would not sell you. This is to test those fellows.”

Crouching down, he whispered to her: “I deliberately tested out their bottom line! I wanted to get a better understanding of how strong their tribe’s strength was! In general, for a small tribe the price tag was enough to make them comply. Besides me, all the items that I carried would be given to them and my luggage was also very big. Even if you are not worth much, the wolf skin and the metal equipments are well regarded by the goblins. If it’s a small tribe, they would already have happily complied.

However, since they do not comply now, the only explanation is that their tribe is quite big and have a little strength, therefore was not moved by all my items.”

Hearing this, the pitiful creature suddenly turned her tears into a smile: “You, you are really only testing them?”

Shaar nodded and stared the pitiful creature in the eyes. With a face full of honesty and he replied: “Of course! Even if I had to drop this entire luggage..... How could I be willing to sell you?!”

This sentence immediately made the pitiful creature’s heart felt better, but Shaar’s next sentence instantly destroyed her short gained happiness turning it into anger again.

“I still have to look for that dragon! Good bait is hard to find. Although this goblin is good as well, it runs very slow and moreover it is too ugly. Perhaps the dragon would not like to eat it. Therefore, to be fair, you are much better than a goblin!”

God could testify! For her entire life, the pitiful creature had listened to innumerable flattery and praises full of sweet words and honeyed phrases. Some people praised her appearance. Some said she was more charming than the moon goddess. Other praised her beauty, which would even made the rose change colors. Some people even compared her with the stars.....

However no one actually told her these damn words of praise to her:

” you are much better than a goblin.....”

Chapter 20: Goblin noble?

There was no point in speaking to this hillbilly.

Totally ignoring the pitiful creature's resentment, Shaar chose the simpler solution after the negotiations failed: Violence!

A mankind's philosopher once said these words: Violence cannot solve all the problems.

It was fortunate that the old man also mentioned this sentence while educating Shaar, however the old man had a different interpretation:

"The guy who said these words must be one of those fools who never experienced hunger or famine! Violence cannot solve all the problems, but it certainly can solve most of the problems! If someone hates you, then discussed about philosophical virtuous to get on his good side is as much worth as your fart. My method is to go straight to him and beat his mouth bloody and let him pick up his teeth with his broken fingers! The next time he sees you, both his legs will be trembling like leafs and his pants full of piss – this kind of nonsense could be compare to the saying 'money is not everything'!"

"Boy, you have to remember, if someone tells you 'money is not everything', then this person must certainly be one of those poor country bumpkin who like to act pretentious. If someone tells you 'violence cannot solve all the problems', then this guy is probably bullied a lot and was full of resentment."

It was obvious that the old man's education on Shaar was regarded as successful. Therefore, after Shaar ended the negotiations, he simply lifted his axe and rushed towards his enemies.

Since the goblins' opinions were never unified, they were still intensely arguing on the essential issue: Who became the vanguard.

According to the goblin tradition, the meaning of vanguard was cannon fodder. Their motto was: Joining the last line in war and the first line when grabbing spoils.

This was one of the reasons why even though the goblins had the biggest population in Primal Wildfire, they would still lose when fight dwarves and human most of the time.

Therefore, when Shaar unexpectedly raised his axe and started taking the initiative to attack them, the first response from those goblins was panic.

The moment Shaar rushed in front of them, his foot kicked the head of a goblin chieftain and smashed its carrot like big nose. Experiencing something unexpected, the other goblins started screaming “Ouke Ouke” and running around like panicking chicken.

Transforming into a berserker from his bloodlust, Shaar wielded his waraxe like a killing machine. Vertical slash, horizontal chop, crossways cuts.....After four moves of his “firewood” technique, all the goblins in his surrounding were already dying on the ground. The other remaining goblins at the back were startled and started shouting while using their short spears and broken knife to keep Shaar at bay. Unfortunately for them, Shaar used his great shield and covered half his body behind it.

This great shield was taken from one of the four masters of Royal Capital Nigal and was more than one meter high. Facing this type of shields, the goblins became helpless: With their short stature, this shield in front of them transformed in to something like a wall. In order to attack Shaar, the goblins had to bounce funnily so that they can overcome the shield’s height. The only other option is to take their legs in their hands and run – however with their short stature, the goblins were not really good at running.

Thus, his battle became a laughable one: Shaar was like a tall crane among chickens. In one hand he held his axe, the other hand his shield and a bunch of goblins surrounded him while screaming and jumping around.

At the beginning, Shaar had the upper hand and was overwhelming them. When he killed a dozen goblins with one stoke, these fellows started to learn cunningly from their mistakes. Several goblins discovered

Shaar's weakness: Because he raised his shield all the time, his feet were exposed.

于是，地精们开始在地上打滚，一面滚来滚去，一面试图用武器去刺夏亚的脚。

Therefore the goblins started to roll on the ground back and forth while trying to use their weapon to cut Shaar's feet.

The scene suddenly changed into Shaar bouncing on the spot while the surrounding bunch of goblins rolled around on the ground.

The pitiful creature was staring at it dumbfounded in the distance.....

This hillbilly was really something special: Even in a life and death battle, he could actually make someone wanting to roll on the floor from laughing.

However, this funny moment was soon over for the pitiful creature. Even the goblins had a bit intelligence in their brain and when they saw their companions besieging this powerful human warrior, they started to notice the pitiful creature at the back – although the height of the pitiful creature was kind of scary, at the very least she did not look as strong as that powerful killing machine with the axe.....More importantly, the pitiful creature did not have a huge shield in her hand that would make the goblins suffered.

Thus, several goblins readied their knives and closed in on the pitiful creature.

Still struggling with his weird jumping dance, Shaar had already kicked several goblins until they fainted. Nonetheless, his own calves were already being cut several times and a goblin who was rolling on the floor almost chopped off half of his leg with its knife. While he was enjoying himself with the goblins, he suddenly heard the pitiful creature's terrified scream. When he turned his head to look, he saw that the pitiful creature was already surrounded by several goblins.

Stop joking around, that was the bait I prepared for the dragon!

Staring at the scene, Shaar cleared his throat and started swearing

loudly – eh, to describe this event in a friendlier manner: Eradicated bloodlust from his eyes and Shaar threw his axe towards the goblins with a long and loud cry.

A waraxe made of shiny cold steel flew like a lightening in the air and rushed towards the first goblin in front of the pitiful creature. With high precision, the axe cleaved the goblin wearing full armor in two!

Green blood splashed on to the pitiful creature's body and this useless fellow screamed in terror and passed out on the spot.

With no weapon in his hands, Shaar lifted his great shield and started sent goblins flying with his brute force. With his inhuman strength, every goblin that was hit had its bones broken into small pieces. With one breath, he rushed forward while taking out his charred pitchfork from his belt and pierced it into the buttocks of a goblin to send it flying. Parrying the incoming knives with his fork, he started to bash the surrounding goblins with his shield furiously. With every hit, green blood started to spray on his shield and rotten teeth flying in the air.

When Shaar got back at the pitiful creature's side, he pulled out his axe from the goblin that was split in two. Finally exhausting their courage, the goblins started yelling "Ouke, Ouke" and turned around to flee.

Seeing that the goblins are running away, Shaar did not care and went to his luggage to take out a bunch of ropes and threw it in front of the captured hobo. He pointed at the knocked out goblin soldiers on the ground and made a few gestures.

After kicking the hobo goblin that was scare silly a while ago, it immediately woke up and quickly took the ropes and started tying up the other goblins. This hobo apparently inherited the best goblin tradition: Liking to bully its kindred.

Although its own bitter experience was very pitiful, but seeing that those goblin soldiers were worse off than him, made it obviously very happy. It bundled those fellows tight and ruthlessly. Some goblin soldiers who had broken bones and were bleeding on the floor were even tramped on by it.

Shaar pulled up the pitiful creature and slapped her face twice. When she woke up, he started ranting at her: "I know that you are quite useless! However, I thought that as a human you could at least defeat one goblin. So besides screaming, what other skills do you have?"

可怜虫脸红红的.....也不知道是羞愧还是因为挨了夏亚的耳光, 捂着脸呜呜的哭了起来。

The pitiful creature's face reddenedNo one knew if it was because of shame or because Shaar slapped her face again, but covering her face she started crying alone.

Not paying any attention to her, Shaar turned his head and looked at that hobo goblin only to discover that this fellow kept bullying these injured goblin soldiers on the floor. Those goblins that had not died yet were bundled like a new year's gift. Showing no sympathy, Shaar pointed at the hobo goblin then at a rope nearby on the ground.

Dumbfounded for a moment, that fellow saw Shaar's angry face and immediately shrank his head while picking up the rope to tie up himself.

After spending a bit effort to throw together the goblin prisoners, Shaar started to kick the first captive: "Can you speak the words of human?"

Hearing that this goblin could only shout Ouke Ouke, Shaar picked it up and kicked it in its ass to send it flying. Arriving in front of the second goblin, he said: "Can you speak the words of human?"

The second goblin gave Shaar a pitiful look and blankly shook his head.

Shaar impolitely picked it up and also gave it a good kick in the ass.

Seeing Shaar arriving in front of it, the third goblin took the initiative by itself. It screamed and turned around to raise its ass towards Shaar.

Getting enraged, Shaar picked up the third goblin and sent it flying with a slap: "Does no one here speak the words of human?!"

After asking twice, someone finally replied.

The first hobo prisoner timidly shrank its head and replied: "Ouke, I, words of human, speak. Human strongest, not kick."

Somewhat taken by surprise, Shaar stood in front of the hobo while carefully observing it with curiosity: "I, Shaar, human, strongest! You?"

The hobo stared at Shaar with its big round green eyes and timidly said: "I, Oaks, goblin, free."

Looking at it, Shaar shook his head: "You, Oaks, goblin, soso, my!" (Soso: Spoils of war, captive.)

This fellow called Oaks had a complex expression, struggled a bit and unexpectedly dared to answer: "No, I, Oaks, goblin, free."

Raising his hand, Shaar started to threaten it: "You, soso, my!"

"I, goblin, free." Oaks obviously feared the consequences but still argued. Watching Shaar getting angry, this fellow quickly shrank its head and looked at Shaar frightened: "I, Oaks, goblin, noble! Soso, is not!"

Goblin noble?

Shaar was taken by surprise since this fellow was obviously a goblin hobo.

"You, noble, goblin?"

With an obvious hint of bitterness, Oaks mumbled: "I, Oaks, noble, goblin feudal lord"

Goblin feudal lord?

Shaar was getting more and more confused, but Oaks did not finish its sentence yet.

The last part was: ".....Goblin feudal lord'sPrincess."

Shaar was shocked and even the pitiful creature next to him was dumbfounded.

Goblin feudal lord'sPrincess?!

Oaks was a female?!!

"You? Goblin? Princess?" Shaar stared at it with big eyes: "You, goblin, female?"

Revealing an angrily expression, Oaks immediately replied: “I, goblin, male!!”

Finally thinking to understand, Shaar asked: “Goblin, feudal lord, female? Therefore, Princess, male?”

His whole face full of shame and resentful, Oaks clenched his teeth: “Feudal lord, male! Princess, male, too! ThereforeEscape!”

“.....”

Shaar collapsedand the pitiful creature also collapsed.....

Chapter 21: Nice name!

Afterward, Oaks told the pitiful creature and Shaar an epic story of a goblin that defied the violent rules and gathered the courage to resist the oppression (it was indeed oppressive).

Using all his accumulated languages skills, Oaks told his own story which sounded something like this:

The wilderness near this territory belonged to a goblin tribe which would count as one of the biggest clan in Primal Wildfire. It had a population of over a thousand and in Primal Wildfire it would count as a prosperous tribe. Not counting the old, weak, sick, disabled, women and children, this tribe had more than 200 goblin soldiers.

This Princess Oaks was born in this goblin tribe.

According to Oaks, he was a handsome male in this goblin tribe, which was extremely rare for goblins.

(Well, hearing this, Shaar did not show any sympathy and burst out laughing for a moment and ridiculed him “you are considered as a handsome male? The aesthetic standard of you goblins is fucking weird!”

However when Shaar said these words, he discovered that the pitiful creature forced a smile while looking at him.....)

Alright, the story continued.....

Oaks’s tragedy was that he was born too handsome – in the standard of a goblin.

Certainly this was not the root cause. If it was merely because he was very handsome, then under normal circumstances, the biggest tragedy would have been that he married several goblin wives and then face the terror of family feuds every day.

However, his biggest misfortune was that he was born in this powerful goblin tribe. The feudal lord of this goblin tribe was brave in battle, had remarkable leadership, but had a problem that gave the rest of the tribe a headache:

His sex orientation was different than other goblins!

During the time when that feudal lord was choosing his wife, he looked at all young female goblins of the tribe and there was no one that he liked.

When that feudal lord finally saw the handsome Oaks – he was suddenly overwhelmed by passion and a huge fire started to burn vigorously in his chest.....

Then, Oaks' tragedy happened.....

This kind of situation was not uncommon in the human world. In the human aristocracy, many nobles were homosexual men and this kind of sentiments was not partial specially. Many nobles even raised young boys for their pleasures and some were openly homosexual in the public. There are even rumours that his highness, the current crown prince of Byzantine Empire was in this circle.....

But! But! But! But, they were the goblins!!!

Humans with gay feeling were often confused between elegance and pathos.

However since this thing happened to a goblin, it really made people speechless.....

FurthermoreThe goblins actually did not have this kind of tradition!

As a handsome goblin male, Oaks was forced by the mighty feudal lord to become his princess and helplessly suffered this painful treatment. The victim himself yearned for freedom for his sex orientation since he was a normal goblin. Therefore, after enduring a period of such pitiful treatment, he finally decided to break free of this endless tragedy and took a step to free himself: Escape!

He rather abandoned his status as the tribe's noble and instead started to wander the wilderness living like a hobo. He gave up the sheltered life of a princess to try his luck in this dangerous and unpredictable wilderness.

For a goblin, there was nothing more dangerous than becoming a hobo. In Primal Wildfire, goblins were small and weak. Without a tribe to depend on, alone their survival was always a struggle in this wilderness.

Nevertheless, Oaks still chose this path and from this point of view, he was a very dignified goblin.

“No wonder just a moment ago when he saw the goblin warriors, he buried his head. Turned out he was worried that those fellows would recognize his face.” Pitiful creature sighed.

Shaar also sighed. Although, he normally did not show much sympathy, at this moment, he could not help but pity this goblin a bit. His attitude towards Oaks even became a bit better and he untied his rope while even gave him a piece of wolf meat.

Oaks appeared very grateful and he soon told Shaar about some valuable information he knew concerning the surrounding.

This piece of territory here belonged to that “affection embracing goblin feudal lord”. In order to cross this tribe’s land and pass the range of this tribe’s military force, they had to walk towards Northeast for at least a day. Continue onwards, there would be a river which was probably dry in the winter. Along the riverbed towards north, besides the current goblin tribe, there were no other big tribes, but many smaller tribes with around a population of 200-300. In addition there were some hobo and bandit goblin gangs scattered along the way.

Following along the river until the end would take approximately three days and it would be the end of the goblin domain. If continued further north, they would arrive at the northern areas of Primal Wildfire.

The mountain of the northern areas towering the Primal Wildfire acted as natural barrier and if you crossed the mountain, you could see the Odin Empire in the distant.

Hearing this, Shaar burst out in happiness That Mountain, perhaps it was the hiding place of that dragon!

Moreover, in order to repay the wolf meat that Shaar gave him, Mr.

Princess personally drew a scrawled map. All the goblin tribes' locations in the north were all marked on the map.

Being in a good mood, Shaar was even willing to let this respectable Mr. Princess go.

"Actually, you should return to your tribe, being a hobo, you will sooner or later turn into a soso." Shaar sighed: "Moreover, I broke your foot ... Your, foot, siji! Soso, is not good!"

Oaks' eyes immediately widened and he pointed to his foot while interrupting Shaar: "I, soso, foot, siji!"

He then turned around and patted his buttocks: "I, Princess, siji!"

Turning around, his face showed a sorrowful expression: "I, soso, want! Princess, does not want!" As if still not enough he added: "Foot, siji, endures, wants! Siji, endures, does not want!"

Both Shaar and the pitiful creature collapsed once more.....

.....

After a while, Shaar was intrigued about the goblin feudal lord he had yet to meet: "What is the name of that goblin feudal lord?"

"Sky Raider, the strongest, goblin, feudal lord!"

Raider? Oh.....

Somewhat surprised, Shaar sincerely praised: "Nice name! What a nice name! The name fits!!"

Afterward, this pitiful Mr. Princess provided Shaar with another piece of information that made his eyes shine.

Several days ago, one group of powerful humans went north crossing this part of region. The goblin tribes nearby attacked these humans, but suffered tremendously under them.

"Were those the dragon hunting magicians?" Shaar became ecstatic, but after asking Mr. Princess further questions, he noticed it was not the case.

According to Oaks, there were about a dozen human intruders that

came to this wilderness. They were not magician but fully armed knights that even brought spare horses and were well-equipped. The first day they arrived in the wilderness, they directly slaughtered a small goblin tribe and caught several hobo goblins then went north.

As ifThese humans were seeking for something important.

The pitiful creature sneaked a peak at Shaar while hearing this.

Chapter 22: Massacre

The injured goblin soldiers were lined up by Shaar and were hopping over a rope like grasshoppers.

After his heartbreaking story, Oaks turned from a soso into Shaar's companion – he was promoted because he won Shaar's sympathy; furthermore, he had simultaneously taken over the responsibility of the captives.

Mr. Princess took a short spear that a goblin soldier had discarded and used it as a walking stick while he wielded a broken knife in his other hand to threaten the large group of prisoners. Since Oaks still bore a grudge from his past plight, he harbored a deep hatred towards all goblins of this tribe. Thus, those goblin soldiers suffered many hardships under his hands.

Walking behind them, Shaar was still carrying the pitiful creature on his shield.

“Hey, Hillbilly” The pitiful creature seemed to be somewhat ashamed, “YouToday, you rescued me again and this is your third time saving me, ehmThank you.”

Shaar replied in a very stiff tone, “What use does a thanks have, can you give me something useful instead?”

The pitiful creature opened her mouth and whispered: “All my money was taken by you already.....” hesitating a bit, she gathered her courage and said: “If, if we make it back safely, I will make sure that you get a lot money as a reward!”

Shaar did not speak and it seemed like he did not believe the words of the pitiful creature.

After a short silence passed, the pitiful creature suddenly asked: “Hey, is your name really Shaar? I just heard it when you were talking to the goblins.”

“Hmpf.”

“You know a lot of things.” The pitiful creature frowned and her eyebrows curved in a very weird manner: “You understand Primal Wildfire very well, and you know a lot about the goblins while also being able to speak their language. I have never heard of anyone like that. Were you born in Primal Wildfire? Are you really called Shaar? Is this your full name?”

“Yes.”

“Also, WeCould we not go any further?” The pitiful creature piteously spoke her true goal: “Let us go back. If you want money, I can give you a lot of money, youYou can get anything you want.”

“Hmpf.”

“.....” The pitiful creature could not help but to ask again in a low voice: “You know, if we continue, it will become very dangerous! AndIf I have an accident, IMy family would never let you go.”

Shaar did not hear the concern in the pitiful creature’s voice. He raised his head while making a disdained expression: “Don’t you know that your words sound really stupid?”

“Uh?” The pitiful creature was shocked.

In a serious tone, Shaar answered: “Are you telling me that you’re someone important in order to scare me? Think about it for a moment. The more you say to me, the more I wouldn’t be letting you go because I’d fear your retaliation after I let you leave. Which means, the safest way for me would be to kill you right now and find a pit to bury you in.”

Pausing for a moment, Shaar’s face showed a hint of the mountain people’s slyness: “Don’t you think it’s strange that for two days, I haven’t asked you any questions?”

“Did I ask you why an idiot like you fled to Primal Wildfire alone?”

“Did I ask you, how your foot was caught in an animal trap?”

“Did I ask you, why you smuggled so many gold coins on you and who you are?”

The pitiful creature was speechless.

“Because I know, even if I asked you and you told me that you’re someone important, it wouldn’t change anything. Therefore there’s no need to ask. I won’t let you leave for now and the only thing you can do is to wait for us to find that buried dragon treasure. After I get that treasure, I will leave to a far-away land and bring the valuables and money with me. Maybe at that time, I’ll also let you go. For now.....hehe.”

Seeing that this hillbilly was still dreaming of getting rich, the pitiful creature agitatedly shouted: “But you are injured! The wound on your back has still not healed! Today, when you fought those goblins, your legs also received wounds! I know that you are a very powerful warrior, butThis is a dragon! Even if you are in your best condition, it is impossible to defeat a dragon, let alone when you are injured! I even doubt that you can pass through the territory of these goblins safely! Both of us will die here!”

“You’re right.” Shaar smiled and said in a low voice. “With my skill, I can handle a dozen goblin soldiers at most. If their numbers are too many, I will definitely lose. However, I have a rotten life right now, and if I don’t risk it I will stay a poor wretch. If I fight, I can get riches that I can only dream of, so why not risk it?”

The pitiful creature’s heart became anxious and she quickly said: “I do not need you to bring me back.... As long as we can leave Primal Wildfire, I can try to find ways to give you a large reward, also.....”

Not letting her finish, Shaar suddenly interrupted her words, and replied to her in a mocking tone: “Do you really think I can believe you? You, a pitiful creature? The first time I rescued you, you said ‘I would rather die than go back with you ‘. Ha, I am sure that you are someone from a wealthy family who escaped. Looking at your appearance, you are either a rich runaway or a criminal who stole a large sum of money. No matter which one, I do not believe that after you’re back you can give me a reward.”

Afterwards, he sincerely comforted the pitiful creature: “You don’t need

to be so pessimistic. When we find that dragon, maybe it's already been killed by the magicians and you wouldn't need to become bait. So, if you believe in god, you better start praying."

This damn hillbilly, he does not know what fate was awaiting him!

Those menIs it really those men? It must be! They came to look for me!

Once those people find me, then my fate would be to be brought back.....

But this hillbilly, he may.....No, it is impossible! He will definitely be killed!

According to Uncle's nature, he would do anything to cover this up and massacre every single person who could become a threat in revealing this scandal without the slightest hesitation! Furthermore, compared to Uncle's status, this hillbilly would not even be an ant in his eyes. Uncle would just casually crush him without batting an eye.

Though this hillbilly was very rude to her, in the end he did rescue her three times.

Ugh.....How could I convince him not to continue North.....

.....

.....

The pitiful creature did not even need to interfere with Shaar, before Shaar himself encountered an unexpected problem that night!

Throughout the whole day, Shaar had been expecting the one called "Sky Raider", the gay goblin feudal lord, to make an appearance – to be honest, he really wanted to meet the goblin who invented homosexuality for the goblin race.

Unfortunately, feudal lord Sky Raider never made an appearance. Even though they captured several goblin soldiers, for some unknown reason, the goblin tribe unexpectedly did not send more soldiers.

The guy he was waiting for did not come, but instead he encountered an

unexpected scene in front him!

In the evening, Shaar finally arrived at the river Oaks was talking about.

Since it was currently winter dry season, the river bed had almost dried up. The more than 100 meters-wide river had less than one-third of its original width remaining. Moreover, the water level had dropped very low; let alone a human, even a dwarf or a goblin could effortlessly cross the river now. The water level reached only to their knees.

Near the river, our group ran into a camp.

It was a small goblin tribe.

Ah, too be more accurate, this was “once” a goblin tribe!

From a distance, one could already smell a stench that would make people puke, and broken mud wall could be seen. It had mostly collapsed and on the wall were several mutilated goblin corpses. Those dead goblins had traces of horse hooves trampled on them.

There was not one single survivor of the goblin tribe inside the wall. Several goblin mud houses were destroyed and at the center was an old tree trunk with two goblin bodies hanging off it.

Those two goblins hanging from the tree seemed much taller and stronger than the other goblins and were probably the leaders of this tribe.

Inside the wall, the ground was filled with goblin corpses. Traces of fighting could be seen everywhere and crude goblin weapons such as broken swords, cracked shields and slashed leather armor were scattered everywhere.

Taking one look at this bloody scene, the pitiful creature almost fainted. Shaar immediately became serious and his eyes showed a complicated expression: “You stay here and do not move!”

He tore a piece of cloth, covered his nose and mouth with it, and entered the goblin killing grounds alone.

Next to a smashed mud house, Shaar saw a broken goblin short spear

on the ground and picked it up, carefully inspecting the spot that had been cut.

“What a clean cut!” Shaar squinted his eyes: “What a refined technique!”

While observing it, his eyes started to burn with competition. He took a deep breath before wielding his axe and cut this short spear.

After a cracking sound, he carefully inspected his own cut, and frowned after a little while. “No, it’s not good, I can’t cut this smoothly.”

Thinking about it more carefully, he was not willing to accept it: “Yes, maybe my weapon isn’t as sharp as the other guy’s.”

However, those people that attacked here had either a higher martial arts skill level than him or more sophisticated weaponry than his.....

Furthermore, according to the rules of Primal Wildfire, if you meet a group of murders like this one, it was absolutely bad news.

Chapter 23: Two reasons

After inspecting the goblin tribe more carefully, Shaar found that the entire tribe had 164 young and old goblins. According to Shaar's experience as a hunter, all the wounds on the corpses were fatal and he noticed that these goblins tried to resist, but were unable to form an effective counterattack against their enemy.

A lot of goblins also tried to escape, but looking at the hoofmarks surrounding the tribe, it seems that the guys who attacked the goblins had much better maneuverability than the goblins and did not let a single goblin escape.

There were several goblins that tried to escape over the mud wall, but were shot and killed on it.

Pulling an arrow from a corpse, Shaar checked its weight.

Armor piercing arrow?

His eyes immediately lit up. This arrowhead was made of a high quality metal and with a specially designed shaft emphasizing the ability penetrate the enemy's armor. In Primal Wildfire Town, only the stronger mercenary groups had such arrows and even then, they would only use them when encountering strong enemies.

However herethe attackers here, unexpectedly used such precious arrows to kills lowly goblins??

High quality weapons, ruthless, high mobility and each strike was lethal....

Moreover, in one quick swoop they slaughtered over 100 goblins and did not leave a single living witness. This kind of attitude was rare in the wilderness of Primal Wildfire. Perhaps only several well-known vicious black tribes would do something like this in Primal Wildfire.

However,Even those black tribes would not waste their energy slaughtering a few goblins – These goblins were as poor as a group of beggars. Robbing them was the least profitable thing you could do unless

you are interested in the goblin's various suspicious looking sun-dried meat.

Walking along the perimeter of this tribe, Shaar suddenly stopped and closed his eyes to think for a moment. The hooves mark on the ground, the bloodstains, the footprints and the corpses all seemed to be randomly placed, however Shaar quickly noticed a subtle clue in his mind.

Those hoof prints and the distributions of these goblin corpses immediately reminded Shaar something that he read a long time ago.

It seemedsimilar to the descriptions in the old man's rotting yellow book collection.

Shaar opened his eyes and made a dignified hillbilly expression. He carefully made a tour inside the tribe again and reorganized the thoughts in his head to get a clearer picture.

(Twenty people, no most likely around thirty and all cavalry. There were some archers with profound archery techniques among them. They divided into three teams, one team blocked the main entrance of the tribe, broke the front gate and went inside to kill, forcing these goblins to jump over the wall and scatter in all directions in order to escape. The other two teams waited on their horses and seized the opportunity to kill the goblins who tried to climb over the mud wall. They killed a few of them with their arrows and then ran down the rest with their speed and slaughtered them. These people had excellent weapons and their martial arts clearly exceeded ordinary mercenaries.

Furthermore, they had excellent horse-riding skills!

(This could be determined by how they were able to gallop over this medium sized mud wall.)

(Less than 30 people had slaughtered more than 100 goblins. There were no casualties on their side and they did not let any goblins escape. I am afraid that even the famous black tribes in Primal Wildfire do not have such well-trained combat tactics. Those fierce black tribes were powerful, but could not execute this kind of fast operation in such an organized manner.)

The more Shaar thought about it, the more a sense of oppression took his breath away and he was forced to take a few deep breaths to suppress this uneasiness.

“How, how is it?”

Watching Shaar coming back, the Pitiful Creature was already nervous to the point that she could not stand still. Her face was deathly pale, her forehead poured out cold sweat and she quickly asked Shaar.

“What did you expect, all dead.” Resting his axe on his shoulder, Shaar saw the Pitiful Creature’s pathetic look on her face: “Huh? Why’s your face so white?”

“Eh.....my wound hurts a little.”

“Why’re your legs shaking?”

“Um.....A little cold.”

Shaar looked at the Pitiful Creature with a serious look and suddenly cracked a smile. He walked towards her with big strides and extended his big hand to firmly touch the Pitiful Creature’s head. Rubbing her hair until it was all messy, he started laughing and said: “Getting afraid? Haha, relax, as long as I’m here, you’ll be all right. You are my soso and I won’t let anyone touch even a hair on you.”

Looking at this hillbilly’s worry-free appearance, the Pitiful Creature was at first a bit annoyed, but soon Shaar’s laughter started to affect her and she could not help but feel a warm feeling in her heart despite the fact that Shaar made a mess of her hair.

This hillbilly.....Can probably protect me.....

Compared with the anxious Pitiful Creature, the goblin prisoners did not have the slightest trace of panic or pity when they saw that this tribe was butchered.

It was just the opposite, these fellows even grinned in front of the ruins and soon started to burst out laughing.

Goblinsare really from a race that loved internal strife and

malicious joy.

“Aren’t they worried?” The Pitiful Creature could not understand their behavior.

“They’re always like this. A goblin’s favorite thing is to see their kindred in unfortunate positions even if it’s from the same tribe, let alone seeing another tribe being slaughtered.” After Shaar finished his explanation, he walked towards the goblin warrior who was laughing the loudest, kicked it and gestured with his axe.

Mr. Princess immediately walked towards them holding his chin high and his belly sucked in. Still bullying the weak while relying on his newly gained position, he shouted several times and drove these goblin soldiers forward.

Under Shaar’s orders, their group did not walk far and camped across the river bed near the goblin tribe.

Acting like a vulgar hillbilly, Shaar started beating and scolding the goblin soldiers and forced all the transporting work and lighting a fire to his “soso”. After spending a long time with him, the Pitiful Creature started to notice a small trace of falsehood in Shaar’s behavior – although this hillbilly cursed and laughed a lot, occasionally his eyes flashed a look resembling a wild beast. When night was upon them, Shaar sat at the riverbed to observe the soulless tribe ruins at the opposite shore. He would squint his eyes and radiate a strange sharpness from them. When he turned his head to look at the Pitiful Creature, his calm expression would take the Pitiful Creature’s breath away!

“Hey.....” Shaar looked at the Pitiful Creature’s face: “Stay alert tonight, since we might have to escape at any moment.”

“ ? ? ? ”

The Pitiful Creature became startled, her hands were trembling and she suddenly dropped water bag on the ground.

Shaar smiled, but his eyes emitted a serious look. He pointed at the opposite shore and talked in a casual tone: “Those guys may have not

gone too far. I saw from hoofmarks that these people divided into several groups after they slaughtered this tribe. I am very worried that we might run into these people. Although I don't know who they are, but from their style of handling their business, I can tell that if we run into them, it'll certainly not be a happy matter."

"Then, then why are we still staying here?" The fear in the Pitiful Creature's voice could not be concealed: "Why did you set up camp so early today?"

"Because here should be safest for now." Shaar thought for a moment and his voice was very confident: "Those fellows just butchered everything here and aren't likely to return for a while."

While talking, Shaar took his charred pitchfork and pierced several pieces of wolf meats. Sitting down next to the Pitiful Creature, he started roasting the meat on the campfire and handed a piece to her: "Eat, no matter what, being able to eat is something to be happy about."

Finishing his sentence, he made a gesture towards another campfire beside them where currently Mr. Princess was acting like a prison warden while scolding the goblin soldiers. Until now, Shaar did not mistreat the goblin captives again and even gave them a big piece of wolf meat to eat. However, even with a big piece of meat, the dozen goblins could only nip on it twice each because of their high number.

"Perhaps we should not take these goblin captives with us." The Pitiful Creature thought for a moment: "If we walk by ourselves, we are less likely to be spotted and encounter them. Even if we do encounter those people, it would be easier to hide if it is only the both of us."

Bursting out laughing, Shaar gave the Pitiful Creature a ridiculing look and sighed: "No matter who you are, if you can unexpectedly avoid those guys in Primal Wildfire, then god's definitely watching over you. I can already tell you that these fellows are some highly trained professional killers who are exceptionally skilled in butchering stuff. Although I don't know who they are, possibly a powerful bandit or thief group, maybe some military deserter or a crowd of rebels. Even perhaps a group of

mercenary soldiers who like violence. No matter who they are, these fellows are all veterans! In case we encounter them, don't count on the chance that we can evade their eyes. If they notice our trail, those veterans can easily track us and catch up to us. Therefore I need to take this group of goblin captives with us."

"Why?"

"Two reasons." Shaar smiled, took a bite out of the roasted wolf meat and said ambiguously: "First, if we run into these butchers, these goblins can attract their attention, and perhaps create an opportunity for us to run away. SecondIf we are very lucky and don't run into those people and we find that dragon in time, these goblins can also become a large group of bait – this would be an advantage to you."

The Pitiful Creature looked at one these "soso" and sighed in her heart while she confirmed something once more: Although this fellow was a hillbilly, he was absolutely not a simple and honest country bumpkin.

Chapter 24: Death eaters

That night, the Pitiful Creature slept lightly (ED: not sure what deep alerted is supposed to imply) and was awoken at midnight by a strange sound. A strange “kaka” noise was carried over by the wind and the Pitiful Creature immediately sat up. She instantly discovered that the hillbilly sleeping next to her had disappeared and panic started to creep into her heart. In the wilderness, the only safe place for her was near that hillbilly.

However, she quickly discovered Shaar near the camp.

Shaar was squatting near the river, facing the opposite shore. When he heard the Pitiful Creature sitting up, Shaar turned his head and made a “do not make a sound” hand signal to the Pitiful Creature. Smiling while talking in a lowered voice he said: “There’s something interesting here, come have look.”

The Pitiful Creature crawled to Shaar’s side and sat on the ground with her body leaned towards his. She started looking at the spot on the other side of the river that Shaar pointed to.

On the opposite shore where the goblin tribe had been slaughtered, behind the curtain of the night, only the outline of the broken mud wall could be seen.

Under the star light, looking closer into the distance, she could vaguely see several tall shadows in the surroundings of the tribe. It looked as if some humans were standing and gathering while moving towards that tribe. Inside the tribe there were already some dark shadows moving around. She could not determine what these fellows were, but they walked upright with slow movements. Looking from afar, she could vaguely see that they had a tall upper body and a shorter lower body.

Some of them were kneeling and lying on the ground grabbing something unknown while aggressively tearing on it.....

“Bears?” The Pitiful Creature asked, somewhat doubtful.

“Death eaters.” Shaar turned his head towards the Pitiful Creature and deliberately grinned in a frightening way. Seeing his smile, the Pitiful Creature’s body started trembling and nearly shouted out of terror. Covering her mouth, Shaar whispered: “Don’t disturb others while they enjoy their supper.”

Death eaters.....

Just by hearing this name, the Pitiful Creature knew what these creatures were doing on the other side!

The “kakakaka” sound that the wind brought, painted the picture of countless teeth chewing on the bones and stripping it of its flesh in her mind. Just from the thought of it, the Pitiful Creature’s heart started to pound and she wanted to vomit.

Next to her, Shaar watched with great interest and sighed: “Oh, I’ve never seen a death eater before, we’re lucky to see the real thing today.”

In the distance, howling could be heard. Probably a pack of wolves or jackals that were wandering in the wilderness. These fellows were also attracted by the smell of the goblin corpses of this tribe. Unfortunately for them, the powerful death eaters were faster and had already occupied this place. The pack wolves or jackals could only helplessly linger in the surroundings, waiting for the death eaters to finish and depart. They could only satisfy themselves with the remains of what got left behind.

The Pitiful Creature’s dinner almost resurfaced from the noise. Getting bored of watching, Shaar picked up a stone and tossed it at the opposite shore. His arm strength was so strong that the stone unexpectedly flew past the mud wall of the tribe. After throwing his stone, Shaar stood up and placed both his hands near his mouth and started shouting towards the other side.

Frightened to death, the Pitiful Creature suddenly jumped up and started to squeeze Shaar’s neck!

“You lunatic! What are you doing! Do you want to attract those monsters!!” The Pitiful Creature’s beautiful face lost all of its color.

“Hahahaha.” Shaar patted the Pitiful Creature’s shoulder: “You’re really an idiot. Don’t you have some common knowledge? It is common sense that death eaters are afraid of water and since we’re on the opposite shore of the river, they’d absolutely not dare to come here.”

Sure enough, a group of death eaters were attracted by Shaar’s yelling and angrily roared while rushing out of the tribe. Arriving at the river, they made some threatening gestures and roared towards Shaar who was on the opposite shore. The Pitiful Creature finally saw the appearance of these monsters more clearly.

Short thin legs, sturdy torso, a body covered with fur, with both arms reaching their knees, a pointy triangular head, a bloody mouth and a mouthful rotten teeth.

To better describe them, if someone took a bear and a wolf, cut them into several pieces and randomly stuck them together, it would probably have the same strange appearance of a death eater.

What Shaar said was right, several death eaters reached the riverside and tried to cross river to catch Shaar, but when their feet touched the water, they immediately made a panicking sound and quickly pulled back. The only thing they could do was to roar at Shaar to vent their anger.

Woken up by the commotion, the goblins displayed a much better appearance than the Pitiful Creature. They were familiar with the death eater’s strange characteristics and since they were separated by the river, they had no fear at all and started mocking the opposite side.

Both sides started a roaring contest near the river and some goblins even picked up some stones to throw at the opposite shore. Although the strength of a goblin was not enough to throw across a 100 meter wide river, the mischievous action still made these cowardly goblins very eager to try.

This theatre lasted a whole night and when dawn arrived, the death eaters finally unwillingly dispersed.

“Alright, prepare to break camp.” Shaar pulled up the Pitiful Creature and thought for a moment: “But before we go, we must do something

important.”

This important matter was.....

To take a bath!!

.....Do not misunderstand, it was not Shaar that wanted to take a bath, nor did he want the Pitiful Creature to take a bath (right now, even if Shaar pointed a knife at the pitiful creature, she would not be willing to jump in river to take a bath while everyone was watching.)

What needed to take a bath were the goblins!

Goblin had a very fine tradition. Their hygienic habits were known as the worst of all the “civilized” races!

Even in the language of goblins, the word or expression of “clean” did not exist.

Regarding goblins, the majority of them would not even take one bath under normal circumstances from their birth until their death. Their bodies were always covered by layers of dirt, dust, soil and even disgusting excrement. With time, their skin would start to add an additional layer of skin, similar to armor.

In the goblin ethnic communities, only prominent goblins would have the custom of taking a bath.

For example, the tribe leader, a feudal lord, or..... Princess.

That’s right, when Shaar asked Mr. Princess Oaks the question whether he had the custom of taking a bath, Mr. Princess tilted his head, thought for a moment and replied:

He remembered that his previous bath was before his weeding with the feudal lord.....

However, before that, he could not remember another time.

In short, you could not use human standards to measure creatures such as goblins.

For a goblin, those who were willing to wipe their ass after excreting

were already considered as one of the rarer clean goblins!

Think about it, when there was someone standing next to you that did not bathe or clean their butts for many years..... What smell would that person have?

What's more, what if it was not only one, but a crowd of them?

When Shaar gave Mr. Princess the task of escorting the captives yesterday, he actually had no choice – when a crowd of goblins stood together while having a meal, if you did not suffocate next to them, then your respiratory system definitely had a very serious problem.

Now that it was decided to take these goblins with them, Shaar had to do something to save his nose.

While the goblins were lazing around, Shaar made several gestures for a while but these fellows shook their head and were not willing to jump into the river. Getting impatient, Shaar simply started kicking several goblins into the river. Seeing their master getting angry, the rest started to jump down one after another by themselves.

The recently promoted prison warden Mr. Princess started to laugh, taking pleasure at the others' misfortunes, but soon discovered that this Mr. Shaar was also aiming at oneself with his finger while referring to the river and finally realized that – there was no privileged exception for him.

There are many legends that use a rhetoric to describe the bloody scene after a massacre as: rivers of blood.....

When a crowd of goblins took a bath, it could achieve the same effect!

This group of goblins who had never taken a bath in their lifetime, fooled around in the river for half the morning and did not want to come up again. Shaar had to take his axe, walk to the shore and smash the head of the first fellow who came close enough to make them come out – of course, what Shaar used was the back of his axe.

After half the morning was gone, the goblins had lost several layers of their skin.....

The frightening thing was, the color of the river water and a good length of the shore turned into a type of daunting black that would scare people away.....

“Fortunately, we walked upstream.....Otherwise, I wouldn’t dare to drink the water even if someone threatened to kill me.” Shaar nervously patted his chest.

The Pitiful Creature was already hiding in the distance..... Looking at a crowd of naked male goblins taking a bath, was more than what someone like her could handle.

When Shaar walked towards the Pitiful Creature, at that moment, she was redressing her wounded legs.

“Hey.” Shaar suddenly opened his mouth and looked at the Pitiful Creature with an arrogant look: “I need to ask you something.”

“What?” The Pitiful Creature subconsciously stopped her hand movements and quickly put down the trouser legs over her legs.

“Who is Adeline?”

The Pitiful Creature’s body suddenly trembled and she stared at Shaar with incredible big round eyes!

Shaar touched his chin and carefully examined the Pitiful Creature: “Hey, did you know? You have a habit of talking in your sleep. When I awoke last night from that crowd of death eater’s strange noise, I could hear you speaking.”

Chapter 25: Bait

The Pitiful Creature's fingers immediately started shaking as she gritted her teeth: "I, what did I say?"

Thinking for a moment, Shaar answered: "What you said was 'Adeline is afraid alone, do not leave Adeline' Hehe, who's Adeline? You even called her name in your dream. It must be your special friend, right? "

The Pitiful Creature's heart almost jumped out her chest, she lost her tongue and her face reddened while staring at this hillbilly.

Last night, she did indeed have a dream and she woke up with a horrified face because: within her dream, this hillbilly wanted to cruelly abandon her alone in the wilderness and she was surrounded by the strange death eaters. She was shamefully grabbing this hillbilly's clothes while begging "'Adeline is afraid alone, do not leave Adeline....."

TL: It sound more normal in Chinese when you refer to yourself in 3rd person.

Needless to say, Adeline of course was the name of this pitiful creature.

"Huh? Why's your face red like a monkey's ass? Ah, don't tell me Adeline really is your special friend!?" Shaar suddenly shouted dissatisfied: "Not fair! Even an ugly guy like you has a woman!! I who was born so valiant and remarkable am still a virgin! "

When the Pitiful Creature more precisely Adeline heard the word "virgin", her face suddenly flushed again.

Grinning evilly, Shaar walked next to her and put his arm around her shoulders: "Hey, tell me, did you touch a girl before? From my guess you already did! Hmpf, even calling her name so affectionately in your dreams! Have you tasted a woman before? Hey, are you a still virgin or not? "

Adeline who was entangled by him gave up and hastily glared at him while shouting angrily: "I am not!!"

"Really?" With big round eyes, Shaar stared at her with a face full of

envy.

The Pitiful Creature was so angry that she was almost vomiting blood.....

Poor Hillbilly! Stupid Hillbilly! Of course I had not tasted a woman before! I am a maiden.....

“Alright, I won’t ask anymore!”

The Pitiful Creature had had enough.

Next morning on the road, Shaar was constantly scratching his head like a monkey and leaning towards her face with a lewd look. Continually asking weird questions while laughing stupidly and in the end, his skin was so thick that he started talking about the affair between a man and a woman.

“Hey, Pitiful Creature, how did it feel to do it with a woman?” Shaar put a serious look on his face and the Pitiful Creature did not know if she should laugh or cry.

“Alright!” the Pitiful Creature (Adeline) sighed and thought for a moment: “You are mistaken. Last night I was dreaming about my cousin. Adeline is one of my distant cousins and nothing more. Not my my special friend. ”

Hearing this, Shaar was suddenly disappointed, but soon his heart felt better and he started laughing: “Ah so it is! Pitiful creature, you were born too ugly and I don’t think there will be any girl that would fancy you anyway!! Haha, but don’t worry, my old man taught me that the most important thing for a man is his ability. You were born with your appearance and there’s nothing you can do about that. Although your skill is still lacking, you can slowly train it. ”

After a while, Shaar could not help but curiously ask: “Your cousin ah, Adeline, is she pretty? Hey, we’ve known each other for several days already and I’ve saved you several times. As you can see, uncle Shaar is talented in martial arts and will be number one in the future, how about..... ”

Stopping mid-sentence, Shaar gave the pitiful creature a closer look, shook his head and sighed: “Ahforget about it, from the look of your appearance, I am afraid your cousin would not be much better off. Forget I asked about it. Also, Adeline, that name sounds somehow really ugly as well. ”

This was the final straw for the Pitiful Creature!

“What are you talking about! Adeline comes from the ancient Byzantine aristocracy language! It means noble and beautiful! How can a hillbilly like you understand it!!”

So irritating!

She was obviously a beauty and did not care even if this guy was treating her as someone ugly! However, now he even started to insult her name! !

.....

However, because this hillbilly interrupted her thoughts, the Pitiful Creature's worries in her heart dissipated a lot.

The journey of today was very successful and they did not encounter any danger. “The group of people” that the Pitiful Creature was worried about also did not appear.

When evening came, they finally encountered a problem.

The food was all gone.

In the beginning, the only food that Shaar carried with him was the meat of the wolf that he killed. However, since he could not carry the whole wolf on a journey, Shaar had cut few big pieces of meat and put it in his luggage. It would have been enough for two people to eat for at least a few days.

However now their ranks increased to more than a dozen people, it was to the point that the food was not enough anymore.

In fact, Shaar was not a kind captor, but not letting those goblins eat would hurt their efforts to increase their travelling pace. When walking

in the afternoon, some goblins were already slowing down despite Mr. Princess' rampaging and cursing – in fact Mr. Princess himself was so hungry that his eyes grew dim.

“Seems like we have to find something to eat and think of a way to hunt some game.” Shaar's eyes targeted Mr. Princess and the group of goblins. Seeing the look in his eyes, the pitiful creature started to pray for those poor goblins..... This hillbilly seemed vulgar, but he would even manage to do the most despicable and vilest things. As soon as he got an idea, I'm afraid there won't be a good outcome for those goblins.

Sure enough

Shaar's solution was: Hunting!

Although they were in the wilderness, but even the wilderness had some food!

He started to kick a goblin warrior out of the group while ignoring the other party's screams. Holding his axe, Shaar started to cut this unlucky guy's arms and legs.

In an instant, blood started to flow, and when the Goblin saw himself bleeding, he started wailing loudly.

“Too noisy! If we catch a game, you can get an extra piece of meat!” Shaar slapped the face of this pitiful goblin and knocked out half his teeth.

Afterwards, he took out a rope and tied up this guy's legs while throwing him in the open. Pulling the long rope, he and the other goblins stepped away tens of meters hiding behind a large rock.

The poor bleeding Goblin screamed and his cries could be heard from afar.

Showing no pity, the other Goblins were in high spirits while hiding behind that rock, indeed Goblin were happiest when seeing an unlucky fellow in pain or misery.

After a meal's worth of energy, the bait goblin gradually stopped

shouting because he ran out of strength, but not even a wolf's hair could be seen.

"Please god, I hope the smell of its blood can attract some wolves." Shaar made a very devoted prayer.

"You bastard, God will not bless such a cruel thing, do not be ridiculous!" The Pitiful Creature could not understand this hillbilly's cruelty.

Shaar stared at the Pitiful Creature and replied coldly: "You better pray he does. If the goblin couldn't attract a wolf, then it probably means that wolves dislike stinking goblin blood..... In that case, I have to..... "

While talking, he swept over the pitiful creature body and she instantly turned pale from fear.

"You, if you dare to use me as bait, I will fight with you until I die!" Pitiful Creature desperately screamed while standing her ground.

"....." Shaar looked at her and suddenly burst out laughing: "Rest assured, you're my bait for the dragon and I wouldn't use you yet."

He paused a moment and his tone became frustrated: "I mean, if we do not catch prey, then In order not to starve and we can't kill a wolf then in the evening our only choice is to roast this goblin and eat it. Hey, I'm sure you haven't tried grilled goblin meat and neither have I. Hehe! "

Shaar then looked at the Pitiful Creature with malicious eyes.

"....."

The pitiful creature was scared to death! Her face became pale, her hands and feet became weak and her vomit came out of her mouth when she remembered the group of goblin taking a bath in the morning. When she recalled the river that looked like a sewer afterwards, she wanted to vomit even more.

"Haha!" Shaar laughed and went to pick her up. Looking at her with a disdained expression: "Did you really believe me?? Hey! Would you dare to eat their meat? I wouldn't."

While helping the Pitiful Creature to sit on the ground and just when he wanted to say something, all of a sudden Shaar's face suddenly changed!

He immediately threw himself on the ground and attached his ear firmly to the floor. Squinting his eyes for a moment, he looked up and his face showed a never before seen expression. His one hand quickly grabbed his waraxe, the other lifted his shield!

"There are hoof sounds coming from both directions in big number! It's very likely those guys!!"

Just as Shaar finished talking, the Pitiful Creature's face suddenly lost all its color and her lips were trembling from fear.

Chapter 26: Close Combat

In the wilderness, a caravan quickly came close from southeast. From the look of it, there were 7-8 riders coming this way. They created a cloud of dust behind them while traveling and from afar, it actually seemed like there were only three knights sitting on the horses, while the other horses were used as replacements.

The shape of this fast traveling group was disciplined and organized. It appeared that they formed a triangle formation.

When this cavalry appeared in the distance, the group of goblins immediately became restless and started yelling. Mr. Princess soon rewarded these guys with some sword cuts, but it was obvious that he was also afraid and looked at Shaar nervously.

Pulling up his belt, Shaar pushed the Pitiful Creature behind the rock and warned her: "If I don't call you, don't come out!"

Turning his head, he stared at Mr. Princess: "You as well!"

"But" The Pitiful Creature was obviously very anxious and panicking: "These people will kill you!"

"It's not certain." Shaar's eyes lit up: "Maybe it's only an adventurer team passing by."

"But" The Pitiful Creature clenched her teeth: "They are surely the group that slaughtered the goblin tribe and you know that!"

"Believe me, there's no other way out!" Shaar's eyes widened and flashed a fierce look resembling a wild beast.

The goblin that was used as bait in front of them was still struggling. It did not have any strength left. His fear added to the excessive loss of blood made him almost faint. When he heard the hoof beats coming closer, the goblin started sobbing and screamed desperately.

The destination of this group was very clear; they were obviously riding in their direction.

This cavalry unit quickly shortened the distance to less than a hundred paces and they did not stop nor rush too close. They suddenly turned their horses and decreased the speed while riding in a flanking position. It was obvious that these fellows were cautious and very experienced. From the look of it, they would not dismount so easily. They circled the surroundings while maintaining their speed and keeping their distance to get a clearer view of the situation.

The knights riding these horses were very skilled and masterfully controlled the speed and direction while easily handling their horses. After circling the pitiful goblin for a bit, they reduced their speed and stopped further away.

The vanguard knight rode a big dark horse that looked both tall and magnificent. Even the best horse seller in Primal Wildfire would not have such a rare high-grade horse. Every horse had similar equipment and carried a weapon bag, a water bag and quivers. Several field survival tools were also bound on the horse saddle which showed that those fellows were obviously well prepared.

The knight that acted as vanguard had short curly hair and his face had the typical outline of a Byzantine. He was tall and sat with his back straight on the horse. He carried a long saber and his eyes maliciously stared at the goblin in the middle like a knife cutting butter. This knight was wearing a superior leather armor which belonged to the equipment of light cavalry. He carried a medium-sized military bow and two quivers with wild goose feathered arrows were hanging on both sides of the saddle. His arms displayed bulging muscle mass, his fingers were thick and both his upper and lower body showed that he was a veteran warrior.

“A goblin? Hmpf” This knight grinned viciously.

“Captain, there are some movements behind that rock, I can taste the smell already from here, haha!” The Knight loudly laughed and his voice hinted a bit of arrogance. The other knight prepared his bow and took an arrow in his hand while his face showed alertness.

The vanguard knight sneered and gently kicked his horse ordering it to

slowly move forward. Slowly approaching, his eyes did not even glance at the scared goblin on the ground and instead firmly fixed on the rock where Shaar was hiding. He firmly grabbed his saber and shouted: “Come out!”

Shaar’s figure slowly appeared from behind the rock and he calmly walked towards the knight only to stop 50 steps away from him. The goblin that acted as bait was currently in between those two.

“Adventurer? Or thief?” When the knight looked at Shaar and saw his big body, he was somewhat taken by surprise. With a great shield and a waraxe in Shaar’s hand – looking closely, although these two weapons were made of excellent quality material, they were somewhat built too flashily and lacked substance: A real experienced warrior would not take this kind of exaggerated weapon. Even soldiers from some strong and well-known forces would not choose to use such large weapons. Although a bigger and heavier weapon could increase its lethality, it also would affect its speed. Furthermore, a heavy weapon would not help in a lengthy battle.

Only those types of idiots that liked empty boasting would choose to use this kind of large weapon.

“I am a magical beast hunter.” Shaar replied loudly when he had discovered that the opposite party was staring at his weapon and subconsciously lifted his shield higher.

“Magical beast hunter?” The knight smiled, but his smiling face was still filled with malicious intent: “What is a magical beast hunter doing here in the red wilderness? Here there are only goblins and death eaters.”

“That’s my concern.” Shaar put on a show of bravado – in the wild, if you appeared weak, then the enemy would find it easier to bully you: “Who are you people?”

The knight did not reply and took his vision off of him to look at the goblin and immediately saw through Shaar’s intention: “Huh, are you using it as a bait?”

Unfortunately, the blood of a goblin stinks and you would probably have

difficulties attracting game. Moreover, the wounds that you cut are too small and the blood is insufficient.”

His malicious grin emerged again: “I will help you rookie.”

Finishing his sentence, he quickly unfastened a short spear from his saddle. With this spear in his hand, this knight’s body suddenly radiated a fierce killing intent. This kind of aura was obviously formed through many bloody battles and decades of training. Bending his back powerfully on the saddle, he cleanly threw that spear with an extremely beautiful posture!

Piercing the wind like an arrow, that short spear transformed into a white light and shot towards the goblin!

Seeing the other party’s movement, Shaar’s round eyes immediately narrowed and he quickly took a big step forward while swinging his left arm to throw his great shield towards it.....

Bang!

When that short spear bounced off the shield, several big sparks were created. Even in broad daylight, those series of sparks could be seen!

Just after the goblin saw white light flying towards him he almost fainted from fear and when he heard that loud bang when Shaar used his shield to block that short spear, he immediately started screaming.

“Oh?” The knight’s eyes lit up. This fellow actually managed to block my spear with his shield?

Running quickly towards that goblin, Shaar started to stare cautiously at the knight while quickly picking up his shield.

The spot where the short spear hit the great shield was already dented and it also left behind a short but deep scratch! This made Shaar very anxious – this was the best weapon he ever had.

“Magical beast hunter, you are quite skilled.” The expression of the knight was somewhat gloomy. He tightened the saber in his hand and declared: “But you declined my good intentions!”

“Even if it’s a goblin, he’s my soso.” Shaar kept his head high: “If you can’t even protect your own spoils of war, then you don’t need to try your luck in Primal Wildfire.”

“I have to ask you a question.” The knight turned his horse and encircled him: “Do you come all the way from south? Did you encounter any other humans?”

Shaar shook his head: “Only met you.”

“Hm.” The knight gave him a cold laugh: “Really?”

Shaar did not speak and calmly observed the other party.

“Alright.” The knight mumbled something and his eyes suddenly flashed a strong blood thirst: “Kill him.”

Just when his voice vanished, the another knight already rushed forward! When the horse’s hoof ran two steps, the knight was already wielding his saber. With his horse flying forward, that fellow bent over his body sticking closer to his horse, creating a perfect unity between man and horse. That sharp saber in his hand was still stained with blood from a previous battle! Under the sunlight, this glowing piece of people cutting blade was awe-inspiring!!

With one shout, rider, horse and blade arrived in an instant!!

Rushing in front of Shaar, this knight quickly struck down his saber!

Hiding behind that rock, the Pitiful Creature’s legs became soft from shock!

The moment the other party rushed towards him, Shaar had already squinted his eyes transforming into two slits and flashed cold killing intent. Preparing his balance, he took a small step backwards and prepared his body while facing the incoming horse. He subconsciously leaned his body and lowered his center of gravity

Bang!!!

With a dull noise, both men staggered and Shaar was greeted with the full force of both horse and saber. In that moment, he suddenly raised his

shield while keeping it before his own head!

The knight on the other side had already leaned in and boosted his force with the power of his horse. The combined strength of rider and horse hit Shaar's shield and propelled it into the air splitting it in half!

Being hit by the full power of a running horse, Shaar's body shook violently. It was a bit too much for him to endure and his chest tightened, taking his breath away. His left arm that lifted the shield just a while ago was in severe pain and his whole body was shaking while his vision became somewhat blurry.

However, he still started his counterattack.

Moving sideways with all his strength, he twisted his body and barely avoided the charging horse. Feeling the horse's body and the rider's leg grazing past his back, he felt the friction. Screaming with all his might, Shaar suddenly used his whole body to ram the horse!

After a long neigh, the knight immediately felt his own horse staggering while crashing down!

With Shaar's inhuman strength, he unexpectedly knocked down a speeding horse, however it took its toll on his body. His strength started to wane and he was out of breath. Nevertheless, right now he could not relax and turned around with a leap. Raising his axe in his hand, he prepare to strike!

The rider that fell to the ground desperately tried to climb up, but failed. Before he realized what that white light was, Shaar's axe was already over his head!

The knight immediately rushed to lift his saber trying to block the incoming axe. With a loud clang, his saber managed to parry the axe, however with the tremendous difference in strength and with one knee on the floor, the knight could only roll on the ground while avoiding this tight spot.

Holding the upper hand, Shaar would not let him escape and followed up with two consecutive chops.

After two loud bangs, the saber finally broke in the knight's hand and his palm was full of blood. Widening his eyes, he stared at Shaar in shock.

Just when Shaar was lifting his axe to finish this guy off, he heard hoof beats coming closer and when he turned round, he saw a group of black shadows rushing towards him!

The leader of the knights rushed at the front with his saber raised and his face was making a ferocious expression! The sharp blade was already in front of Shaar's head!

Desperately blocking the saber with his axe, Shaar's whole body felt like it was being electrocuted after a bang! In a flash, his opponent's blade was cutting deep into his axe that was made of fine steel. The sharp blade shook violently and radiated a grey smoke!

The blade that was emitting the weird smoke was constantly cutting deeper into his axe's blade!

Getting thrown away by that tremendous and fierce strength, Shaar's body fell to the ground and his mouth tasted dust. His whole body was in severe pain and while trying to get up, he spat out several mouths full of blood and dust. Feeling that his hand suddenly became lighter, he took a look and saw that the waraxe made of superior steel in his hand was slashed in half!!

Restraining his horse, the knight leader made a proud expression only to notice that his own saber was missing a palm-sized pieces when he accidentally took a look! This discovery took the knight leader somewhat by surprised, since he knew his own strength very clearly. A moment ago, he used his ki and thought that his blade would split this fellow in half. However, not only did that not happen, he actually received a blow himself – he had also used the power of his horse!

“Your skill is good, magical beast hunter.” The knight leader hung his saber on the saddle and looked coldly at his companion on the ground: “Get up you failure! Do not embarrass us!”

Chapter 27: Shaar's Charred Pitchfork

Part 1

Being cursed at by the knight leader, his complexion immediately became purple. He seemed extremely afraid of this leader and did not even try to defend himself. Clenching his teeth, he struggled a bit while trying to get up, but instead stumbled and fell.

Looking at his face, the knight leader's complexion immediately became a little uglier and went several steps closer to him. Just when he wanted say something, he gave his companion a closer look and sighed: "Forget it, you have been injured. Now get up!"

This fellow was already injured the moment when Shaar attacked his horse. Tackling a horse that was running at full speed, I am afraid only someone like Shaar who grew up in a mountain would dare to do something so reckless.

The moment when Shaar knocked down the horse, the knight immediately fell and a leg was actually entangled in the stirrup. He was fortunate that his horse-riding skill was extremely refined, and during the crash he quickly jumped off. He managed to get away with only a broken leg that was crushed underneath his horse.

Shaar's chops were no doubt extremely powerful and injured him until he was unable to stand. However, since his foot was already broken, he is incapable of even supporting himself.

Furthermore, when the running horse was hit, half of the knight's shoulder became badly bruised – thanks to wearing a leather armor, his injury was still light. If he wore metal armor instead, the shock would have broken his bones.

In the beginning, when the knight leader saw his companion injured, he did not care about Shaar killing his distressed companion with his axe. After all, their group only accepted the strongest warriors, and if someone

lost to a magical beast hunter from the mountains, it would really harm their reputation.

The knight leader gained some distance and looked at Shaar: “Being able to parry my strike, your strength actually is not bad.” According to his status, getting his saber damaged to this extent by a wildling boy was already a great humiliation for him. Hanging his sabre back on his saddle, he stared at Shaar while sitting tall and his eyes radiated an intense anger. However, the murderous intention in his heart could not help but fade a bit: If he was able to bring back such a sturdy young man, with three years of training, he could transform him into an efficient killing machine.

This thought only circulated in his brain for a while before he eliminated this possibility. Anybody who saw their faces during this mission were not to be allowed to live and tell the tale. Even a whole goblin tribe had been slaughtered few days ago, how could they let a wildling boy live?

The malicious intent slightly surfaced again on his eyebrows and he immediately revealed his ominous decision once more: “Such a pity, you can only blame your bad luck.”

Staring at the remnant of his split axe, Shaar’s heart immediately started to hurt. He was always a poor wretch and while practicing with an axe for more than ten years, he had not used any decent weapon before. The moment he got this waraxe, he was seriously ecstatic and would even keep it beside him while sleeping. Right now, it suddenly broke and he felt like a bankrupted beggar again after three days. In his heart there was an anger that was more intense and serious than anything he felt before.

Although the words of that knight leader was meant as a compliment, however, when Shaar heard it, it actually felt like someone slapped his face twice and said “your skin is really thick”.

After such an insult, how could Shaar endure it?

Half for his temper came from the simple and honourable

straightforward attitude of the mountain people. However, the rest came from growing up in Primal Wildfire and mingling among the locals of Primal Wildfire town. He was gradually influenced by the deceitful and strong adventurers. These special characteristics were mixed together and formed the current Shaar's character where honesty fused with a strange cunningness. Right now, his ruthless temper born from his childhood was stirred up.

Taking out another weapon from his saddle, the knight leader decided to use a wolf's teeth mace with a short handle this time. This mace was made with a wooden handle and had a heavy tip made of metal at the top. Numerous razor-sharp nails were mounted densely on the metal part. In cavalry battles, this kind of weapon was the most convenient one since the rider did not have to be afraid of breaking it and it was most suited for muscular knights with great strength.

The knight leader rode a few laps and with a whistle his horse started to rush towards his target once more. This time, he bent down immediately and his hand lifted the wolf's teeth mace up high while closing down to crush Shaar's head! If this wolf's teeth mace actually hit his target, even with metal armor, it would be immediately flattened!

Seeing the other party rushing towards him, Shaar's pupils suddenly contracted and he turned around with lightning speed. Sliding a few steps backwards, his breathing also changed, turning shorter and heavier. Suddenly sprinting forwards 3-4 steps, he saw the opposite party's horse in front of him with the wolf's teeth mace pounding towards him. Shaar abruptly took a bold thrust forward while leaping towards his opponent!

The movement during this leap was neat. It looked as if he transformed into a rabbit at that moment. His jump was both high and fast while bending his body beautifully mid-air!

With a shout, the wolf's teeth mace flew past Shaar's head by a millimeter and the strong air pressure created by it scratched a few cuts on Shaar's face. While in mid-air, Shaar pulled out his fire pitchfork with lightning speed and boldly thrust forward like an arrow!!

With a dull thumping sound, although Shaar had evaded the wolf's teeth mace, he was hit by the galloping horse. Nevertheless, his pitchfork maliciously pierced into the horse's neck!

With a huff, the horse started to neigh in pain, while Shaar was hit and sent flying again. Only this time, he prepared his landing earlier and readied his footsteps while treading heavily on the ground. Pushed back several steps, he stuck his pitchfork into ground to slow his impact and left a deep mark in the ground. Barely standing, his mouth started to spit a bit blood and he touched his chest at the location where he was severely injured while breathing heavily.

The knight's horse that was directly pierced by the pitchfork a minute ago, took a few steps and screamed one last time before finally falling down. Fortunately, this knight had excellent riding skills and quickly used both his legs to push himself off the saddle. His martial art was also amazing and his foot unexpectedly split the stirrup with the kick. When he finally jumped off, he had not been squashed by the falling horse, however his landing position was somewhat ugly and he had to roll a bit to lessen the impact before standing up.

Before he had a chance to recover himself, Shaar already threw himself at him. The pitchfork in his hand transformed into a venomous snake seeking his opponent's neck! This knight leader who had already fought many battles did not panic at all and quickly pulled out a dagger from his waist to block.....

That dagger had an extremely sharp edge and from its flashing blade, it suddenly started to burst out a mass of grey battle ki! When the dagger and the fire pitchfork clashed, a loud bang could be heard.....

Shaar immediately felt his arm shaking violently! A piece of metal was seeing fly in the sky and dropped to the ground with a bang. The knight leader who had a calm and calculated complexion a while ago suddenly changed! A Blackish ki directly brushed past his neck and suddenly blood started to splash out!

Experiencing the sudden pain, he immediately dodged aside. The

muscles on his entire body tightened and this maneuver had taken out all of his energy from his survival instincts. When he landed, the pain on his neck almost made him black out. The moment he put his hand on the wound, he luckily discovered that it was not too deep. However, in his hand.....

When the knight looked at his sharp dagger, only the hilt was remaining. The other half was actually stuck in the ground. However, the boy in front of him was still holding the charred pitchfork – completely intact!

The knight leader was speechless!

Shaar was also speechless!

Part 2

During that strike, Shaar parried the knight's strong battle ki and as a result his arm was already numb to the degree that he was not able to hold his weapon anymore. Losing all the strength in his right arm, he quickly changed his charred pitchfork to his left hand. However, he had never actually thought that his rusty pitchfork would suddenly destroy his enemy's sharp dagger!!

"Damn it!" The knight leader was enraged! Originally, he pitied Shaar a bit, but now this thought was completely thrown away! With his status, he actually unexpectedly suffered 3 times under a wildling boy's hand and even his neck got injured! If he had not responded in time, perhaps he would have lost his life just now!

"Boss, take my sword!"

The previously defeated knight shouted and threw his saber towards the knight leader whose heart was already filled with shame and resentment. With a roar, he rushed towards his prey like a tiger. Still not fully recovered, half of Shaar's body was still in severe pain after being hit by that horse. Even if his body was as tough as a ferocious beast, he still had a hard time enduring it.

In an instant, the knight leader had rushed in front of him and already

prepared to strike down his enemy. His battle ki was already flaring up like a black flame and a mass of grey light was fully covering his weapon. Just before it hit, Shaar finally recovered and lifted his pitchfork to block it.

Ding!

This knight leader's sword technique was ruthless, but the first strike was still blocked. Not giving his opponent any time to breathe, the saber in his hand started overflowing with grey light and he continuously chopped down like a killing machine.....Attacking in fury from all directions, his attacks resembled a violent thunder storm!

Under such powerful and refined sword techniques, Shaar immediately became like a wooden dummy. His martial art was crude and unsophisticated, compared to the opponent's masterful sword technique, he was afraid that he could only become target practice.

However, something strange occurred!

Ding! Ding!

Ding.....

Under this berserk knight leader's violent onslaught, Shaar was having a hard time dealing with it and chaotically reacted to defend against it. There were several times where he was nearly cut into pieces or stabbed to death. Nevertheless, after a few exchanges, Shaar's expression became increasingly eccentric. Not being able to finish him off, his opponent's face started to turn hideous. The set of sword skills that Shaar was currently displaying, was actually just some random reflexes. The handling of the pitchfork looked clumsy and slow, however it actually managed to completely ward off the ruthless attack of his opponent!

No matter how crazily the knight went on the offensive, his saber's ki was blocked off and unable to cut into the pitchfork in Shaar's hand!

Even Shaar was a bit confused in his heart and his face reflected a surprised look.

This guy.....This guyIs he actually playing with me? How can his

martial arts be so shitty?

Huh? The blow that he just used, was it not the same technique the old man taught me to stab a coal briquette?

Eh? The chop just now, was it not the same way the old man taught me to cut firewood?

Oh? This hack... the old man taught me to hack steaks with this technique!

Ah? This strike... usually the old man taught me to shear wool the same way..... (ED: it's like the karate kid)

Shaar did not know if he should laugh or cry.

He suddenly discovered that his opponent's every strike was what he practiced in the past thousands of times. Stabbing a coal briquette, chopping firewood, cutting a steak, shearing woolHe could do these things perfectly even while he was asleep! Each move of this guy's attacking pattern looked like as if he had reached an agreement with Shaar beforehand. Even if Shaar had a slower reaction speed than his opponent, as long as he took a glance at his movements, he could immediately judge his opponent's sword direction accurately. With just a casual block of his pitchfork, he could effortlessly fend off the knight's fierce sword technique!

The knight leader could not believe his eyes.....

Continuously, increasing his ki level in his sword, the knight leader was reaching his limit. The more he attacked, the greater the fear grew in his heart.

The knight leader who had endured countless years of hard training to polish his powerful and vicious sword technique felt extreme shame and rage in his heart. Right now, he wished nothing more than to pierce a dozen holes into this kid! A powerful military expert taught him this set of sword techniques when he was young. Using these techniques, he had escaped certain death countless times and he used these techniques to kill numerous powerful opponents that were stronger than him.

However, facing this kid, was simply, simplySimply like a nightmare!

Regardless of his movements and styles, the other party was just casually blocking it. Furthermore, the more this exchange continued, the more relaxed this kid became. There were several times where though his sword had not moved yet, the pitchfork was already positioned to block it!!

Unable to bear it anymore, the knight leader could no longer suppress the fear in his heart and started to shout. Becoming desperate, he did not care about his style anymore and used all his strength to strike down.

Clang!!

When the saber got stuck between the prongs of the pitchfork, their bodies trembled from the impact and became stiff.

Both were out of breath at the moment, however while Shaar's face reddened, the knight leader's complexion was pale. While their weapons were interlocked with each other, a sudden breaking sound could be heard. Out of nowhere, the sword in the knight's hand abruptly started to break into 17 pieces!! On the other hand, the pitchfork in Shaar's hand was still as black as before and was in perfect condition!!

They looked at each other and noticed that the other party was as dumbfounded as they were. Not able to bear the surprise, Shaar started to give the knight a wink and whispered:

"Hey my Friend, do you also spend your time at home stabbing coal briquettes and chopping steaks? You're quite skilled with that set of movements....."

When the knight leader heard this, his face color immediately changed and his chest started to hurt from this psychological attack. Stumbling a few steps backwards, blood suddenly sprayed out of his mouth.

Note: Vomiting blood was a hyperbole in Chinese culture

ED: In Romance of the Three Kingdoms for example, Zhou Yu's death was caused by Zhuge Liang upsetting him until he vomited blood.

While his opponent was vomiting blood, Shaar's head was still feeling a bit foggy. However, when he saw that the knight leader had no weapon in his hand anymore, he did not hesitate at all and rushed forward to pierce his opponent with his pitchfork!

Who would have thought that the knight leader was completely stupefied and kept staring at Shaar. Constantly keeping his eyes on Shaar, he completely forgot to dodge and was standing there speechless.

Just when the charred pitchfork was moments away from piercing his head, Shaar suddenly heard the sound of a bowstring vibrating behind him.

Phew!

After a sharp piercing sound, Shaar cried out in pain and dived aside to dodge, but that black light had already pierced his body! A wild goose feathered arrow was stuck on his shoulder and the fletching was still trembling!

In the distant, that third knight with a calm face was currently pulling his bow, and on the bowstring already laid two arrows that were aimed at Shaar.

"Kid, put down your weapon and slowly back off a few steps!"

Clenching his teeth, Shaar grabbed the arrow tail and his eyebrows were revealing a hint of ferociousness. Just when he was getting ready to rush forwards, he heard the sound of a bowstring propelling an arrow and it hit just three centimeters in front of his foot!

"I will only say it once, back off!" The third knight in the distance stared at Shaar coldly. The pair of eyes were so cold that it did not show the slightest hesitation.

Right at that moment, hoof beats could be heard from the opposite shore!

Chapter 28: No good intentions

The black iron arrow was steadily pointed at Shaar and it looked like the knight's control over his bow was extremely polished. His eyes kept staring at his target and his expression was as calm as water. Locked on to his target, Shaar could feel the tingling on his scalp even with such a large distance between them.

Nevertheless, his temper could not be suppressed!

What kind of person was Shaar? He grew up in the mountain and mingled in Primal Wildfire town since his childhood. A person like him could be persuaded by reason but would not yield to force. If you talked to him honestly, he would consider negotiating. However, the more force you use, the more it stimulated his inner rage.

Simply put, he was one of those hotheads who would not back down even if he knew that he could not beat his opponent. He would risk his own life just to let the other guy get a taste of his own blood!

Facing the awe-inspiring arrow, Shaar's complexion changed and he became more concentrated.

The hoof beats across the river on the opposite shore were rapidly coming closer. With the corner of his eyes, Shaar swept over the distance and saw the big dust cloud. By analysing the details, he was certain that there were at least a dozen knights rushing towards them. Right now, with only three opponent he only managed to defeat two with great difficulty and nearly lost his poor life. If there were again 7 or 8 more....

Quickly calculating the distance of the incoming riders, Shaar steeled his heart and made up his mind.

While staring at the knight with the bow, the knight noticed the change in Shaar's eyes already before he had a chance to move his hands. Feeling the incoming danger, the knight loosened his fingers that held the bowstring without hesitation.....

With a buzzing sound, his final arrow aimed at Shaar's throat!

Tightening his whole body, Shaar took a deep breath and leapt horizontally towards his opponent and threw his pitchfork mid-air. His weapon flew with lightning speed toward the knight in the distance!

Puff!!

A fountain of blood suddenly burst out the knight's chest as the pitchfork pierced through his body. The throw was so powerful that it knocked his opponent off his horse. The body immediately fell to the ground and the pitchfork nailed it to the floor!!

Feeling something cold touching his neck, Shaar tried his best to dodge, but who would have thought that the knight's archery skill was so profound that he already predicted Shaar's movement. Even when Shaar used all his power to avoid the arrow, the knight had already calculated it into the trajectory and transformed the arrow into a deadly snake biting into Shaar's neck....

In that moment, even Shaar thought that his life was over when he felt something hitting his neck. His last thought in his mind actually was:

Motherfuck, will I die like this? Dying as a virgin.....

.....

Splash!

Shaar dropped to the ground and his clothes became a complete mess. However, when he touched his neck, there was not a single drop blood. He saw the arrow lying on the ground next to him. Seeing that the arrowhead became dull, he could not help but be startled. Wondering how he survived, he touched his neck with his hand and suddenly felt the greyish stone that the old man left behind. This item was the only thing that he inherited from him. As a matter of fact, Shaar did not know what this stone was and he just kept it while casually hanging it on his neck. He would never have guessed that this thing would actually save his life and deflect the arrow from his neck.....

There was no problem with the knight's accuracy, on the contrary... His shot was too accurate! If he had moved his hand a tiny bit and the aim

was half a centimetre off, then perhaps right now Shaar would be greeting the old man in hell.

Dying full of regret, the body of the knight that was nailed to the ground twisted a few times and stopped breathing. I am afraid, even in death he would never understand that his mistake was that his accuracy was too precise.

After touching his neck a few times, his energy returned and he instantly jumped up. Spitting on the ground, he leapt several steps towards the dumbfounded knight leader and kicked him in his face. Shaar then rushed towards the dead knight and pulled out his pitchfork.

Even if he was a bit of a simpleton, how could he not notice that there was something wrong with his pitchfork?!

The hoof beats in the distance instantly made him anxious again and the sound increasingly caused his heart to beat faster. Not daring to delay any longer, Shaar returned to the rock and started carrying the Pitiful Creature that was scared silly.

Dumbfounded, the Pitiful Creature stared at Shaar: “You, you have defeated Rahim.....”

“Rahim my ass!” Incapable of focusing his mind on other things, Shaar slapped the pitiful creature’s face with his palm and asked: “Can you ride a horse?”

The Pitiful Creature immediately awoke and subconsciously nodded. Shaar instantaneously threw her on a horse: “Ride north and don’t stop!” Finishing his sentence, he ignored the Pitiful Creature’s protest and poked the horse’s ass with the pitchfork. Barely sitting on the horse, the Pitiful Creature screamed and almost flew off her saddle. While the horse bolted away, she could only use all her strength to hold on to the horse’s neck.

When the knight leader and the knight with the broken foot saw the Pitiful Creature, their faces suddenly reddened from anger and stubbornly stared at Shaar while their bodies trembled.

Taking another horse for himself, Shaar instantly discarded all the

weapons and tools on the saddle. After mounting the horse, Shaar looked at the goblins behind the rock and made a hand gesture: "Oaks, come!"

Hesitating for a moment, Oaks finally understood that Shaar wanted to bring him with him and shouted full of delight. He was not a fool, seeing those knights at opposite shore of the river coming closer, he knew that he would only get butchered if he stayed. Shaar picked up Oaks and put him in front of him and looked at the remaining goblins. Finally deciding, he grabbed the smallest one and put him behind him.....

Although there were three riders on the horse, this kind of warhorse was extremely powerful. Since the goblin were by nature small, the total weight was not high and still tolerable for the horse.

Oakes suddenly felt a bit uneasy. Since he had a special status, he was qualified to ride with Shaar to escape. However, why did his human master take another goblin?

Nevertheless, there was no time to speak. Shaar already saw the cavalry preparing to cross the river and the two vanguard riders were already in the water. Ready to depart, Shaar gave the horse's belly a strong kick, but it unexpectedly made the warhorse neigh and rear. This sudden move almost threw off Shaar and the two goblins. Luckily, he clamped tightly with his legs onto the horse's belly and grabbed those two goblins with his hands. Or else, he might have put on a good show while running behind his horse.

His heart was getting anxious, in fact how could a beggar hunter like him who lived in the mountain actually know how to ride a horse? Nonetheless, after sitting firmly on the saddle, he did the same old trick and stabbed his pitchfork into the horse's buttocks. That pitiful warhorse neighed in pain and dashed forward wildly like the wind.

At this moment, half of the knight had already crossed the river and separated into two teams. One team checked on the three defeated knights and the remaining people started to give chase without hesitation.

Shaar's horse bolted after the Pitiful Creature, however he had never

ridden a horse before and felt the whistling sound of wind past his ears. Sitting on the horse, he nearly threw up his breakfast, but suddenly heard the horse hooves coming closer behind him.

Turning his head, he saw numerous riders hot on his tail.

Since Shaar did not learn any horse riding, his skill was like a blank slate. Furthermore, this warhorse was powerful, but it still carried three riders. Although the two goblins were quite light, both of them added together were as heavy as a human. After running for a while, the speed gradually started to slow down.

Seeing more and more pursuers catching up, Shaar desperately kicked the horse's belly while stabbing it with his pitchfork. That pitiful horse was really unlucky. It could only raise its hooves and continue dashing forwards. No one appreciated that it was running considerably faster than usual and it ran until foam started to form around its mouth.

While sitting on the horse, Shaar suddenly heard the sound of a bowstring behind him and immediately ducked his head while bending down his body.

Closing down the distance, the knights chasing him took out their bows and started to shoot arrows at him. The arrows flew past his ears while making swishing sounds. With no horse riding experience whatsoever, Shaar naturally would not know any difficult manoeuvres. Nevertheless, he actually started laughing loudly and did not even attempt to dodge. Grabbing the goblin behind him, he used him to shield against the incoming arrows.....

“Ouke, Ouke” Only the pitiful screams of that goblin could be heard. In an instant, 17 arrows were stuck in his buttocks making it look like a hedgehog.

Using his meat shield to block in all directions, that goblin's desperate “Ouke, Ouke” screams gradually toned down. When Shaar took another look at his victim, he noticed the body was already fully covered with arrows and there was almost no more space left for his hand to grab.

The knights on his tail finally discovered that Shaar was shamelessly

using a meat shield and were not willing to waste any more arrows. They forced their horses to continue the pursuit.

With a malicious laugh, Shaar shamelessly threw that pitiful meat shield away.

At that moment, Mr. Princess who was sitting at the front became terror-stricken! Even with his low intelligence, he understood the reason his human master took two goblins with him a moment ago.....

There were no good intentions in his heart!!

Sure enough, the moment Shaar threw away his meat shield, he grabbed his spare meat shield No. 2 Mr. Princess and placed him behind his body. Oaks screamed desperately: "Buttocks, Sijie, does not want!!!"

For Shaar right now, his own life was more important, how would he have the luxury to care about the safety of Mr. Princess' buttohole.....

After running for an hour, Shaar stabbed the horse's buttocks so often that this horse was too tired to run any faster. Its mouth was covered with foam, but those pursuing knights were still not thrown off his tail. To his terrible surprise, he actually managed to catch up with the Pitiful Creature while pushing his horse to its limits.

Just at that moment, the Pitiful Creature in front of him suddenly reined and forcefully stopped her horse. Turning around, she desperately waved her hands to signal Shaar to stop.

Looking in the distance, Shaar immediately discovered that a river was cutting off their passage. The dry winter had abruptly transformed the river bank into a steep cliff and turned it into a deep canyon in front of them. That canyon was at least a dozen meters deep! Fortunately for them, because it was upstream, the width was reduced a lot.

Struggling to restrain his horse, Shaar saw that his pursuers were closing in and simply dragged the pitiful creature from her saddle towards his own. Keeping his eyes on the canyon, Shaar stabbed his horse's buttocks one more time....

The horse dashed off with its last strength and rushed towards the edge

of that canyon!

The horse made an elegant arc mid-air, thenFell down.

Chapter 29: A virgin's heart

Splash!!

With a giant splash, the trio and the horse fell into the river. Luckily for them they landed upstream of the river. Although it was the dry season right now, the river bed upstream had a fairly abundant volume of water. Otherwise, if they fell from such high place, they would have become a meat pie by now.

The moment they fell in the water, the powerful current instantly pulled them deep under the water. While struggling furiously, Shaar felt a massive amount of river water rushing inside his mouth and nose. Within the water, he started to resist feverishly when he felt his legs entangled in the stirrup, but was not able to set himself free and entwined further with it. Feeling the desperation, he subconsciously opened his mouth to breathe and water immediately started to fill his lungs, almost choking him to death.

Feeling more and more water pouring in, Shaar felt his hands and feet getting heavier. His body constantly became weaker, his consciousness began to blur and the strength to struggle was evading him.

Exactly at that moment, a hand suddenly extended from the side and pulled out the pitchfork from Shaar's waist and started to break the stirrup. Pulling Shaar's armpits from behind, they started to float upward.....

When they reached the surface, Shaar suddenly felt a bright light in front of him. Desperately dragging his body out of the river, his rescuer finally managed to put him on a rock.

With water dripping down her hair, the Pitiful Creature struggled to turn Shaar's body and started to punch his stomach with her fists.

Boah!!

The moment Shaar opened his mouth, he belched and the river water started to spray out. Coughing violently for a little while, he started to

gasp heavily for air.

Looking at him with worried eyes, the Pitiful Creature asked: “Hey, are you alright?”

“I am so full” Shaar responded after waiting a while.

Breathing heavily for a while, Shaar looked up and saw the Pitiful Creature and Oaks beside him – the trio were now at the base of this canyon in the middle of the river. They were lying on the surface of a rock that was sticking out of the river bed. The surface was the size of two dining tables and they were surrounded by the river.

On top of the canyon, they could hear men shouting and horses neighing, and looking from afar their pursuers were already on the edge of the canyon. Circling around the canyon with their horses several times, they stared downward for a while frustrated. The side of the canyon had steep cliffs and there were no roads down. The river water had created a flat wall after countless years and it was so slippery that no one dared to climb it. Unless the knights transformed into monkeys, it was literally suicide to try.

After observing them for a while, those guys finally departed unwillingly. Returning to their horses, they probably decided to ride downstream and search for a topographically flatter place to cross. Shaar remembered very clearly that the riverbed remained an exceptionally steep terrain for quite a large stretch. In order to find a place to cross the river, they had to ride to their camping place from yesterday. However, even on horseback, riding there and back would take at least a few hours.

After the pursuing soldier left, they were safe temporarily and Shaar’s heart immediately relaxed a bit. He turned around, coughed out the remaining water and looked at the Pitiful Creature with a somewhat strange expression: “Was it you who just pulled me out of the water?”

The Pitiful Creature gave this hillbilly an angry glance. Her whole body was soaked, her hair was drenched and stuck to her clothes. She replied angrily: “What do you think?! You idiot, you clearly did not know how to

swim. The moment you fell into the water you started to sink! Someone like you actually dared to jump over a river with a horse?”

Tasting his mouth few times, Shaar gave off a stupid laugh: “ThatI heard many stories where the hero leads his pursuers to a cliff and used his horse to jump over it. Even if the cliff was wide, they always managed to jump over it magnificently. How did we not manage it? Probably because you’re too heavy!”

Hearing the last sentence, the Pitiful Creature’s heart started to fill with anger – for every woman, no matter ugly or beautiful, their body weight would always be a sensitive issue.

However, faced with this hillbilly, the Pitiful Creature could not even bother to start an argument and gave him a disdainful look.

Shaar was not a fool, after a moment of thinking, he quickly understood the circumstances.

When he leapt over the cliff and fell into the water, both the Pitiful Creature and the goblin princess were just sitting on the horse. The moment they fell into the water they would quickly float to the surface. Since Shaar had wrapped himself on the stirrup, the huge weight of the horse directly dragged him under water. This fellow who grew up in the mountain, never learned how to swim and if the Pitiful Creature did not save him, he would probably have lost his life here.

“I’m afraid those guys will be back soon. We must think of a way to leave here as soon as possible.” When Shaar sat up, he immediately frowned from the pain coming from his shoulder. The arrow was still stuck inside. A moment ago, when he was desperately trying to flee, he could still suppress the pain. However, now that he relaxed a bit, the pain suddenly became unbearable. Gripping the arrow’s tail, he exhaled and started to curse.

Seeing Shaar’s appearance, the Pitiful Creature’s anger immediately dispersed and looked at him with concern: “You are heavily injured. We have to remove the arrow.”

Slightly hesitating for a moment, she picked up the pitchfork and

started to take off Shaar's coat. Stripping off the leather armor taken from Nigal, one of the Four Master of Royal Capital, the Pitiful Creature used the pitchfork to cut open the leather near the wound. Although the pitchfork looked blunt and rusty, it was unexpectedly sharp and cut open the leather immediately.

That arrow had pierced the muscle very deeply and Shaar was lucky that the shot did not penetrate his shoulder. Seeing the wound covered in blood, the Pitiful Creature's heart started to tremble and she had to endure the feeling of nausea: "You need to endure the pain for a bit." She started to cut open the flesh wound with the pitchfork.

When the pitchfork entered his flesh, Shaar suddenly gave off an earth-shattering howl. The Pitiful Creature who had resisted the sight of blood until now, nearly fainted from this scream and shook her hand while staring angrily at Shaar: "What are you shouting about?"

"What do you think! Let me stab you once and see if you feel the pain!" Shaar justified himself.

"Looking at your fight with your life on the line a moment ago, you really struck fear into the hearts of others. Why aren't you acting like a hero now?" The Pitiful Creature started to mock him light heartedly.

Rolling up his eyes, Shaar replied: "Nonsense, who said that heroes did not fear pain? Even in a desperate battle, when you get cut by sword or shot by an arrow, it still hurts! I'm not hero, there's no need to forcefully pretend otherwise." After this sentence, he shuddered from pain.

"Thenendure it for a bit." When the Pitiful Creature wanted to ridicule him a bit more, she remembered that this hillbilly got injured to rescue her. She could not bear to mock him afterwards and endured the laughter while changing to a gentler tone. She leaned closer towards him and carefully cut the wound with the pitchfork.

When Shaar opened his mouth again to scream from the pain, his voice suddenly got stuck in his throat.

You ask why?

Since the Pitiful Creature was leaning her head towards Shaar's face, he felt her breath gently stroking his face and smelled a sweet fragrant coming from her. Shaar's virgin heart immediately started to jump faster from instinct. An indescribable excitement and numb feeling started enclose his heart.

Ignorant in his brain, he started to give birth to a ridiculous idea: "This guy, I didn't see him brushing his teeth for several days, how is his mouth not smelling....."

When male hormones encountered female hormones, the body started to act according to human nature and this kind of thing could not be explained.

Frightened by this kind of feeling, Shaar subconsciously took a deep breath, but did not think that he would actually breathe in more of the Pitiful Creature's fragrance. His heart immediately started to pump faster. At that time the Pitiful Creature felt that Shaar's body was slightly moving and subconsciously turned her head dissatisfied and said: "Stop moving around, Iwo!!"

The moment her head turned to the side, her lip suddenly touched Shaar's mouth when he opened it to breathe.....

In a flash, both of them became stupefied.

In fact, their lips only touched for a slight moment and the Pitiful Creature's lips slightly swept past Shaar's mouth. It was like a touch rather than an actual kiss and it felt like a kiss, but there was a trace of distance between them. However, both of them chose to believe that they actually felt their lips touching each other.

TL: God... that was hard to translate...

That moment, Shaar's heart was in a daze: No wonder this fellow had a soft-spoken voice, his lips felt so soft.....

A second later, they simultaneously cried out and immediately separated from each other. Shaar stared at the Pitiful Creature with widened eyes and the Pitiful Creature fiercely wiped her mouth with a

reddened face.

The Pitiful Creature was vomiting blood in her heart: I am doomed... I gave my first kiss to a hillbilly.....

Shaar was also vomiting blood in his heart: Fuck! Last time I actually had morning wood while hugging this guy! Now I was kissed by a man!!!

The moment Shaar opened his mouth to yell, he suddenly felt that there was a weird feeling on his shoulder. Looking down, the Pitiful Creature who was holding that arrow on his shoulder a moment ago had subconsciously pulled it out by force with her hands when they separated!

Widening his eyes, Shaar suddenly issued an earth shaking scream!

His shoulder twitched and blood started to burst out.....

Chapter 30: A Hint Of Throbbing Heart

The pain in his shoulder forced Shaar to squeeze his eyes and mouth together, giving him a ridiculous look on his face. Quickly putting pressure on his wound, his body trembled severely for a while, and he started to breathe out heavily. Refusing to remind himself of their kiss a moment ago, he started to curse: “Do you want to kill me!!”

The Pitiful Creature instantly became enraged. This hillbilly took massive advantage of her and actually dared to get angry and scold her: “You bastard, a moment ago

“Shut up!” Shaar’s face instantly changed color and forcefully gritted his teeth: “Nothing happened a moment ago! You better quickly forget about it! You, you better not tell this to anybody else, otherwise I won’t ever be able to leave my house in the future!”

While talking, Shaar looked around and saw the shy goblin princess sitting at the corner and started to give off a strong murderous intent: “And you! You also better not say a word about it!”

The goblin princess’ heart instantly filled with dread and quickly nodded.

The Pitiful Creature almost fainted from anger!

Not only did she stop believing in natural justice after this hillbilly took advantage of her, now this bastard actually started to act as if he was the one who was violated!

After such a side-show, both of them turned their heads and started to ignore each other.

Pulling out a piece of cloth, Shaar started to bind his wound and sat down while holding his head in worry.

Where did Shaar’s worries come from?

Stupid question, how could he not be worried?

When he calmed down, he indignantly discovered the fact that

Uncle Shaar turned into a poor wretch again.

In order to escape a moment ago, Shaar had to throw away all his belongings to save them! Which meant he could not bring the heavy luggage that he had carried around all the time!

God dammit! There were still a dozen gold coins inside!!

Both his waraxe and his shield were destroyed.

Even the wolf skin of that Bloodthirsty Great wolf was left behind!!

Right now, Shaar had returned to the same situation as when he left Primal Wildfire town. No, compared to that time, he at least also had a rotten axe in his hand. Now his only remaining weapon was the pitchfork.

Ahah?!!

The pitchfork!!

Quickly picking up the pitchfork that the pitiful creature left beneath his foot, Shaar carefully held it in his hands and observed it.

This rotten pitchfork was fully covered in a layer of black ash after using it to transport black coal for countless years. I am afraid that the thick layer could not be cleaned even if someone tried to scratch it off. It did not even have one shiny spot on it left.

Shaar did not even know where this tool came from and was already using it before he could remember. Most likely, the old man threw it into the furnace a long time ago. Shaar had never discovered its magical usefulness and usually only used it to stab a coal briquette or to flip some charcoals and so on.

As for its sharpnessWould you ever take your family pitchfork and start to use it as a kitchen knife to chop stuff when you had nothing to do?

After being busy for a while, the anger in Shaar's heart slowly disappeared. He looked at the Pitiful Creature and suddenly remembered some doubts that he wanted to clarify and coughed: "Hey, ehm, you, I

need to ask you something.”

The Pitiful Creature put on a serious face and turned around: “What?!”

Shaar sighed and made somewhat of a contemplating expression: “HeyIf I’m not mistaken, those guys who wanted to kill us are related to you! That fellow riding the horse asked me if I met another human being, andI noticed that when you saw them, you looked like as if you’d seen a ghost!”

The color instantly drained from the Pitiful Creature’s face and she knew that she could not hide it any longer. Moreover, when they escaped a moment ago, the opposite party already saw her and therefore, it was inevitable that they would never give up. Realizing that there was no way out, she nodded with a sullen face: “Yes.....Those people are looking for me and should have been sent by my uncle.”

“Your uncle?” Shaar frowned and stared at Pitiful Creature: “Are those people there to rescue you?” He quickly shook his head after his own question: “Doesn’t seem like it! You seemed afraid of being found by them.”

The Pitiful Creature pursed her lips and finally said in a low voice: “You don’t need to guess anymore. Their order should be..... to kill me!!”

Staring at her with his widened eyes, Shaar carefully examined the Pitiful Creature from head to toe for a while. His intense stare made the Pitiful Creature uneasy, and she secretly sighed while hesitating for a while. If this hillbilly questioned her more closely, should she actually tell him about the truth or not. Looking at the situation, she could only depend upon his protection right now.....

With a sad look, she said: “This affair originated from a secret scandal in my family

Before she could continue, Shaar suddenly started laughing and stopped her conversation while forcefully patting her shoulder. He almost dislocated the Pitiful Creature’s shoulder with one pat: “Haha! Then, doesn’t it mean that I’ve saved you again just now?! Hey, Pitiful Creature, it looks like your family’s very rich, since they could hire such fierce

assassins. If we make it back alive, you should pay me a big protection reward!”

The Pitiful Creature opened her mouth and stared at Shaar, somewhat surprised. She finally could not bear it anymore and whispered: “You, do you not want to ask me

“No need to ask.” Shaar waved his hand while his face showed a calm expression: “What’s the point of knowing more, would it improve our current predicament? We can talk if we manage to get back alive!”

Just when he relaxed a bit, in less than a moment, he suddenly noticed that his own hand was still on the Pitiful Creature’s shoulder. He instantly felt a chill in his heart and quickly pulled back his hand while his body shuddered.

Not daring to look at the Pitiful Creature again for fear of recalling his “tragedy” a moment ago, Shaar averted his eyes and looked at the surrounding: “First, we need to find a way to leave here, those guys didn’t look like they’d give up easily, ehm, we

“Even with our current situation, you still want to look for that dragon?” The Pitiful Creature frowned and had a somewhat concerned expression: “Even if you find that buried dragon treasure, while we are being chased by those people, there is no way to bring back the treasure.”

Venting out his anger, Shaar snorted and replied: “No other choice. Those guys are in the south, if we turn back now, we’ll walk into a trap. Therefore, our only option is to walk towards the north.”

Taking his pitchfork, Shaar started to look at the opposite cliff and made some gesture with his hand. Taking a few steps backwards, he suddenly jumped in the air towards the cliff.

His strength was quite scary, with only a few steps, he unexpectedly jumped several meters high and threw himself on the cliff. With a roar, the pitchfork stabbed maliciously into the cliff! This weapon cut stones as if they were made out of tofu!

Using the pitchfork as a foothold, Shaar used his free hand to throw

them a rope that was twined on his waist: “Grab this rope, I will pull you up.”

This guy’s body was similar to a monster. Even when he suffered several injuries, he still had so much energy.

After using the rope to pull up the Pitiful Creature and goblin, he wrapped the rope around his waist again and used his pitchfork to cut into the cliff a few times in order to make a gap. Placing his hand firmly in the newly created gap, he pulled up the pitchfork again and used this method to climb upwards.

While repeating this method several times, he finally managed to pull the Pitiful Creature and the goblin princess up the cliff.

Finally arriving at the top, Shaar fell on the ground gasping for air. The wound on his shoulder reopened and blood was flowing out, staining his clothes.

Seeing this, the Pitiful Creature began to worry: “Your wound is bleeding again.....”

Shaar grunted and replied in a bad mood: “Of course it’ll start bleeding. Just can’t find some medicine here, damn.....”

When he mentioned the medicine, the Pitiful Creature eyes lit up and immediately sat down to take off her boot, while exposing her feet.

This morning, she had applied fresh medicine to her wounded feet. Since they were in a bad position right now, they had to manage with what they have. She started to scrap the remnant medicine from her own wound with her hand.

Looking at her, Shaar became enraged: “Hey! You expect me to put this on my wound after you had it on your smelly feet?”

Tearing up from anger, the Pitiful Creature bit her lip and yelled: “Do not use it if you do not wish to. I hope you suffer from the pain!”

Being accustomed to survival in the wild, Shaar knew that this kind of wound could kill someone just from the blood loss, if it did not get treated.

Even if he had a tough body, they were in a crisis right now, and he could not be picky about such small stuff.

While continuing their journey, Shaar, who had been injured on his shoulder, could not carry the Pitiful Creature anymore and therefore Oaks began to suffer.

He was forced to carry the Pitiful Creature, who was twice as tall as him, on his back while hobbling behind Shaar.

Our trio did not dare to walk along the river bank and went east for a while until they changed their direction toward the north during the evening.

Knowing that their pursuers could catch up to them at any moment, they naturally did not dare to set camp and traveled throughout the night.

Not having any food or sleep, those three were tired and hungry. They feared that a fire would expose their positions at night and did not dare to light one. After being on the road for the greater part of the night, except Shaar who still had some strength left, both the Pitiful Creature and Oaks were out of energy energy.

Especially the Pitiful Creature, who was soaked in water yesterday, was freezing in the evening because of the cold winter breeze. When the morning arrived, this young lady's face was pale and her teeth were chattering while sitting on the Oaks' back.

Seeing her in this kind of state, Shaar started to worry. At daybreak, they finally sat down to rest. The goblin princess' small thin legs were already shaking unstoppable like leaves, and he fell to the ground like a rock, unable to stand up again.

Barely keeping up his spirit, Shaar started to search in the surrounding for a while and started to cheer loudly after he flipped a stone. He instantly pulled out his pitchfork and started to dig furiously into the soil.

Moments later, Shaar ran back with a hand full of red thin stuffs that looked like fish eggs.

Weakened from the cold, the Pitiful Creature saw Shaar's hand in front

of her and looked down at the weird things in his hand: "What?"

"Eat it!" Shaar ordered her without explanation and started to pull her chin in order to forcibly open her mouth and stuff those things inside her mouth.

In her mouth, those things felt thin and crispy, while giving off a sour taste. The texture was actually not bad and with some food in her stomach, the Pitiful Creature immediately felt her body warming up. While warm feeling spread from her belly, she looked at this hillbilly, and her eyes expressed a bit of gratitude: "What are those things?"

Licking his lips, Shaar looked at his hand – there was only a small amount, and the Pitiful Creature already ate all of it.

"Red ant eggs." Shaar answered: "These things are quite amazing. They can fill you up, and those red ant eggs will cure your cold. You'll soon start sweating and feel more comfortable."

Before the Pitiful Creature could say anything, she suddenly saw Shaar gulping down his saliva. Seeing that this hillbilly's hand was empty, she immediately became aware of the situation. It was said that every person would have a soft heart during their weakest moment. For some unknown reason, the warm feeling coming from the red ant eggs in her belly were also warming up her heart right now. Staring at this hillbilly, she could no longer utter a word anymore.

When the sun came out, our trio started to set off again. Like Shaar said, the Pitiful Creature started sweating and had her spirit restored. However, for some unknown reason, she stayed silent and no longer spoke with Shaar. Her usual squabble with him also stopped, and she only occasionally turned her eyes and stared at this hillbilly.

In the morning, this hillbilly walked in front with his head held high. The chilly morning breeze mixed with Shaar's hot breath in the cold air, and while the Pitiful Creature watched this, especially his magnificent broad back, she could not help but to unconsciously become enchanted by it...

Chapter 31: A Dead Person's Head

After crossing the wilderness in an alert state for an entire day, maybe because of Shaar's massive luck, those pursuers were not able to catch up.

The further they walked, the farther away they got from the danger, and the sense of uneasiness in their heart gradually dispersed.

Taking advantage of the daylight, Shaar picked up some dry herbs and burned it into plant ash to apply on his wound. People who were experienced in surviving in the wild would use this kind of ash to stop the bleeding if they lacked medicine after getting injured. Not only could this ash stop bleeding, it could also prevent infections.

During the second day, Shaar's luck jumped to its peak when they actually met a jackal that tried to attack them at midnight.

This animal died a very tragic death under Shaar's pitchfork and was made into a tasty barbecue. The remaining meat turned into dried rations for their journey – Only the pitiful goblin princess' burden suddenly increased a lot.

TL: We all know how pitiful they die... poor animals...

Without any sympathy, Shaar treated Oaks as a slave.

The goblin princess actually did not have any complaints. For goblins, once their status turned into a "soso", human law did not apply to them anymore – oh, that's right a goblin did not know anything about human law in the first place.

After walking in the wilderness for almost five days, they finally saw a continuous panorama of green and black in the distant horizon.....

Mountains! They finally saw the mountains!

The trio immediately started cheering and Shaar even started to beat his chest while roaring furiously.

Those few days had put tremendous pressure on him. Even as a

seasoned hunter, he was a little worried that he was lost.

In order to escape their pursuers, they stayed far away from the river, but the river was the best method to identify their location.

Moreover, according to the information of Mr. Princess, they should have seen the mountains after three days. However, they actually walked for five days.

If they had walked for two more days and were still unable to find the mountains, perhaps the pitiful goblin would have to suffer Shaar's wrath for giving him false information.

Although they saw the mountains from afar, there was a saying "Seeing a mountain from afar, would kill the horse to reach it". Our trio spent half a day walking until they arrived in the forest at the foot of the mountain.

Finally seeing the green woods, Shaar was so excited that he performed a somersault and yelled a few times.

For someone like Shaar who grew up in the mountain forest, as soon as he saw the scenery, it instantly gave him a familiar feeling that was impossible to describe. For him, there was food everywhere, every animal transformed into his prey and there were resources all around him that he could take advantage off.

When Shaar continuously yelled in excitement, the Pitiful Creature could not help but pour a little cold water over him.

"Hey, Shaar." The Pitiful Creature sighed – ever since that day Shaar let her eat the red ant eggs, which was the only food they had, the Pitiful Creature did not quarrel with Shaar anymore. She also no longer called him "hillbilly". Looking more closely, she even spoke a few words in a very cheerful manner with him.

"What?" Shaar turned his head and threw out his chest. The wound on his shoulder was already healed – this anomaly made the Pitiful Creature and the goblin awestruck.

This guy's body was made from a monster..... It made people wonder,

perhaps his real father raped a magical beast and it gave birth to him. At least it would be hard to find someone with the same kind of monstrous physique as his in the world!

Looking at the several wounds on his body, the claw marks left behind by the Bloodthirsty Great Wolf were already completely healed and even the scars were already gone. The arrow wound on his shoulder was also almost healed. There was only a small cut that bled left, and it was surrounded by newly grown flesh. It had a slightly deeper color, but besides that there was nothing unusual anymore.

Talking about it really made normal people angry. The Pitiful Creature's feet that were injured by the beast traps ages ago were still not fully healed. Right now, she still needed someone's support in order to walk and this hillbilly was already able to jump around wildly.

Hesitating for a moment, the Pitiful Creature could not help it and reminded Shaar: "You see, how are we going to look for the dragon in such a large mountain?"

Shaar was shocked.

Lifting his head, he looked in front of him.....

The forest at the foot of the mountain already seemed limitless and it covered everything all the way to the top. An ocean full of green and the mountain itself stretched vertically so that he was unable to see the top. One mountain attached to another..... If they searched one mountain after another, they would probably need several years just to cross it by foot!

Shaar was not someone who kept being stubborn in a dead-end and sighed: "Looking for a buried treasure was always a matter of luck. Don't worry if we can't find it. We'll wander around the mountains for several days, if we can find it, the better. If not, we probably moved further away from those knights and when the time comes, we can just turn around."

Pausing for a moment, Shaar smiled: "Or we just simply cross this mountain range altogether. I'd like to embark on a long journey for a month and it would be enough time to arrive at the other side of the

mountain. I heard that at the other side of the mountain was the territory of the Odin Empire. Anyway, I'm a person who eats alone and have no family members, therefore it doesn't matter where I go. In worst case, we can just simply drift along towards the Odin Empire."

When the Pitiful Creature heard this, she gently smiled: "Ha, when I first met you, you initially said that you had signed a contract with a guy to deliver some magical beasts to Primal Wildfire Town. You said that you got a credit and that it was a man's honour to deliver it no matter what."

Shaar smiled somewhat embarrassed: "Of course the credit needs to be repaid, butThen, if, you stupidly risk your life for five copper plates, it wouldn't be called heroism, but brain damaged. If you talk about heroism, you have to be clear about the occasion and the situation."

Ah, this hillbilly was not some kind of honest person.

Pausing again, Shaar held his head high and said: "Hey, Pitiful Creature, you also saved me few days ago in the river. As a repayment, I promise you that if we meet the dragon, I will definitely not use you as the bait!"

"Oh?" The Pitiful Creature eyes lit up and her eyes could not help but stare at him in a gentler way.

However, Shaar followed up with a few words

"In case we meet the dragon, I will not treat you as bait, but we'll have to depend on our own abilities to escape. The one who runs slower will probably be eaten by the dragon, it could be called fate then – so you only need to run faster than me....."

The Pitiful Creature: "....."

Run faster than you? Let alone with an injured foot, even at full health, how could I possibly run faster than a freak like you?!

The tooth of Pitiful Creature started to hurt again for some reason.

Stupid hillbilly! Bastard hillbilly! Just when he gave me a better impression, he immediately had to add this impudent remark!

After calming down, the Pitiful Creature had a strange kind of feeling in

her heart, as ifLooking at Shaar, although this guy's mouth was full of vulgar words, but as soon as they encountered danger, he would not abandon her and run away by himself.

She did not know why, but the Pitiful Creature was confident in her heart.

.....

After entering the forest, Shaar immediately made a crutch out of a stick for the Pitiful Creature and also sharpened a stick with his pitchfork to act as a spear. However, the pitiful Oaks continued to play the role of the porter, but his burden became a lot lighter.

After walking in the woods for a whole day, when Shaar started to search for dry branches to prepare to light a fire for the night, he suddenly heard a strange voice coming from deep in the forest.

This sound was very faint in the beginning and when Shaar moved deeper into the woods, he started to hear it more clearly.

The Pitiful Creature and Oaks also heard that voice behind Shaar.

This voice was long and thin with a lengthened tune. It was weakened and let out some dying moans. It somehow reminded them of the sound of an owl.

The Pitiful Creature was immediately scared and shrank her neck: "Hey, Shaar, is this a magical beast?"

Listening carefully for a moment, Shaar turned his head and smiled: "No, it's not! It seems like a person's pitiful yell. It reminds me of the moment when I picked you up. You made a similar sound."

The Pitiful Creature instantly blushed. Just as she wanted to say something, Shaar already moved towards the noise with big steps.

After walking several hundreds of meters, a small open space appeared in the middle of the woods. It was obvious that someone crossed this place since the surrounding weed had been trampled by several people.

Just when the trio came out the grove, they saw in the middle of the

open space.....The source of this weird sound!

It was a man!

A man, with long golden hair covered with bits of grass and dirt. He was so weak that he was struggling with his last-ditch effort to call for help.

When the trio walked closer, they could see the man's face clearer and.....

They only saw the face of this person!

Because, this pitiful fellow was completely buried underground. The mud reached until his neck and only revealed his head above ground.

Seeing this guy's head, although he screamed somewhat pitifully, Shaar could not help but to laugh in his heart.

Walking towards him with big steps, he stopped in front of this pitiful fellow and gently touched this guy's head with his toes: "Hello!"

This head had his spirit immediately lifted and looked up with his helpless eyes at Shaar. He suddenly cried out loudly: "God be blessed, praise the great master, the Lord's glory is everywhere! Someone finally came to save me....."

"You are....." Shaar carefully examined this fellow.

"I am a human!" The head replied somewhat frustrated. Although his whole face was covered with dust, his eyes were surprisingly shiny. Shaar had never seen such bright eyes before! Although this fellow acted embarrassed, his tone was somewhat strange: "Can't you see that I am a man? Stop standing there and quickly dig me out. I am really going to suffocate soon."

While talking, he made a disgusting expression and spat out some dirt: "You had better prepare me a piece of clothing too. Those bastards took all my clothes before burying me inside here....."

Chapter 32: Seeking the dragon

Mr. Head's way of speaking was quite interesting.

The strangest thing was, this guy seemed depressed and extremely embarrassed, but his tone did not show it at all and even had a hint of arrogance in it.

..... Shaar started laughing.

Approaching him, Shaar looked him in the eyes: "Hey, I saw that you are human. Even so.....Can you give me a reason why I should dig you out?"

The man gave Shaar a disdain look with his eyes and he suddenly put on a strange smile on his face and sighed. With a casual tone he replied: "Alright, enough with the jokes. I know that you will dig me outYour look told me that if I was a dwarf or a goblin, you might not save me, but..... You are not the type of person who would neglect a human in danger and do nothing!"

After those words, Shaar did not respond, but the pitiful creature standing behind him had a sudden enlightenment!

The doubts in her mind that lasted for a long time finally cleared. In fact, the pitiful creature was always confused what this hillbilly's actual character was. No one would deny that he as vulgar, but if you asked if he had a cruel temper, the answer would be somewhat vague: This guy was a robber, stole other people's money, loved shouting and drinking. He would transform into a fierce warrior in a desperate situation and did not have any mercy for his goblin prisoners. When they became his prisoners, they got physically abused and even used a meat shields to block arrows without a blink of an eye – from this point of view, one could say he was cruel.

However, he also looked after her. When her leg and foot was wounded, he carried her the whole time and in a critical moment he would not give up on his companion. Two days ago, when they were struggling with hunger and thirst, he left her the only food he found. These kind of

actions all revealed that this hillbilly had a pure heart.

This guy had unexpectedly both characteristics of cruel and kind. It really kept the pitiful creature wondering about his real nature. Right now, this buried Mr. head casually said the critical point she was wondering about the whole time!

He only care about humans!!

This hillbilly biggest attitude was “he was not a person who would see a human in danger and not help!”

The pitiful creature remembered, the moment they entered the goblin territory, Shaar said that “Goblin never knew unity” and “like to bully their kindred”. On those two matters, his voice had always a deep tone of mockery and disapproval.

Obviously in this guy’s mind, good and evil was determined according to this standard.

The pitiful creature saw Shaar in a better light, he suddenly started laughing.

This hillbilly stood up and stared at Mr. Head for a moment while touching his chin: “Alright, since you look like an interesting guy.....”

Suddenly, Shaar drew his weapon and maliciously pounded the ground several time. The surrounding soil immediately became loose and he extended his big hand to grab the golden hair of Mr. Head while pulling it up by force –

With a pitiful yell, Mr. Head finally emerged with a bang and fell on the ground while spitting out a mouthful soil: “Come on, I am not a radish!!”

Shaar smiled and released his big hand while a handful blond hair fell down.

Mr. Head grunted and hid his body when he stood up. Lifting his eyes, he said: “I need some clothes.”

Turning around, Shaar casually pulled out a jackal skin from his luggage.....This beast was their meal several days ago. Mr. Head held the

jackal skin while looking at him. He finally sniffed at it and declared while frowning slightly: "Will make do for now."

To be honest, the jackal fur had a very ugly grey pattern that was crooked and some ugly spots on it. Furthermore, jackal leather had generally bad quality and even fur traders avoided buying this kind of fur.

However, for a guy who had just been rescued, he actually thought that he had a choice and put the leather around his waist. Looking up to Shaar, he said in a calm voice: "Do you have any water? AhSome food would be nice too."

The pitiful creature knew that this hillbilly was not considered someone who was easy talking to. Just when she closed her eyes thinking that Mr. Head's careless talk to this this hillbilly would get him a slap with his backhand – this hillbilly's backhand slap strength was no joke!

However, Shaar treated this guy patiently, loosened the water bag on his waist and even took out a dried jackal meat.

Mr. Head did not grab the water and meat in hurry to stuff it down as they imagined, but calmly opened the water bag and poured a little water to wash the soil from his face and hair. When he washed himself, it appeared composed and even had a faint graceful noble appearance.

Then, after he washed off the dust from his face and hair.....

Shaar and the pitiful creature stared at him dumbfounded!

.....

.....

It had to be said, even from the pitiful creature's perspective, she must admit that she had never seen such an handsome man in her whole life!

Moreover, the strangest thing was, even according to Shaar's special standards, he thought that this Mr. Head looked really handsome!!

First of all, he had bright golden hair that looked like summer sunlight and it was curl and mild like seaweed.

Next, he had an angular face full of masculine charm and after it was

cleaned, a pair of eyes immediately burst out an otherworldly look. His eyebrows were very high and both eyes looked divine. In addition to his golden hair, it made him radiating a type of wild and assertive charm. His straight nose made him look like a man who had a firm and determined character. These points were all perfectly conform with Shaar's aesthetic ideas.

For the pitiful creature's standards, this guy's facial features were simply exquisite to the extreme. The shape, the nose, the lip line, each part was as if an artist created the most perfect work of art. His skin was fair and had a healthy gloss, when he started talking, he revealed two rows of white and perfectly arranged teeth.

Flawless! This was a flawless face!!

(Pitiful creature would bet all her money, that if his guy entered the Royal Capital, all of those resentful aristocratic women, both married and unmarried would certainly go crazy for him)

Once againThis guy's body.....

With only a jackal skin wrapped around his waist, his upper body was completely exposed. His muscles were all angular and the proportion extremely symmetrical. His body was tall, straight and fit. The width of his shoulder and his narrow waist formed a nearly perfect inverted triangle and each muscle appeared to have the optimum ratio Healthy, vigorous and did not have the least bit of extra fat.

The pitiful creature could not help but start comparing Mr. Head's body with this hillbilly's.

In comparison, Shaar was an abnormal monster. His muscles were more robust and full of explosive strength. However, Mr. Head's physical proportion was just perfect with no sense of lack of power while even having a kind of noble flavor. Looking at this guys was like looking at a piece of art from a master sculpture.....

While Shaar definitely looked more sturdy, Mr. Head was just too, too, too

Too beautiful!!

Even the ugly piece of jackal skin around his waist transformed into a piece of art.

In this flash, the pitiful creature and Shaar could not resist but glanced at each other and their look had the same meaning: This guy, was too fucking handsome!!

Looking at this Mr. Universe eating gracefully the jackal meat with small bites, Shaar cleared his throat and loudly announced: “Hey, in view of the fact that I saved you. According to the Primal Wildfire custom, I have the authority to announce that you will temporarily became my soso..... Also, you temporarily became my servant. However, you have the right to buy your freedom and I put your price to one gold coin! As long as you can pay a gold coin, you can buy back your freedom from me. Any questions?”

Mr. Universe put down the dog meat and looked at Shaar with a trace of a strange smile on his face: “And If I reject?”

“ThenI would have bury you again.” Shaar made a malicious smile.

“A gold coin, ah, is it a Byzantine gold coin?” Mr. Universe thought for a moment.

“Yes.”

“Deal.” Mr. Universe laughed and when his eyebrows lifted upward it made a very beauty sharp: “Well, I will pay you a gold coin as soon as possible. Since you save me, before the repayment, I will work for you temporarily.”

The pitiful creature silently sighed in her heart.....

A hillbilly will always be a hillbilly!

A gold coin? This guys.....From his look, if he was sold on the slave market, I am afraid people would break their heads to buy even if someone asked 100 times more!!

Shaar seemed very satisfied and extended his big hand to pat on Mr.

Universe's shoulder: "Very good! As your temporary master, I will tell you my name. My name is Shaar, you can call me Mr. Shaar or Master Shaar. What about you?"

".....You can call me Darwin." Mr. Universe made a shallow smile and for some unknown reason and his smiles had a strange mystical flavor.

"Darwin? Your name is so hard to pronounce." Shaar scratched his head: "It's too troublesome, I will call you Ada from now on."

"A.....Ada" For the first time, Mr. Universe's face changed color and his expression was as if he choked on the jackal meat: "My name is Darwin!"

"I know, Ada."

"Please call me Darwin!"

"Alright, Ada."

"Do not call me Ada."

"No problem, Ada!"

.....

After an argument, Ada finally gave up. In front of this persistently unreasonable hillbilly, his gracefulness and elegance was useless.

But when Ada faced the pitiful creature, the situation changed.

"You" Ada looked at pitiful creature and frowned while wanting to say something.

The pitiful creature's heart immediately tensed up! That hillbilly was abnormal and regarded her as an ugly man until now, butThis Ada seemed like a normal smart guy, he must already had noticed that I am a girl!

Oh no

Looking a little nervous, the pitiful creature's heart was anxious while she tried to think of a way to indicate to this guy not to mention the secret about her identity.....

Ada stared at the pitiful creature for a while, then he suddenly took his eyes off her and sneered: “You should find a place to fix your tooth, your present appearance is very ugly.”

The pitiful creature: “.....”

Shaar burst out laughing next to her and looked at Ada in a more pleasing light. He approached the pitiful creature and grabbed her shoulder and chuckled: “Hey pitiful creature, even Ada said that you are ugly. Relax, when we find the buried treasure and we make it back, I will buy an attractive gold tooth for you!”

The pitiful creature: “.....”

.....

“So, Ada, why were you buried in the ground?” Shaar finally asked the key question.

Ada lowered his head to think for a moment and then lifted it to tie together his uncombed hair while sighing gently: “Two days ago, I ran into a group of people here. Those fellows seemed to be some magicians and were doing some survey in these mountains. They captured me because they heard that there was a dragon hidden in this nearby mountain. Since they sought for a long time and could not find, they therefore asked me if I had any valuable clues.”

Dragon?!

Shaar’s eyes immediately widened.

“Probably because my attitude was not respectful enough, I angered them, but some of them had some objections regarding how to handle me. Some magicians suggested to kill me, but some kind magicians thought that it was too cruelly. Finally,”

“Finally what?”

“Finally the opinions of these kind magicians prevailed by arguing that a magician should be a noble person and should not dirty their hands with blood. Therefore, they decided not to kill me, but to bury in the

ground with magic instead, letting me fend for myself.”

When Ada calmly finished his sentence, the pitiful creature immediately exclaimed: “Bury you alive? That is called nice??!!”

Ada looked at pitiful creature with a faint smile. His smiling face hide a hint of slyness: “As a reward, I told them an information: At the north mountain top, some strange things occurred few days ago. A sound similar to a thunder was heard repeatedly on the mountain, moreover in the morning, a thick smoke would emerge on the summit.”

“??” The pitiful creature stared at him with round eyes: “Do you mean

Shaar suddenly made a strange smile and he narrowed his eyes while staring at Ada: “Is that the dragon’s hiding place? Do you actually know? How did you find out the dragon’s hideout?”

Ada answer in a calm tone: “Because I am also here to look for that dragon.”

? !

Shaar and the pitiful creature looked at each other.

“But, but why did you told these magicians the dragon’s hiding places

“Those guys were no match for the dragon.” Ada said coldly: “Therefore, I think they are already dead by now.”

Chapter 33: A Handsome Goblin's Sadness

Part 1

Ada's words somehow made both Shaar and the pitiful creature broke out in cold sweat. The indifference in this guy's expression was naturally revealed and it made those two a bit frightened in their hearts.

It left a deep impression on Shaar:

This Ada seemed like a cold hearted villain who would eat people and not even leaving bones!

Looking at Shaar, the pitiful creature was pondering how to persuade him to cancel the dragon hunt. From the very start, she was not optimistic about this adventure's risks. If she had a choice, she would surely not follow this hillbilly here right now.

According to this mystical Ada's expression, no matter how they go forward, it would always be a dead end.

"How is it?" Ada's handsome face made a strange expression and his mouth sneered full of mockery: "Do you also want to look for that dragon? Need me to guide you?"

"Shaar!" The pitiful creature quickly yelled and stared at Shaar with a serious look: "Don't go!!"

Shaar did not speak.

"Please, don't go!" The pitiful creature said in a soft tone and pleaded with some gentle words: "If several magicians are no match for it, then we have certainly no chance. There is no way we can win – although the buried treasure is tempting, our lives are more important. I promise you, if you need money, I will pay you a large reward when we are back!"

"....." Shaar stayed silent for a little while, but the little hesitation in his eyes soon dissipated and was replaced by a firmness: "We go and have a look!"

“You!?” The pitiful creature was dumbstruck: “Did you go mad?”

“Of course not.” Shaar curled his lip: “I know that our lives are more important. However, since we are already arrived here, if we just turn back now I would feel regret forever. We just go have a look and we don’t need to approach it. Let’s have a look at the situation first and then decide.....Perhaps those magicians have succeeded. None of us saw that they are actually dead.

When Ada looked at Shaar’s determination, he did not try to convince him otherwise and his mouth hinted a satisfying smile: “Alright, I will lead you there.....However, before we go, I have a condition.”

“What?” Shaar looked at this guy full of suspicion.

“You should have come here for the dragon’s buried treasure, right?” Ada mentioned: “If we have the chance to find it.....These buried treasures are all yours. However, as a reward for being your guide, I want a thing in the dragon’s lair.”

Hearing this, Shaar sneered discontentedly: “Hey, Ada, do not forget that you are my soso now! You eat my food, put on is my jackal skin and even your life was rescued by me! What qualifications do you have to negotiate a condition with me?”

Listening to the answer, Ada unexpectedly did not object and glanced at Shaar. He suddenly sighed and shook his head: “What a pity, that is a really unfortunate.....”

Finishing his sentence, he started to ignore Shaar and walked slowly to the pit and pulled of the jackal skin from his waist – this movement shocked the pitiful creature and she screamed while quickly turning her head away while closing her eyes.

With a plop, Ada jumped into the pit and only his head was still exposed outside. Looking up at Shaar, he calmly said: “Come on.”

“Eh?” Shaar’s mouth dropped open.

“Since you can’t agree to it, then its better to bury me again and pretend that you never saved me.” Ada’s voice was very calm, but his face showed

some disdain: “Looking at you three, the wounds on your body and your crude luggage, you surely must have suffered many hardships to arrive here. HmmYou could try to find the place without my directions. Anyway, these mountains are not too big, if you guys start searching mountain after mountain, it would probably only take about three to five years. Perhaps with a bit of luck, you can actually find it.”

Shaar silently stared at this guy and was speechless. Their eyes looked at each other for a long time and while Shaar’s eyes were full of anger, Ada’s eyes were always calm and clear. After a long period of time, Shaar finally gave up and discontentedly shook his head: “Alright, alright! I give up. There are actually people on this world that would voluntarily request to bury them alive..... In any case my goal is the treasure and I am not interested in other things.”

When Ada heard Shaar’s reply, he finally crawled out from the pit and put on the jackal skin – Shaar silently whispered happily in his heart: Although this guy was a tiny bit more handsome than me, his little brother down there was a bit smaller than mine, ha! The old man said, as long as a man was well equipped down there, it would even make ugly men popular!

(The old man continued to having a laugh in hell.....)

With the new companion Ada joining them, the group continued to move toward the mountains.

“Hey, since we are companions now, you could share some information with us now. For example, how does the dragon look like?”

Ada was walking in front of Shaar and he seemed familiar with the terrain here. Therefore, he was currently leading the group in this mountain. Hearing Shaar asking, his tempo slightly slowed down and turned his head while knitting his eyebrow to look at Shaar: “You don’t know anything about this dragon and came here to seek the buried treasure?”

“.....I don’t have any information about it.” Shaar replied very honestly.

“Ah.” Ada sighed and looked at Shaar with a pitiful look: “I somehow

sympathize with you right now. Was the money so appealing? You don't even know the strength of the dragon and dare to come here?"

"Even if I know it's strength, would there be a difference?" Shaar replied with confidence and smiled leisurely: "I know that there are both strong and weak dragons. However, I also know the limits of my own abilities – Even if we meet the smallest and weakest dragon, I still won't be able to beat it. In this case, whether that dragon was strong or weak, does it have any part to do with me? My idea was to seize the opportunity to get the treasure and don't plan to become a dragon slaying hero."

"Dragon slaying hero." When Ada heard this word his eyes flashed with a hint of ridicule: "You might be a bit short on that. The human dragonslayers I know were the strongest warriors on the continent. And you? A novice young warrior?"

Shaar's temper had never been affected by those taunts in his life. He tightened his belt and snorted: "I am a novice, so what. Or were you born with public hair?"

Ada's expression suddenly became very excited. He looked at Shaar with a weird look and simply turned his head to ignore this thick skinned person.

After walking a while, he decided to give them some information while walking at the front.

"That dragon is an earth type and an adult female. It excels in earth magic and has amazing physical attack and defense abilities according to human standards. If it had to be said, the earth type dragons are slightly weaker against water type magic. However, those magicians I ran into, none of them used water type magic. Therefore, I am sure they are dead by now."

Hearing this, Shaar immediately got excited: "ThatI heard that the dragon seemed to be in a weak condition, what is it about?"

Ada replied with a gentle voice: "It seems that you are not completely ignorant – that dragon is blind."

Part 2

Along the way, Ada did not bother to chitchat with Shaar anymore. This guy's character was very strange. In fact, whenever he spoke, his tone was very tactful and he even occasionally showed a smile on his face.

However, both Shaar and the pitiful creature felt that Ada radiated a cutting gaze even when he smiled, as if those razor-sharp pair of eyes would see through a human's soul!

Moreover, they always felt that Ada's behaviour seemed to have an unusual aura of totally natural noble pride.

This kind of noble and prideful manner was not something that he did deliberately. His every word and deeds casual exuded a kind of instinctive atmosphere. Although he did not act arrogantly, his leisurely appearance, gave people the impression that did not care about anything.

Did he really not care about anything? Or.....did he simply grasp everything around him already?

Casting all those things aside, at least Ado did not lie about one thing.

He was really familiar here!

He easily led Shaar's group through the mountain, crossed the jungle, across a rugged hillside and climbed a steep cliff.

They spent six days on this journey.

In those six days, Ada also revealed a strange behaviour:

He occasionally spoke with Shaar and even faced the lowly goblin with an amiable attitude and manner.

However! Whenever he faced the pitiful creature, Mr. Ada never showed the slightest friendliness. Looking closer, he even gave her some malicious look and cold shoulder with a hint of disgust.

This made the pitiful creature very depressed.

The hillbilly saw her as someone ugly, but this handsome Ada did not make any sense. He acted as if she was infected with some terrible

disease and avoided her with his eyes like pest! This attitude

Was simply absurd!!

Someone with Adeline's identity would never have thought that the two human men she met in Primal Wildfire would both be weirdos!

On the sixth day, even Shaar could not tolerate Ada's attitude towards the pitiful creature anymore.

"In fact.....you shouldn't discriminate against the pitiful creature." Shaar determined to persuade him, after all, they are all companions now.

"I hate people with an ugly appearance." Ada's reply coldly.

This reply made the pitiful creature nearly spitting blood.

What's wrong with this world!

Taking the hillbilly aside! Was this Ada blind or someone abnormal?!

Right nowIn this flash, the pitiful creature could not help but to get some crazy thoughts and even her confidence in her appearance started to waver: Am I really a very ugly person? Were the men just complimenting me because of my high status and intentionally lied to me?

"Ah.....Actually, he is quite pitiful." Shaar answered very sincere: "His look was giving by his parents, being ugly cannot be blamed on him."

"I hate all the thing that are not beautiful and perfect in this world." Ada replied categorically and his tone even had a pious flavor: "If you had not a bit of your wild manliness, I would not even speak to you right now."

Hearing this, Shaar immediately became happy and gave up on attending the grievance of the pitiful creature and forcefully patted Ada on his shoulder: "Hahaha! That is natural, we are both handsome men!!"

However, he suddenly frowned: "EhYou dislike the pitiful creature, but what about Oaks? Oaks' appearance"

Ada shook his head: "In the cultural standard of Goblins, Oaks counts as a very handsome man for a goblin."

Alright!

Pitiful creature received an internal injury: This hillbilly still thought that I am better than a goblin, but this Ada unexpectedly believed that my appearance was inferior to a goblin?!

(Tears streamed down Oaks' face: Ouke, Ouke ~ me, handsome male)

When the sun descended, Ada led our little group to an open swamp.

The terrain here was very strange. This piece of swamp was about hundred meters wide and on both sides were large quagmires which seemed boundless.

"In order to arrive at the lair, this is the only entrance." Ada pointed across the swamp – about 200 meters away there was a forest: "If we walk past this swamp, across that forest, the lair is behind the mountain."

When Shaar observed this swamp, his heart suddenly began to get alerted. The air was dry and hot and the temperature here even made them sweat!

He looked at the quagmires on both sides: "Here"

"Did you notice? The quagmires on both sides are all unpassable. You will get stuck deep inside and below is a bottomless pit. Furthermore, we are unable to go around such big quagmire. Only this narrow stretch of 100 meters has a very thin hard soil above and we can run fast over it. If we run slowly, the hard soil above will collapseIf you fall down, I ensure you will die."

Ada smiled: "However, the hard soil above the swamp was also not easy to pass."

Saying this, he casually pulled out a pheasant from Shaar's leather bag – this pheasant was caught by Shaar last night and he wanted to keep it as midnight snack.

After Ada grabbed this pheasant with colorful feathers, he threw it onto the swamp. Regaining its freedom, the pheasant cheerfully squeaked several times and dashed forward on the hard soil.....After it ran about

ten meters, the hard soil started to transform and the ground suddenly started to caved in, then.....

With a loud bang! A huge pillar of fire spurted from the ground and it pouted out flames of four five meters high!!

When the flames went down, the colorful pheasant turned into a grilled chicken! Then suddenly, the flame pillar suddenly dissipated and the hard soil on the ground resurfaced. Several bubbles restored the original appearance on the surface. From afar, Shaar immediately smelled a strong smell of sulphur and the hot steaming air obstructed their breathing.

“Damn! What the hell?!” Shaar exclaimed with a shocked look.

“Did you see that?” Ada turned his head and when he saw Shaar’s shocked face, he said with a smile: “This is a dangerous way, under the hard soil are underground flames. Those flames will erupt from times to times. When you are walking over it, perhaps a huge flame pillar will suddenly erupt under your feet and grill you directly!”

“Fuck!” Shaar yelled angrily: “You said that this is the safest way?!”

Ada put on a serious face and replied coldly: “I ensure you, this is the only safe passage The other paths are even more dangerous than here. If you do not believe me, you could go elsewhere and try!”

“ButHow is this place safe?” Shaar swallowed: “If we rush into it, we will turn into barbecue!”

“If you want to find the dragon’s lair, how could it be an easy matter.” Ada squinted and coldly smiled: “There is a magic formation underneath. Under this mountain, there is an underground magma vein. Like I told you, that dragon excelled in soil magic and this magic made some special modification to the terrain here. It made the hard soil extremely fragile, turning it into this death trap.”

Shaar gave Ada a cold look and coughed. This hillbilly rolled his eyes and suddenly turned his gaze towards the shivering Mr. Princess. He touched his chin and smiled maliciously:

“You! Oaks! You walk first!”

“Ah??”

Mr. Princess’ legs were trembling like leafs, his face turned pale and instantly collapsed on the ground.

Chapter 34: Roasted Hillbilly

“Hey, I asked you to go first, why are your legs shaking.” Shaar heartlessly shouted with malicious eyes.

The pitiful Mr. Princess paraded around and stared at the pheasant on the swamp that had been turned into a piece of black coal. Thinking to himself, he knew that this would also be his fate if he walked across there.

Seeing his master’s whole face changing to an ominous color, how could the pitiful Oaks actually dared to say a word?

Being backed into a corner, Oaks’ luck suddenly appeared and his wits sharpened while giving him a good idea. Suddenly out of nowhere, he started grunting and rolled his eyes while his whole body started twitching. Like a sack of rice he dropped to the ground, shut his eyes and clenched his teeth together – he actually unexpectedly fainted on the spot.

Shaar walked over and dissatisfiedly kicked Oaks’ feet and Oaks did not dare to make a sound. He bit the bullet and suffered a couple of ruthless kicks from Shaar and even clenched his teeth to not making a sound when his wounded foot got a heavy kick.

When his legs get kicked, the worst he had to endure was a bit of pain. However, if he walked across – there was no even the luxury to feel pain anymore in the future!

Seeing the Goblin staying unconscious, Shaar helplessly mumbled: “Fuck, fainting at the crucial moment.”

The hillbilly pulled up his pants, tightened his belt and focused on the death passage in front of him. A burned smell was still lingering in the air and a faint trace of black smog was rising from the ground. Shaar squinted his eyes, thought for a while and made a hand gesture to the pitiful creature: “Hey, if we want to pass here, I am afraid there is only one way: We need to rush over with the fastest speed possible. Whether or not we can dodge the flame in the ground, it would all depend on our

luck. However, since your leg and foot is wounded, you wouldn't be able to run that fast.....”

The pitiful creature's heart was somewhat touched: This hillbilly cared for me after all.

Shaar continued: “.....I will throw you towards the forest on the opposite side first. It's about 200 meters distances and if I throw you with my full strength, I should manage it.”

The pitiful creatures immediately shrieked: “Forget it!”

She looked at Shaar angrily: “Are you an idiot? Even if your strength is big enough, if you throw me with such a big strength, I will fly 200 meters and fall to the ground plunging to my death!”

Shaar frowned, thought for a moment and realised that what the pitiful creature said made sense. He then changed his mind: “Then.....I will see if I can rush over. If I make it, I will go to the forest and make a rope to throw over the swamp and pull you over.”

Finishing his sentence, Shaar took a few steps back and started to do some squats and leg exercises. Taking a deep breath, he suddenly screamed out and his eyes widened while his foot firmly smashed on the ground!

With a bang, the soil under his feet immediately exploded and dust flew into the air. Inside a cloud of dust, Shaar's whole body dashed forward like an arrow toward that passage! Transforming into lightning, he instantly rushed to the edge and accelerated towards the swamp. When his foot touched the hard soil, his whole body jumped in the air!

With a furious high jump, Shaar instantaneously reached an altitude of 8 meters high! The pitiful creature watching at the back was shocked in her heart-the strength of this barbaric hillbilly is too abnormal!

Shaar's body quickly leapt forward like an airborne human and made 7 somersaults midair while flying further and furtherHis whole body drew an arc in midair and shoot over the swamp.

When his body reached the peak midair, Shaar had already crossed ten

meters of this swamp and began slowly to lose his height.

Bang!!

Every human body has its limit. Although Shaar possessed an abnormal powerful strength, he eventually reached his limit and his body started to crash downward. With a loud bang, he smashed on the ground and the hard soil on ground immediately started shaking. The place where Shaar landed was around 30 meters inside the swamp.

The pitiful creature at the back called out in alarm when she saw that the hard soil on ground where Shaar landed started to break up. Boom, a flame pillar immediately gush out from below and the hillbilly yelled pitifully. Shaar continuously rolled around on the ground and every place he rolled over was instantly covered with new pillars of flame.

Even when Shaar rolled as fast as humanely possible, his whole body started to get set ablaze and getting charred. He started to look like a coal briquette that was pulled from the furnace.

Shaar pitifully screamed out again and again while barely avoiding setting his whole body on fire. Getting up in a dash, he sprinted forward with a seriously scary speed and only a cloud of dust mixing with the flame could be seen. Leaving behind a person's shadow shaped of smog, Shaar's speed suddenly reached the full gallop of a warhorse and string of flame pillar followed him closely behind his ass...

Fortunately, this swamp was only 200 meters wide and since Shaar already leapt more than 30 meters in the beginning, he had only to sprint over 150 meters. When he saw the end on the swamp, he leapt forward one more time and finally reached the other side. When he landed on the ground, Shaar already arrived at the entrance of the forest. Swaying back and forth on the ground while constantly screaming in pain, he finally managed to extinguish the fire on his body.

When the trio looked at Shaar, he was already burned beyond all recognition. His face turned jet black, that fur lined robe transformed into an unrecognisable piece of charred leather and even the dirty underwear inside was completely burned. Many places on his clothes had holes from

the burn, revealing the charred flesh underneath and a burnt odor was coming from his body.

This method would only be possible with the muscle strength of a monster and should be impossible for humans. If it was an ordinary person, how could he reach such an abnormal speed? If someone ran only slightly slower, he would have been swallowed by the flame.

The pitiful creature stared dumbfounded at this display while being both shocked and laughing in her heart. The funny thing was to see this hillbilly finally suffering a bit and she shocked to see his strength and speed in action again.

Ada stood there quietly and touched his nose. Looking at Shaar crossing the flames, his eyes flashed a strange light. He probably did not think that this vulgar guy would rush so outrageous across such a deadly trap and survive.

Standing up, Shaar endured the pain and started to wave and shout at his companions. Ada just turned his head, rolled his eyes and looked at the pitiful creature and the goblin, then sighed: "Well, it's our turn to pass now."

He walked in front of pitiful creature: "Since the goblin does not understand human language, I can only take you across here."

Ada's look flashed a hint of ridicule: "I can see that you are different from that vulgar fellow. You should be of noble birth thenYou should be able to dance, right? We hope that your dancing is skilled enough."

While saying, he stepped forward to put his hand on the pitiful creature's shoulder while he grabbed her hand and sneered: "Nocturne round dance, sixth paragraph, part IV.....let's go!"

Not even having the time to react, the pitiful creature suddenly felt her body being vigorously pulled by Ada's arm and she could not help but involuntarily follow his steps.

Ada's strength was unexpectedly strong and the pitiful creature was being pulled by him like a puppet on a string. Fear started to creep in her

heart while Ada whispered in her ear with a cold voice: “Concentrate, dance with me if you don’t want to die!”

“One, two, three left! One, two right! Turn, left foot half a step! Stop! Turns again, right foot a step, good! Don’t move, I turn! Walk back with me! Another step backwards! Stop! Two steps.....”

Those two danced synchronically together across the swamp and over the flames. One step left, one step right, they unexpectedly danced casually through this death trap with their lives on the line!

In one short breath, they danced over 100 steps and the flame pillars kept erupting beside them. However, every flame that was ejected was two or three steps beside their bodies and barely avoiding burning them!

They danced amongst the sea of flames was like seeing a coal ball rolling casually through the fire. Their pace was neither fast nor slow and Ada’s complexion stayed calm while the pitiful creature’s face was already scared deadly pale. While hearing the rumbling sound of the flame endlessly passing near her ears, her only thought was:

I am going to die, I am going to die, I am going to die here! Oh god, I have yet to taste the flavour of love.....

Just when confusion, curses and prayer filled the pitiful creature’s heart, she suddenly felt something hard underneath her foot and finally stepped above normal soil. Ada quickly loosened his hand and pushed the pitiful creature to the side while saying in a cold voice: “You can open your eyes now.”

When the pitiful creature opened her eyes, she was immediately overwhelmed with dizziness and her heart was filled with a pleasant surprise that she survived this disaster! Those 200 meters of deadly flame swamp was unexpectedly crossed by them so easily!!

When she inspected her body, she noticed that not even a hair got burned!!

“You?!” The pitiful creature stared at Ada with big round eyes.

Ada replied coldly: “I came here to look for this dragon and have already

calculated every step to cross this flame swamp. There were a total of 164 craters here, I know each position of each crater and how long every eruption lasted. I carry all the information completely in my head. Even if I fall asleep while walking, I would not make a wrong step.”

When Shaar heard this, he immediately roared and rushed up to grab Ada’s neck: “Bastard! Why did you not tell me earlier!!”

“You did not ask me and ran across by yourself first.” Ada who was currently strangled answered confidently without batting an eye.

“.....”

Shaar’s face turned red like an erupting volcano and even smoke could be seen boiling over his head. His only wish was to choke this bastard Ada to death, but then he remembered that this fellow was enigmatic and the only one familiar here. Perhaps he would be needed later on....He finally opened his mouth and stared fiercely at him: “Lead the way, you walk in the front!”

At this moment among those people, the goblin Mr. Princess was still at the other side of the swamp. Shaar shouted loudly: “Oaks! Wait a moment, I will immediately make a rope and throw it over. You catch the rope and tie it on a tree, then slowly climb over”

It would have been better if he did not shout. With this shout, he immediately awakened the goblin that was lying on the ground pretending to be dead.

Oaks suddenly spring up from the ground, helplessly looked at Shaar and turned his attention at the deadly flame swamp that he needed to cross. The goblin’s small eyes rolled a few times and he suddenly burst out laughing.

“Ouke! Ouke! Free! Free!”

After shouting, the goblin face was filled with excitement and immediately turned around and ran.

Seeing this scene unfolding before him, Shaar’s face immediately showed an indescribable expression. Looking that goblin turning his ass

and running away, he flew into rage: “Bastard, my soso!!! You eat my food, drink my water and now you want to run!”

A berserk barbarian was one of the scariest things possible. He suddenly bent down, picked up a stone and threw it with his monstrous strength while aiming at the distant.....

Just when the goblin ran several steps, a stone suddenly flew towards him banging against the back of his head. The pitiful goblin princess befell a tragedy just when he was feeling joy once in his life and fell down straight to the ground. This time he really fainted.

“Hmpf!” Shaar clapped his hand and proudly proclaimed: “We continue on our way. He won’t be able to wake up for at least around 2-3 hours. I will teach him a lesson when we come back – well, if a wolf has not ran off with him in its mouth by then.”

Chapter 35: Alchemy

Across the swamp was a forest that gradually expanded at the foot of the mountain and on the top of the hillside was the dragon's lair.

Just before they wanted to go on their way, Ada suddenly stopped on his track and looked around before quickly bypassing a big tree. Then, he suddenly stared at the ground while being lost in thought.

Wondering what was going on, Shaar walked next to Ada and looked where he was staring to surprisingly find a corpse lying on the ground!!

The corpse actually looked similar to the torched Shaar. The whole body was burned black and it was charred beyond all recognition. No one would be able to recognise its original appearance anymore.

Judging from this fellow's appearance, he had also crossed this swamp and suffered from the flames. Afterwards, he died from the grave injuries.

When Ada made a somewhat strange expression, Shaar looked at him and asked: "Do you know him?"

"He is one of the magicians I meet." Ada unexpectedly sighed and his eyes showed a hint of sadness in them: "He was the one who proposed to bury me in the ground."

Shaar suddenly exclaimed: "You can still recognize him after he was burned to this degree?!"

Ada snorted and looked at Shaar with a disdain look and pointed at the charred corpse: "First, although the clothes were mostly burnt, one can still identify the quality of the material. Only magicians would wear this type of fur lined robe. Secondly, beside the corpse is a charred wooden stick made of walnut wood. This kind of wood is specifically used to make magic wands for magicians. Third, his right hand has only four fingers and these kinds of characteristics are easy to remember."

When Ada suddenly smiled, his eyes seemed to radiate an outwardly passive but inwardly evil-hearted aura and he said with an indifferent tone: "Fourth, everyone who did some bad things to me, I would recognize

them even when they turned to ashes.”

The look that Ada made while saying those words gave Shaar a small fright in his heart. He unexpectedly shuddered and felt that this Ada was giving him a strange stare. Not backing down, he quickly returned a fierce and firm stare back towards Ada.

Ada did not continue this staring contest, but smiled and walked next to the corpse. He squatted down and put his hand into the charred body while searching for something.

When Shaar saw what Ada was doing, his eyes immediately lit up!

That's right! Magicians were mostly rich people. Perhaps this dead guy had some valuable things on him. Just when he thought about this, he suddenly saw Ada fishing out a sheepskin bag from this corpse's bosom.

This sheepskin bag was placed close to his body. Although this guy was scorched, the position covering his chest and belly had not been completely burned. Some of the sheepskin bag's outer layers had some burn marks, but when they opened, the things inside were still intact.

Just when Ada opened two layers of the bag, Shaar immediately snatched the bag from him and gave Ada a fiercely stared while shouting: “Hey! You are my soso now and everything that you discover belong to me!”

Not fighting back, Ada smiled a little and loosened his hand and stood at the side.

After opening all the sheepskins, Shaar found a yellowing booklet inside. It had probably a dozen pages and was bind together by a leather cover. In addition, there was a thumb-sized transparent ball inside, which could be either made of glass or crystal.

Shaar decided to open that booklet first and immediately discovered that those yellowing pages were filled with dense texts. Some of the writing even had a chart labelled next to it – Not being able to recognize any of this writing at all, Shaar stared at it dumbstruck.

Ada who was standing nearby saw the distress in Shaar's eyes and

swept a look over the booklet in Shaar's hand while smiling with disdain: "This is 'Magic language' and it is specially used by magicians of the Byzantine Empire. This language can only be taught by the church and therefore it is also called the language of god. Generally speaking, this language records notes of magicians, magic incantations and many classical religious doctrines of the church. An average person would not be able to learn this language."

Shaar blushed a bit, but still stared at Ada with sceptical eyes: "Do you recognize it?"

"Hmpf." Uncle Ada only gave back a grunt and decline to reply.

This guy could actually read it..... Shaar was somewhat annoyed while thinking about it, but right now he could not help but bite the bullet and say humiliated to the opposite party: "You can read it so what. I have never studied before, but if I had, I would be able to read it as well. What's so special about it."

During that moment, the pitiful creature next to them finally calmed down and timidly interrupted their conversation: "The..... Magic language, I can read it a little bit."

"Oh?" Shaar's eyes immediately lit up and smiled happily while patting the pitiful creature's shoulder: "Hahaha, very good. You are really worthily of being Uncle Shaar's soso."

Pitiful creature hesitated a bit and said embarrassed: "I can only read a little, since I have not read any books written about the magical aspect. I have only read some religious classics of the church when I studied it in the past."

Forcefully pushing the book into the pitiful creature's hand, Shaar generously replied: "Don't worry, take a look first and see what is written inside."

The pitiful creature looked at the title on the front page and said hesitantly: "Ehm, the title seems to be 'Magic Material refine techniquesrefine techniques.....' stopping mid sentence, the pitiful creature's face became somewhat flushed and she obviously had some difficulties to

read it.

“”Magic Material refined techniques manuscript – Alchemy Special-purpose Material Third Volume” replied Ada while standing there leisurely with his arms folded.

“What is alchemy?” Shaar asked excited with two shining eyes: “Is a method to refine gold with magic?”

Obviously, this hillbilly’s perception of magic was quite lacking.....

Not even giving the pitiful creature time to reply, Ada already could not bear it anymore and burst out laughing next to her: “Gold? Haha! If your words were heard by a magician that practice alchemy, he would kill you out of anger.”

Pausing for a bit, Ada sighed and looked at Shaar with a pitiful look: “Alchemy is a type of magic where gold was used as one of the magical metal ingredients. Generally speaking, ordinary metals were repellent against magic elements and only metal that had gone through a special refining technique could store magic inside. Broadly speaking, alchemy is used to refine or create various types of useful magic items. For example, giving metal a special magical enchantment would as end result would create magical weapons or armors.

On even more generalized terms, the concept of current alchemy has expanded. Now every method of all manufacturing magical items is called alchemy. Such as making a magic cloak, a magic ring and even creating a magic scrolls would be now called ‘alchemy’. Since 200 years ago, even ‘potions’ were included within the scope of alchemy. According to the legends, if an alchemist reached the pinnacle of knowledge, he would become an Elemental Archmage and could make the magic equipments of such powerful force that their ranks were beyond compare to normal magical items. Unfortunately, I heard that there hasn’t been a powerful Elemental Archmage on the continent for a very long time.

Alchemy is amongst the most difficult to study in magic. One must practice alchemy, have learned all magic elementary theories and be very proficient in all the other types of magic. Only after having learned the

foundation of all basic magic, one could use various magic materials and create all kind of magic items. In a general sense, a qualified alchemist must be theoretically skilled in several type of magic. At least he had to know all the characteristics and usefulness of magic materials. Therefore, this branch of magic is very difficult to study and currently I heard that the alchemists on the continent were getting fewer and fewer.

Most importantly, an alchemy master was generally speaking spending his entire energy on researching magic materials in the faculties and therefore do not possess strong combat capability. Moreover, if you cannot reach a profound rank, you are unable to produce powerful magic equipments. Just to learn all the theories of magic in the different faculties would normally need the energy and the period of a lifetime for an ordinary magician. To be skilled is easier said than done and only someone with astonishing talents could achieve it, otherwise it is certainly difficult to become an advanced practitioner.

Another important factor is, even if you can endure the loneliness and work hard to study alchemy, unless you reach the advanced level, you would not be able to manifest the true value of alchemy – If you cannot make powerful magical weapons and items you can only be regarded as a learned scholar of magical theory at most.

Right now there are fewer and fewer alchemy masters on the continent, because this magic is just too impractical. The time of investment is high, but the return is low. I heard that now only a few alchemy masters exist in the Royal Capital's church headquarters teaching magic. Since they do not have strong fighting capabilities, they can only stay at the headquarters and becoming professors guiding the training of disciples in magic.

Currently, there are only some alchemy masters on the continent that can enchant some ordinary weapons with magic while creating some preliminary magic attribute weapons or equipments. They also make some low end magic scrolls and so on. However, those have no actual value for real magicians and those enchanted magic weapons are often astonishingly expensive. Only a rich man and no ordinary warrior can

afford it.”

When Shaar saw Ada speaking with such a high confidence, he could not help but become dumbfounded and subconsciously asked: “Then, doesn’t it mean that alchemy would have no future anymore? Are there even people who are willing to study it?”

Ada looked at Shaar with an “idiot” look and said: “There will certainly be a future if the alchemist can practice until he becomes a true master. You can create powerful magic weapons and unleashing terror on its opponent. HoweverThis is kind of like an illusion, resembling.....

Resembling a maiden’s **. Everybody knows that such thing exists, but only a few people manage to see it.....”

Those words made the pitiful creature nearby blush.

Chapter 36: You look so familiar

“.....Also, alchemists are very popular in big cities. After all, an alchemy masters are generally proficient in “potions making” and can make some medicine with magic. They are highly welcomed by aristocrats and alchemists are generally speaking the richest people in the magician community.”

“Richest” this argument immediately got this hillbilly excited and Shaar’s face showed renewed interest while looking at this book: “Then, can I study alchemy with this booklet?”

“Keep dreaming.” Ada smiled and looked at Shaar: “This thing only records the various attributes of magic materials such as effects, appearance and transformation etc., but it does not have any formulas! For an alchemist, the formula is the most important information and this booklet in your hand is an elementary theory study book sold in Royal Capital printed by the magician guild of the church. You can buy it for several gold coins and if you want to get rich with this thing, you should stop dreaming about it.”

Shaar immediately felt great disappointment and lost interest in this book while casually throwing it to the pitiful creature. He picked up the transparent sphere and asked with a hopeful voice: “What about this? Since this thing was carried closely by the magician the whole time, it must be a mysterious magic equipment!”

This time, even the pitiful creature looked at Shaar with sympathy, but was not cruel enough to break his heart.

Ada sighed and took a closer look at Shaar for a while and felt a somewhat guilty conscience before saying in a cold manner: “How do you dare to call yourself a magical beast hunter.”

“.....What?” Shaar was feeling a bit uncomfortable right now.

“This is a crystal ball” Seeing that Shaar’s eyes lit up when hearing the word crystal, Ada immediately continued: “Don’t get too excited right now, this crystal is the most worthless kind. It is indeed a magic

equipment, but it is actually one of the most preliminary and cheapest magic equipment. Its name is 'appraisal ball' and this item is the most basic equipment for all magicians and magical beast hunters. Its only function is to appraise the magic rank of its target. After hunting a magical beast, you will get a magic nucleus and you can use this appraisal ball to identify its characteristics. The colors reflecting on the appraisal ball can identify the quality of your spoils and tell you the value of it. It does not have any additional functions."

Pausing for a moment Ada added: "An appraisal ball is as important to a magical beast hunter as a navigation compass to a sailor. You don't even know such basic things? How can you have the nerves to claim to be a magical beast hunter.....This thing is sold everywhere and generally speaking a silver coin can you buy one. If you want it in a better quality, it costs 3-4 silver coins at most."

Hearing the first part of the sentence made Shaar somewhat disappointed, however when he heard that this thing was at least worth a silver coin, he instantly turned happy again and happily put it in his bosom – no matter what, a silver coin for the current poverty-stricken hillbilly could be considered a small fortune.

This hillbilly's penny-pinching made Ada snort contemptuously and he turned his head with a disdained expression.

The pitiful creature meanwhile was actually concerned if Shaar's body should not receive some treatment against the burns. However with this guy's abnormal, although his whole body was burned until it started smoking up, he was fortunate that he ran through the fire with such a high speed. At the end, he did not obtain any serious injuries and even if looked badly, it was actually just some flesh wounds. With his body, he could probably recover before long.

According to the information that Ada provided, if they followed this hillside across forest, they would reach the dragon's lair at the summit. However, now that they have seen corpse of this magician, according to the burned trace of this corpse, Ada and Shaar concluded that the magicians already passed by here for some time. What they could not

judge from the body was whether those guys were dead or alive. Whether the dragon has already killed them or if they already departed with the dead dragon – Ada scoffed the latter possibility. In his words “If a few two and third-class magicians could casually kill a dragon, then the dragon would not be called the strongest creature on the continent.”

Obsessed of wanting to get rich, Shaar was not willing to give up and suggested that they would continue ahead. However, Shaar stayed alerted in his heart the whole time and if he discovered that something was wrong, he would immediately order them to escape.

Since Ada had provided very valuable information: The dragon was blind and even if the dragon used its power, with no eyesight, they just had to escape and then could easily run away.

This mountain was originally covered with a dense forest, but when the three people walked until the evening after a half day, they suddenly saw that the place uphill was a complete mess!

In front of them should be a large tract of forest, but instead it looked like something had rolled over it. Countless trees have collapsed and were broken while the ground was filled with ruptures. Broken trunks and breaches were everywhere and even big pieces of rocks were pressed deeply into the ground!

Shaar immediately became wary of the surrounding: This was probably done by the dragon!

Yet, when they walked halfway up the mountainside, they could not find any trails of these magiciansWere they really here?

Looking up at the summit in the distance, there was only silence at the top. Above the sea of clouds, only sunlight sprinkled through and not the slightest movement could be seen.

Continuing their journey through the forest, the higher they got, the more Shaar felt the heavy pressure on his heart. His perennial journey through the mountains and forests, gave him a special kind of precognition. Often, when danger approached, he would get this special feeling in his heart. Right now, this feeling was stronger than ever. It gave

him such an intense uneasy feeling and there were times where he could not help but wanting to stop and turning back.

He strongly insisted to look for the dragon and if they would decide to turn back now, it would make uncle Shaar lose his face. Therefore, he could only bite the bullet and advance without uttering a word. Without noticing, he subconsciously started to grip tightly onto his pitchfork within his hand.

The pitiful creature who followed behind Shaar closely, discovered that Shaar looked a bit strange. He was staring at Ada's back and his hand was gripping tightly on his pitchfork while make an ominous expression from time to time

The pitiful creature's body started trembling and whispered: "Hey, don't tell me you want to do something to him"

Snapping back to reality, Shaar put on a smile and looked at the pitiful creature: "I was thinking, how could this handsome sissy actually know so much? Magic language, theory about magic, ah, I remembered that he even seems to know about goblin culture and recognize that Oaks was a handsome male among goblins..... Also, when we arrived at the magical flame swamp, he was actually able to remember the correct path by heart. HmpfSince that passage guarded the dragon's lair, it should naturally have a strong defense and be well hidden. How could he actually know about it? Hehe, I think this guy is not what he seems!"

Ada at the front did not turn his head and replied coldly: "Don't you know that talking behind someone's back is not a good habit."

Not looking embarrassed from this comment, Shaar replied loudly: "Don't worry, I did not intend to hide anything from you. Since we are on this topic, where did you actually come from? If we do not solve this issue, I won't have any peace in my mind."

"Alright." Ada suddenly stopped and put his hand on a tree nearby. After walking for such a long time, he was slightly out of breath and beads of sweat were running down his forehead. Looking at Shaar with a mysterious smile on his delicate and unparalleled face, he said: "Actually

I am

Just when Ada was saying those words

Suddenly, they felt the ground underneath their feet shaking! With a loud bang, the entire mountain started trembling instantaneously and a faint roar transmitted to their bodies from the ground. The trembling continued disrupting their balance while making them staggering back and forth.

Pitiful creature fell into Shaar's arms and Ada stubbornly clung on a nearby trunk.....

All of a sudden, they heard a loud roar coming from the summit!

As if the roaring sound came from the sky, it was distant and deep accompanied with the feeling of endless terror. When the sound stopped, their hearts were even more startled than hearing a thunder! Although that sound was far, it seemed to be able to directly pound fear into someone's heart! Their hearts were racing intensely and a terror spread from their instincts burst out from their bodies instantaneously making their scalps numb!!

Shocked for a moment, Ada's face immediately ashen and frowned: "The dragon! It is a dragon's roar!"

Shaar who was still hugging the pitiful creature sat down and cursed: "Shit! If not the dragon's roar, what else! Fuck! This guy's voice is really loud!"

Looking up at the mountain peak several hundred meters above them, they suddenly saw a huge shadow flying into the blue sky and circled around the summit!

It had a huge blue grayish body covered with a faint haze and a large pair bony wings attached to it. Each time the bony wings fluttered, they emitted a strong roaring wind. Above the huge body was a slender neck with a huge ellipse shaped head attached to it. The dragon suddenly opened its big mouth while emitting gray smoke! What was even scarier was that the long tail of this dragon had a morning-star shaped tip with

sharp edges jutting out.....

When the dragon circled around the mountain, its long tail that was dragging behind scraped on the hilltop with the edge of its tip and immediately triggered an avalanche of rocks from the mountain top!!

This was the first time in his life that Shaar saw a living dragon!!

“Big! So fucking big!!” Shaar’s jaw dropped to the ground.....

While he was still amazed by this majestic creature, Ada suddenly saw that the dragon in the sky was taking a deep breath and its abdomen was ballooning up. His face immediately became pale and he shouted out: “Not good! It’s going to use its breath!!”

Just when Ada’s voice came out, the dragon suddenly decreased its altitude and turned its giant opened mouth towards the ground....

Bang!!

Like a strong roaring wind, a large bluish gray flame gushed out, sweeping across the sky! From summit directly downward, a more than ten meters wide area, no matter if it was a tree or a rocks, it was all blown away by that violent breath. The tree trunks and branches cracked immediately under the high pressure of this attack and innumerable sawdust blew up in the air. Every stone on the ground was turned over and either flying or rolling around.....

Seeing that this breath was flying towards their direction, they suddenly heard several dull voices in front of the forest and a shiny transparent curtain suddenly appeared over the sky. Like having giant transparent glassed mirror put in front of them, the breath hit this section of light curtain and got immediately repelled while the flames were pushed back.....

From the grove quickly emerged four shadows and each figure wore a luxurious, but tattered leather robe. It was obviously made from magnificent and expensive material, but right now it looked like something a beggar would wear. Those guys opened their hands and each of them released a wooden stick with the length of about a meter, letting

it rise into the sky. Facing the dragon from the distance, they started to send out a series of rapid and strange words.....

Shaar stared at them with widened eyes and suddenly saw a figure rolling and crawling out of the forest. He was dashing towards them with extremely difficulties and when he faced towards Shaar, he suddenly stepped on a stone and immediately tumbled to the ground. Rolling down like a rock, he nearly hit Shaar's body.

When this fellow looked up, his skinny face was full of panic and when Shaar looked him in the eye he noticed something.

“Eh? Friend, you look so familiar.” Shaar gawked.

This skinny fellow was also startled and they immediately stared each other in the eye while simultaneously shouting out.

“Ah! You are that little bastard who snatched my robe!”

“Ah! You are that swindler!”

Chapter 37: The unlucky Tatara

When he met his so-called mortal enemy, his eyes started to turn red.

This skinny and wretched fellow was of course Tatara that Shaar met in Primal Wildfire when he first descended the mountain. Talking about it, it could be said that this unlucky low-level magician would have “struck gold” when he meet our Shaar.

When Tatara recognized Shaar, his eyes immediately widened and stared at him dumbfounded while a fire could be seen burning inside his eyes. One his cheek started twitching uncontrollably, his eyelid started jittering and his teeth were making a chattering sound.....

Finally, Tatara suddenly roared: “You little bastard have put me through endless misery!!”

Bursting out in anger and violence, Tatara stretched out his arms while maliciously aiming towards Shaar’s neck with his both arms and throwing his body against Shaar.

Shaar was a little puzzledYes he did rob this guy’s robe.

However, it was only a robe.

Right now, this fellow was clenching his jaw so tight, like he wanted to rip out the flesh from his body from hate – Come on man, it was just a robe. I have not sullied your ancestral grave nor did I snatch your wife.....

However, when he saw this wretched fellow exploding in anger with reddened eyes, he felt somewhat guilty. Still sitting on the ground while hugging the pitiful creature with one hand and the other underneath her body, he was caught in a strange spot. Throwing himself on Shaar, Tatara used both his hand to strangle Shaar’s neck and shook. In an almost tearful voice he said: “You made my life miserable! You made my life miserable! Bastard! Bastard!!”

Back to his senses, Shaar casually grabbed the other party. After all, against this monster in human form, how could this thin and lowly magician hurt him? Tatara was as weak as a kitten and could not even

make Shaar feel that his neck was currently strangled. Shaar's muscle on his neck felt as solid and hard as rock in Tatara's hand.

Finally out of strength, Tatara soon collapsed to the ground while breathing heavily.

Shaar could not help but ask him out of kindness: "EhmWhat happened to you?"

What happened?

Tatara stared at Shaar with a bitter face.....

.....

.....

To be fair, Tatara had every reason to hate this hillbilly andthe reason was extremely serious!

Since the day he met this hillbilly in Primal Wildfire Town, the life of Tatara turned into a nightmare.

This seemingly simple wildling hillbilly, personally gave Tatara a vivid lesson in "No decent people in Primal Wildfire Town" and took away his most prized belonging – that fur lined robe from Tatara.

Although getting a fur lined robe stolen was somewhat embarrassing, however for Tatara this kind of item was not of much value. The problem was that when this hillbilly stole the robe, there was a crucial item inside!

The magician badge!!

The badge was oval shaped with the size of a copper coin and it looked like a button – in fact, this naïve hillbilly indeed regarded it as a button and did not know that this badge was 100 times more valuable than the robe! If he had known this earlier, this hillbilly would not have sold the robe for such a low price.

The magician badge was Tatara's only and most important life insurance!!

On the continent, whether it was the Odin Empire, or the Byzantine Empire, magicians would always be vigorously recruited by the ruling class. In other words, the magician community was part of the privileged class.

Although Tatara's strength was low, he travelled from the Royal Capital until Primal Wildfire Town without any incident by relying on this magician badge to act as a talisman.

Imagine, with his humble strength while wearing a magnificent and expensive robe, carrying an abundant luggage (although he went bankrupt, he still possessed many magic gems bought with his previous loan) and his thin body – so along the way, he would unavoidably meet several bandits, envious thieves, local thugs, bullies and the like.

However, nobody actually dared to offend Tatara on his journey while carrying that badge!

On the continent, unless you are cornered, or if there you felt absolute bitter hatred towards the magician, or if you reached the level where you did not fear anybody, otherwise, nobody would dare to easily provoke a magician, even if his strength was quite low.

Whether it was the Odin Empire or the Byzantine Empire, both those two big empires enforces the same law: A person who offended a magician would always receive the most severe punishment! One had to acknowledge that the rulers of those two big empires draw up such law in order to please the magician community in disguised to attract more magicians to increase their national power.

Therefore, regardless of where Tatara went, as long as he carried that magician badge, nobody dared to act blatantly against him. Even if his strength was low, if you dared to embarrass a magician, it would be the same as act against the ruler directly.

What? You saw that Tatara ability was low? Well, if you provoked him, then the local aristocrat or the ruler would be very grateful to you and cut off your head to show you the severity of the crime – This was simply a golden opportunity and complied with the say “Thirst for talents”! With

this kind of vigorous propaganda was like discreetly spreading the message to magicians around the world “Ah look! Look how much I respect magicians as a ruler! Even a lowly magician gets preferential treatment here! After seeing such a situation, other magicians, what are you waiting for? Quickly come to my country!!”

Even when he arrived at Primal Wildfire Town, which was famous that there were no decent people. This town has filled with bandits, thieves, the robber and evil mercenaries. However, nobody dared to have the idea of bullying Tatara, because he was carrying that magician badge with him!

Since, even ruler of Primal Wildfire Town needed to gather magicians to increase their power! If it would spread that magicians were receiving unfair treatment in Primal Wildfire Town, it would leave a bad reputation. Then when the ruler of Primal Wildfire Town wanted to obtain the help of magicians in the future would not be easily!

Only a hillbilly that had just crawled out of the mountain dared to openly rob a magician.

Stealing Tatara’s magician badge was similar to striping a girl naked and throwing her in a hooligan den – Let us not forget that he was also carried many belongings with him!

When Shaar ran away, there were no one to testify and Tatara could not prove his status without a magician badge. In Primal Wildfire Town where there were “no decent people”, in less than one hour, he was already eyed by several groups of bandits.

With his meagre strength and his low level earth magic, which could only summon a cloud of dust to make people sneeze or give them teary eyes, facing against a group of cruel bandits.....Just when Shaar was leaving Primal Wildfire Town with a full stomach that night, Tatara was successively visited by several groups of bandits who then snatched up all his belongings and stripped all of his clothes before throwing him outside the city wall where the cold wind blew.

He was indeed very unlucky.

If it had been within the boundaries of Byzantine Empire, in any city he could have visited the local church to report his lost and register to the authorities then reapply for a new badge.

The problem wasPrimal Wildfire Town was under nobody's jurisdiction and there are no religious institutes.

For a day, Tatara worked as a beggar in Primal Wildfire Town and was severely beaten up by other tramps at night because he occupied their locations. After dawn, he finally found a way out of his misery.

Someone passing through Primal Wildfire Town that was preparing a caravan towards the Odin Empire discovered Tatara. With Tatara's magician background, although his strength was humble, he was still capable of writing and could do the accounting.

Being pushed into the corner to such degree, the pitiful magician sold himself for the miserable price of two meat patties and became an honorable apprentice in the caravan while joining it on its journey through the wilderness of Primal Wildfire toward the north.....

If everything went according normal circumstances, then Tatara would join this caravan while earning his bread in Royal Capital with the cunning and sly. Perhaps after some years, he would become a qualified accountant.

However, because of bad luck, this caravan encountered an unfortunately event in Primal Wildfire.

Very carefully, this caravan travelled along the borders of the goblin territories in the red wilderness toward north. They paid close attention, because in accordance with the usual practice, goblins would not go out of the red wilderness, therefore it was very safe.

However this time, they met the goblins.

A battalion of goblin soldiers attacked the caravan, which was very unusual, since the caravan hired several mercenaries to act as bodyguards. Under normal circumstances, goblins rarely attacked a caravan with armed protection. However this time was an exceptional.

What was even more strangely was that the leader of this group of goblins unexpectedly excelled in martial arts! Although the battle efficiency of goblins was extremely bad, however under the leadership of that goblin, they actually managed to chop six mercenaries to minced meat.

While waving an iron hammer in his hand, that goblin leader appeared very angry and anxious.

Afterward, listening to the caravan and goblin leader negotiating, the other party declared: He was the goblin feudal lord from the neighboring area and he was very angry, because.....

His princess disappeared.

Chapter 38: I Will Take You Down With Me

Tatara sympathized with the angry goblin a lot. Even as a human, your wife going missing was something a man would not be able to tolerate.

However, this goblin feudal lord's brain was probably going mad from anger and unexpectedly suspected that his princess was abducted by a human caravan. He claimed that his princess was the most beautiful amongst goblins.....

All the humans became very angry – this was too unreasonable!!

His princess was the most beautiful amongst goblins?! Even if that goblin was the most beautiful fellow, from a human's point of view, it looked nothing more than a dirty skinny animal that did not paid attention to its hygiene! Except goblins, who else would be interested in this kind of “beauty”?

Abducting a goblin? Delivering it to the slave market to sell it for money?!

Burning from anger, the goblin feudal lord did not believe them and his head was turning dangerous green. In a moment of rage, he decided to catch all the humans of the caravan and turning them into jerky!

Tatara knew just too well how those goblins treated humans they captured. Although he was thin and did not have much body fat, goblin would still make good food out of him if they caught him. Even if he would lose twice his weight, those experienced goblin would still be able to use their proud skills to produce enough fat out of his body!

Fortunately, there were an abundant number of vehicles in this caravan and also many prisoners. Using his wits, Tatara looked for an opportunity and quietly slipped away.

Fleeing alone in the wilderness, he would have eventually end up in a wolf's mouth or encountered some hobo goblins and end up as their supper.

However, he was lucky in an unlucky situation and met some humans!

In the evening, he suddenly saw a bonfire in the wilderness and immediately concluded that a human would be near a bonfire. Although encountering human adventurers would have resulted in him having the same miserable fate, but at least it was much better than being eaten by wolves or goblins.

When the hunger and thirst plagued Tatara ran towards them, he almost mentally collapsed and went mad. Therefore he decided to take the risk!

People, who were facing a hopeless situation, would always receive a tremendous boost of courage!

Exactly that happened to Tatara at that time. Filled with anger in his heart, he turned evil from his bravery and rushed to the human camp while screaming: "Don't move! Robbery!! Hands over all the food and water! I am a master magician!!"

His voice roared across the wilderness and the several humans near the camp were shocked by Tatara's courage.

Several seconds later, those people suddenly burst out laughing.

"A magician? We are also magicians!"

Taking a careful look, Tatara got dumbfounded.....

Sure enough, those six humans in front of him were all his peers!

What shocked Tatara the most was, from those six magicians in front of him, the lowest badge on their chest was a silver badge and there was actually someone wearing a gold badge among them!

HeA low-level magician, actually came to rob six intermediate and an advanced magician.....

Tatara instantly collapsed when he saw the opposite master holding up his magic wand. His heart which was filled with courage got instantly crushed and he knelt down while begging for mercy with his eyes and nose running. Simultaneously, he told them his pitiful and bitter tragedy.

Finally.....

After hearing the tragic story of Tatara, the magician put down his magic wand and the masters looked at each other while sighing.

“Being a magician and still messing with you like that, he must have been someone abnormal.”

Since they were all magicians, even if they are currently powerful masters, in the past they were also rookies and gradually trained their magic. Seeing a rookie living such a pitifully life and even selling himself into slavery as a magician, it made those magicians drop several crocodile tears and gave birth to sympathy with their colleague.

“Alright, since you are a magician, although your strength is low, you can just follow us. Anyway, since we are here on some business, we did not bring our apprentices and we are missing a guy to do the chores.”

Feeling grateful in his heart, Tatara thought that a tiny ray of god’s blessing finally felt upon him after he went through all that bitterness.

However, he did not know that the intentions of those magicians were not really purely friendly.....

Normally, if someone went to hunt a dragon would a very honorable thing. They should announce it to the public in order to increase their own fame and prestige.

However, those six magician masters actually concealed their movement making it a secret. They did not even told people close to them and came here without bringing their disciples.

Although, they could be considered masters among magicians, those six people were also well aware of their own strength. Compare to those experts from the dragons slaying legends, they were still lacking quite a lot. Since they heard that this dragon was in a weak condition, they took the risks to try. After all, if you killed a dragon, you would obtain those unobtainable top magic materials from the dragon’s body. For any magician, this was sufficiently enough to gamble with their lives!

However, this matter must be absolutely kept a secret!

Among other things, if successful, they would have let others know that they obtained those magic material from the dragon and arouse jealousy. If there was another powerful magician who envied their treasure, he could come and steal it by force – on the continent, there are few powerful people that were persistently unreasonable! They would be unable to stop them.

Therefore, this operation could only be done in secret.

Also another reason was, the name “the strongest dragonslayer”, although glorious, someone needed sufficient strength in order to claim it! If those magician masters would have reached the level of Archmage, they would have naturally done this quest openly.

The problem was that their strength was better than most, but fell short compare to the best. If such news was leaked afterwardstrouble would continuously knock on the door!

The so-called big trees always attracted heavy wind.

TL: Something like high position always invites criticism

Currently in this world, the later generation always tried to push the former generation from their privileged positions.....Every year, countless sharp brains wanted to shine above the rest. This ambitious latter generation always stared with big eyes to seek for an opportunity to rise in ranks.

What, you are called “the strongest dragonslayer”? Very good! You would become the stepping stone for me!!

Furthermore, since you had the title “dragonslayer”, you were surely a strong guy? Great! If not stepping on you, who else?!?!

Once the news leaked, countless rookies would wait at their door to challenge them each day!

By killing you, would that not mean that my strength was even higher than that of a “dragonslayer”?

Therefore, this quest was strictly confidential and those six magicians

went alone. They did not even bring their most trusted disciples.

As a result, those six masters had considerably suffered. At home, with their status and respected position, even when they went to the bathroom to sit on the chamber pot, there would be a pretty female apprentice beside them lightening an incense while waiting.

While away from home, those six masters who had never touched a knife in the kitchen before had considerably suffered on this trip. While in Primal Wildfire, they still had inns and taverns to enjoy, however after arriving in the wilderness of Primal Wildfire, they had not have a full stomach for several days. That hard bread was tough to swallow and even the drinking water was not cooked. They were all talented masters and could casually hunt some preys, but no one could do any chores!

Tonight, a fire magician could finally not bear it anymore and curled up his sleeves to personally go to battle. By casting a “burst of flames” magic, he immediately called forth a pillar of red flame to roast an antelope that they hunted tasty and crispy. However, he accidentally forgot that this spell had additional burst property and while a loud bang, it exploded in countless pieces. Even the pan used to roast the meat was smashed to pieces.

Exactly at that time, the dull looking Tatara fell in front of their doorstep. As a magician and colleagues, they simply decided to treat him as their personal servant and bring him along. This way their food and drinking problem would be solved.

Another thing.....in order to keep the secrethehe.

Being magicians did not mean that they could not kill people.

.....

Tatara was also someone who endured hardship and unlike those pampered masters he did not have a high and respected position. Following those masters was extremely satisfying for him and he roasted the meat making it outside crispy, inside tender. The hard bread eating days was finally over from those noble magician masters.

However, Tatara was not in an unenviable position!

He alone must serve six masters, whose moods were extremely bad from living in uncomfortable wild. He was responsible for those six people's dinner, roast the game in six different kind of flavor, wash six people's clothes and heat the bath water for six people – once those six masters had someone to serve them and they became fussy about every small thing!

They started to behave on an adventure in the wild like at home.

Tatara got backache every day from overworking and several days later, he became even thinner.

The most awfully thing was, when they finally arrived in the mountains, with his bad luck Tatara finally learned that those six came here to look for a dragon.....He burst into tears in his heart and felt that there was no bright future in front of him.....

Tatara was not a fool and he understood clearly the difference in strength between them: Those six masters only need to wave with their fingers to kill him and that dragon only needed to casually use its claw to get rid of those six masters!

.....

.....

“If it was not for you! How could I have fallen this low right now!!”

Past scenes played in Tatara's mind again and a circuit suddenly exploded in his brain making him roar in anger while strangling Shaar's neck: “Since I will now die anyway, I will take you down with me!!”

Shaar was somewhat bewildered – there was no need to throw away your life for a robe, right?

At that moment, that dragon on the mountain roared and a mass of bright green greyish light suddenly erupted from the giant dragon's body!

With a loud bang, a big ripple shock appeared and the four magicians on the hill were swept away by a wave while that transparent defense

mirror was loudly crushed!

During the long howling of the dragon, the magician closest to the defense mirror suddenly screamed pitifully, the magic wand in his hand began to fracture and his clothes began to tear apart. After the shock wave, the flesh on his body was peeled off and in a blink of an eye, there was nothing left but bones!!

The remaining three magicians also started to yell pitifully and abandoned their dragon hunt. They turned around and fled downhill with lighting speed while the dragon followed them closely on their heels.

Seeing those guys running downhill, Shaar's heart started to pump fast and quickly jumped up while grabbing the pitiful creature: "Time to escape with our life!"

When he shouted, he suddenly discovered that Ada had already disappeared without a trace -Damn! This guy actually runs faster than me!

With big strides, Shaar sprinted off and Tatara who was not willing to let go the criminal who took everything from him stubbornly refused to loosen his hands. While Shaar was running with an unbelievable speed, Tatara was hanging on Shaar's body like a wombat.

Watching Tatara hanging on Shaar with painful expression, the pitiful creature that was also violently grabbed by Shaar could not help and whispered: "Hey, are you okay?"

"I" When Tatara finally saw clearly the pitiful creature's appearance, he suddenly stared at her with big eyes: "You, you are!!"

Unfortunately he could not finish his sentence.....The dragon and the three magicians at the back finally caught up with them and instantaneously arrived at their tail!

Bang, the big dragon once again started to spew a mass of blue breath!

Chapter 39: The Dragon Slaying Battle

Part 1

The Breath coming out of this dragon's mouth was the strongest earth magic creating a blue flame swept ingover everything in its path. All the trees on the hillside disintegrated and sawdust swirled in the air.

The three magicians were forced to make their stand after seen the dragon's Breath closing in and that there was no way to escape. Overwhelmed with desperation, the three masters could only turn their heads facing the dragon. One of the magicians suddenly put on a ruthless expression and pulled out a pigeon egg-sized metal ball from his bosom before throwing it forcefully on the floor. With a bang, a mass of golden light immediately enveloped him.

When the other two magicians saw his sudden move, they immediately flew into a rage and furiously scolded: "Bastard, you were actually hiding an ace up your sleeve!"

Getting desperate, one of the other magicians forcefully bit his tongue and his mouth started to spout a bloody fog. Quickly brandishing his magic wand, he started to draw a magic symbol in front of him. When he finished, the symbol instantaneously turned golden and expanded in size while the light started shine stronger. Immediately, the dragon's breath smashed against the magical formation and blood started to rain while the magician's flesh ruptured everywhere. The magician's body transformed into a blood fountain, spraying blood everywhere as if it was rain.

The fresh red blood suddenly turned darker and intensively sprayed towards the dragon's breath. No one would have expected that the blood would start to penetrate the breath while covering the dragon's body! Covered with that blood rain, that dragon's body had red spots everywhere. On contact, the blood immediately demonstrated its strong corrosiveness ability and emitted black smog where on the dragon's body!

“Black magic!”

Shaar could only hear the pitiful creature screaming out in his arms, but where did he have the time to care about whether it was black or white magic right now. Seeing the blue dragon's breath catching up to him, Shaar sprinted with everything he got and continuously stamped furiously with his legs on the ground and jumped. With every leap, he crossed ten meters in one go and when he spotted a huge gap on a nearby hillside huge, he instantly rolled on ground towards it.

Up on the hill, the magician was still using his life-force to power his black magic, making the dragon uttering a painful roar. That other magician next to him made a resolute face and forcefully stabbed his magic wand in the ground. He put his hands tightly together and quickly started to recite an incantation with his mouth.

When the blue breath swept over his body, the cloth and flesh started to strip away from his body. However, it seemed like as he did not felt the pain at all and his eyes turned hollow while he finally finished his incantation with his last strength.....With a massive bang, the magic wand in front of him cracked in countless pieces. The ground underneath the magic wand started to tremble and a giant crack quickly split open!

When the crack opened, a bottomless black void could be seen and with an ear deafening howl, a giant flame erupted fiercely from below!

At the same time, the magician was finally overwhelmed by the dragon's attack and breathed his last breath. With an expressionless face and empty eyes, he stared at the dragon and the remaining on his of bones scattered by the wind into million pieces!

That magician who got burned into million pieces was the one who tried to use fire magic to grill the meat when Tatara first encountered them. As a magician, he was specialized in fire magic. While his magic power could only be counted as average, he had a secret technique and that was summoning! Forced into a dead-end, he used all his remaining life force to invoke one last spell. Suddenly, the space started to fragment under the crack on the ground and connected this dimension to hell! The

magician's final magic incantation was to summon a mighty magical creature to revenge him!

After a soul shaking roared, a giant flame pillar erupted from the crack and immediately a huge flaming hand came out. Maliciously pressing against the ground, the vegetation and the tree on the ground was quickly swallowed by the fire and turned to ashes!

The creature that crawled out of that crack was enveloped in giant flames as if its whole body was made of fire. The fire burned so strong that even Shaar who was hidden on the hillside far away still felt the heat waves on his body. Wherever that gigantic body went, every stone would split apart and fire spewed out cracks!

This monster was taller than ten meters and with its enormous body, it looked like an ancient giant. Standing in front of dragon, it was slightly taller but had only half as much body mass compared to the dragon. Even so, that fierce red face opened its mouth spitting out large flames while sending out a great roar.

Watching this event unfolding in of him, Shaar inhaled deeply: "Damn, what is that thing?!"

Finally stopped trying to strangle Shaar's neck, Tatara was now hugging it instead. He replied in daze: "It'sIt's a Hellfire Elemental!!"

Getting roared at from the opposite party, enraged the dragon and it opened its big mouth again while spraying its breath onto the Hellfire Elemental in front of it. The dragon's blue breath flew towards its victim like a whirlwind and giant Hellfire Elemental unexpectedly opened its arms. Suddenly a mass of flames emerged, forming an eight meters high wall made of fire and forcefully blocking that dragons' attack!

"So powerful!" Seeing this otherworldly fight incited Shaar's fighting spirit.

Shaar subsequently noticed that something was wrong. Although that flame had blocked the dragon's breath, it had also consumed a big part of that giant Hellfire Element's strength. The flames on its body immediately became weaker and even his more than ten meters high

body shrank a bit.

After blocking that dragon's breath, the giant Hellfire Elemental went mad and immediately threw itself at its opponent with stretched out arms. Being hugged by that Hellfire Elemental, the huge dragon instantly roared in pain after its neck got burned from the touch. The Elemental tried persistently to cling to the dragon's huge body, but the dragon quickly casted off the giant Hellfire Elemental and threw it to the ground while fire sprayed everywhere. When the giant Hellfire Elemental recovered from its fall, it immediately clenched its fist and started pounding the dragon's belly!

"Bang", that fire punch made the dragon suffer considerable pain and even charred the dragon scale on its belly, burning it pitch black.

Already suffering from the black magic "voodoo curse" invoked by that black magician using his blood, parts of its body was already corroding by the blood stains strengthened with the black magic curse. The erosion continued to chip away its vitality and even though a dragon was born with a certain magic defense advantage, a black magician's spell had fused his life force with his spells to increase the magical power. When the blood landed on its body, the dragon's natural body resistance instantly tried to counter it and disenchant the voodoo magic. Nevertheless, the process took a little time and right now the Hellfire Elemental entangled with the dragon again making it suffer pain. Its flames quickly weakened again and the cursed blood was spreading crazily over the dragon's body.

Part 2

Crawling up from the ground, the Hellfire Elemental entangled itself once again with the big dragon. With its flame covered giant body, it automatically started to damage the dragon while clinging tightly onto its body. Getting burned up all over its body, the dragon continuously roared in pain and started to twist violently around the floor. Getting forcefully knocked around, the Hellfire Elemental started to stagger and those two giants' wrestling flattened the surrounding trees, giant rocks and

everything that crossed their path. No matter what kind of obstacle, everything shattered with one hit and the ground quickly transformed into a flatland with flames burning everywhere.

At last, the giant Hellfire Elemental was no match for the dragon and after entangling for a while, the flames on its body started to fade away. The huge body of the Hellfire Elemental already shrunk by half and was finally being pressed by dragon's claw against the floor. With a triumphant roar, the dragon started to maliciously attack the head of the Hellfire Elemental. Finally unable to endure the onslaught, the Hellfire Elemental unwillingly roared one last time and turned into fragmented flames while dissipated into countless pieces.

Half of the dragon's body had scorch marks and many places were burned badly and mutilated. Blood flowed down in streams and all its wounds were burned black. Shaking from pain, the dragon reluctantly crawled up.

Exactly at that time, on the other side a golden light suddenly emerged in the air and a form appeared. It was the last remaining magician who used an unknown mysterious magical item a moment ago. He unexpectedly threw a metal ball on the ground while the dragon was attacking them and made his body disappear to escape the fatal blow.

Although right now he was struck by confusion, he did not suffer any serious wounds and stood at the distance. Raising his chipped magic wand in the air, he started to recite a rapid incantation in a low voice.....

A bright magic formation emerged under his magic wand and flew towards the dragon's position. Suddenly, a dozen light hit the ground and transformed into a dozen figures!

Looking closely, those emerged figures were actually all Undead creatures!

Ten knights emitting a black aura and wearing tattered armors with rotten flesh on their bodies materialized from the magic. Terrifying bare bones could be seen from the holes in their armors and a faint glowing metallic luster covered their bodies!

Those ten Death knights were born from hateful death magic and had an inborn hate towards all living things. Not needing any instructions, they quick rushed towards the big dragon! For Undead creatures, a dragon that transmitted a prospering aura of life was their most obvious target!

When those ten Death knights swarmed towards the dragon, it looked like a flock of ants eyeing an elephant. With those different ragged weapons in their hands that emitted a terrifying black aura, they maliciously stabbed at the dragon's body!

Once the black aura pierced its body, the dragon instantly sent out a series pain filled roar and turned its body madly on the ground. Turning its head a couple of times, the dragon suddenly swung its long tail with the Morningstar shaped tip.....Bang, sweeping across the ground, it immediately send several Death knights flying. However, those things were not alive, while two of them turned into ashes after smashing against the ground, the remaining other two were still furiously crawling on the ground towards the dragon with only half their bodies remaining.

Sure enough, as Ada mentioned, the dragon was struggling with its vision and it seemed that it could not see the small sized enemy. Twisting its head, the dragon spewed out blue flames again and immediately turned three Death knights to ashes. However, the remaining Death knights still continued to cling on its body with their black aura emitting weapons and leaving behind deep wounds on the dragon!

The wounds infected by the soul corrosive black aura immediately corrupted the flesh and let it rot in an unthinkable speed!

Struggling to fight back, the dragon turned around and once again swept its long tail a few times and finally managed to crush these Death knights.

Nevertheless, it was obviously hurt badly during the fight and even the Breath coming out of the dragon's mouth was getting lighter and lighter and instead of a thick color it rather became pretty shallow.

With a loud noise, the dragon crashed on the ground. While making some moaning sounds, it giant nostril spouted out two massive smoke

clouds. Its body was covered with hundreds of wounds and although it was furiously struggling to heal itself with the inherited healing power of the dragon race, the soul eroding attribute of black magic was just too strong. Its mistake was that it did not get rid of those black magic when its opponent first casted it. After its body was corroded by black magic, it was much more difficult to get to remove it.

It lost a lot of blood and had several serious wounds while fresh blood was constantly flowing down its body.

Grinning fiendishly while thinking that he had won, the last magician raised his wand and casted a flashing light. Immediately, several lightening started to fly one after each other next to the dragon, creating a series of thundering noise.

Shaar immediately understood.....This guy was using this method to confuse the big dragon! Since the dragon was blind, it relied mostly on sound. By creating a lot noise, this magician disrupted the dragon's sense hearing!

Sure enough, the dragon instantly raised its head and listened attentively. Angered by that method, it opened its big mouth once again to spew its Breath..... However, all those Breath were wasted while it consumed more of its remaining magic. The color of its Breath was turning paler and paler after finally becoming completely transparent.

Waiting exactly for that moment, the magician finally made a relieved expression. He hesitantly pulled out a shiny ring from his bosom and wore it on his finger while slowly moving towards the dragon.....

This magic item seemed to be able to cast wind magic and after putting it on, the magician started to float a dozens of centimetre above the ground. Moving his feet mid-air, he did not issued any sounds with his movements.

"This guy is quite cunning" Watching this gave Shaar a creepy feeling: "He looks like a ruthless person."

"ThisThis is the only advanced magician amongst them. You can see the golden magician badge to his chest."

Unexpectedly it was the pitiful creature who replied.

Tatara next to them was clenching his teeth while staring at the pitiful creature with a strange look. Realizing that Tatara's was staring at her, the pitiful creature made a somewhat strange face and pursed her lips while gently shaking her head. Tatara's complexion immediately changed, hesitating for a moment, he finally decided not to speak.

Not aware of the scene playing off behind him, Shaar paid all his attention towards the battle in front of him. Seeing that magician approaching the feeble dragon, he suddenly remembered something.

"Huh?! Where did Ada go? Fuck! Don't tell me he was turned into ashes by that Breath a moment ago?"

Chapter 39 The dragon slaying battle Part 2

Translator: Tchu

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Chapter 40: Flog the drowning Dragon

Just when Shaar's voice died down, his eyes immediately widened!

The reason, he finally saw Ada doing something bizzare!

When that senior magician was slowly approaching the big dragon, the rock behind him on the ground suddenly wriggled before flipping over without a sound and unexpectedly transforming into a man!

Ada's body was covered with dust, since a moment ago he was curled up there pretending to be a piece of rock – to be fair, his disguise was not really authentic. However, for some unknown reason, none of them noticed him, even though it was obviously that he huddled himself up there. He had vanished from everyone's sight! Only when he moved, people began to notice him!

This bizarre feeling made Shaar extremely puzzled.

Nevertheless, the weirdest thing had yet to come.....

Immediately standing up, Ada made a movement as if he was stretching his body. He didn't bother to shake off the dust on his body and was rather fixated on the magician in front of him right away.

Having his back facing Ada, the magician was simply unaware that there was a person standing behind him. Still holding his magic wand up in the air, the magician silently closed in on the dragon.

Meanwhile, Ada also started to move.

His body was like a gust of windNo more like a cloud of smoke would be a better description! Without any sound he slowly approached the magician!

Undoubtedly, his feet were moving step by step on the ground, but without a trace of moment at all. Moreover, while he was moving, in the eyes of Shaar it felt like watching a ghost floating in the air!

In broad daylight, he was definitely walking behind magician, but that magician could not perceive a single trace of him. For a slight moment,

Shaar had the impression that Ada had become the magician's shadow!!

Even when he was clearly there, he gave other people the weird "not existing" feeling.

Seeing the distance between those two people's getting closer and closer, the initial seven to eight steps suddenly shortened to three to five steps. In an instant, he was only one step away and in the end Ada was almost sticking on the magician's back. Yet, as if the magician was possessed, he still seemed to be unaware of what was happening behind him – From Shaar's perspective, with that kind of distance Ada's breathing should already be felt on magician's neck!

Damn! It was just like seeing a ghost in broad daylight!!

Even Shaar could barely hold the urge to scream out and to warn that magician – this feeling stuck in his heart was too uncomfortable.

Then suddenly, Ada's next movement immediately gave Shaar a shock!!

Suddenly twisted his body in a strange manner, Ada stabbed with his hand in front of him while grasping a sharp item.....Looking closely, Shaar immediately noticed that it was a sharp tree stick!

Ada's movement was so lightening fast that even Shaar could not fully observe clearly each of his motions.....

Ada only made one moment: Stab!!

Three consecutive stabs forward!

Puff, puff, puff!

The movement was neat, swift as lightning and without any redundant moves!!

The initially walking magician took another step forward and his facial expression suddenly changed. Three clear holes suddenly appeared on his body!!

His facial expression twisted madly and he quickly turned around with his eyes widened. He stared terrified at Ada behind him and just when he opened his mouth to say something, Ada gave him a last stab!

Puff!

The sharp tree stick was directly stabbed into the mouth of the magician and pierced through the back of his skull!

Such a bizarre and deadly assassination immediately made Shaar's widened eyes quickly focus.....

The magician collapsed to the ground like a puppet with its string cut. The sudden sound immediately startled the big dragon, making it raising its head, while opening its giant mouth to reveal its fangs.....

Ada's whole body suddenly relaxed and his toes trampled on the ground while no longer using that ghostly technique to hide his movement again.

All of the sudden, he unexpectedly opened his mouth and grinned at that dragon who was about to spew its Breath.

He only needed a very short sentence to quickly shut the dragon's mouth and what he said was:

"It's me."

TL: Deng, deng, deng, deng!

.....

.....

It was such a simple sentence yet Ada's tone seemed to show the kind of intimacy that only old friends had. His tone of his voice was familiar to Shaar and gave him the strangle feeling of calmness along with a deep sense of mockery – this was the tone that Ada always used.

Nevertheless, that dragon promptly closed its mouth and lifted its neck. It seemed that as soon as it heard this voice, its entire body tightened, while its mouth muffled a sobbing sound showing that it was wary to sounds source.

"You recognized my voice, right?" An undisguised mockery could be found in Ada's tone as he approached the dragon step by step with a smile on his face.

However, Shaar's sharp vision saw Ada's eyesthe expression in his eyes was as cold as ice!

"You must be very curious why I use this language to talk to you Well." Ada walked in front of the big dragon and stopped at a distance of less than five steps away. With such a distance, once the dragon stretched its neck, it could easily open its mouth and swallow him whole!

Despite that, standing in front of this huge monster, Ada did not seem to have the slightest trace of fear. The smile on his face became gentler while the expression in his eyes was getting colder and colder!

"To be honest, we really haven't seen each other for a long time now." Adas smiled while patting his hands: "..... ever since you made me like this!"

"You probably would have never thought that I would come to look for you! You probably thought I had lost all my power now and that I am weak without the strength to even look for revenge."

"How ridiculous you look when I see you nowlooking at your appearance, it so embarrassing and I suddenly feel sorry for how pathetic you look."

"Do you know that in order to find you, how much time and efforts I have spent? It took me a full fourteen years to investigate your where about- ah, calculated according to human time.

I have lived close to this mountain for six years and sat by that flaming swamp to calculate the eruption time. To make a very accurate calculation of the distance and position of each fire caves, that alone took me four hundred and thirty one days!

And you, my dear, I know you. I know that during this period of time is where you are at the weakest, hmpfSince you bear that curse's punishment, I calculated the time when the curse would become active. Right now, you can only use less than half of your total strength.

Oh and.....six months ago, I also intentionally informed an adventurer on Primal Wildfire of the news that a dragon resided in this mountain,

thenI believed that this news would certainly be spread out and attract greedy humans to come here!

As a result, everything turned out as I thought.

Although the strength of those magicians were a little bit weak, however fortunately you are more fragile than I expected.”

While Ada was saying this, Shaar and others eavesdropped from the distance turned all blue on their face!!

The information that this Ada revealed was too shocking!

Ada walked in front of the big dragon while reaching out to gently touch the dragon with a smile his face. He whispered with soft and sweet voice that carried a chilling tone.

“Beautiful Dora, proud Dora, noble DoraSeeing you today in such a state, I am really.....too happy!”

The dragon unwilling held up the head and its giant mouth made a series of whining sound before finally turning into a low-pitched and hoarse human voice. Its voice was deep and hoarse with weak but feminine style. The tone in its voice contained hatred and mockery:

“Darwin, you can only speak the human language now, right? Hahaha! Right now, you can’t even speak a word!”

When this big dragon talked in human voice, its voice was really loud and despite the long distance, it transmitted into the ears of Shaar and others. It was clear as thunder.

“Oh..... You can still simulate the human voice with your magic. It seems that your magic has not been completely consumed yet.”Ada picked his ear and made a fake smiled: “What you said is right, I cannot speak the dragon language anymore I am a human now and the oral cavity structure of humans is different from ours, andThanks to you, although I am a human, my soul it that of a dragon. Therefore I am unable to use the human magic, while naturally I cannot use the magic of Dragon Clan either. There is no way for me to simulate our voice now. For all of these, I shall give my thanks to you!”

Dragon!!

This Ada, was also a dragon?!

Shaar was shocked.

“Hahahahaha!!”

All of a sudden, that dragon burst out a desperate laughter and she raised her head high while angrily roaring towards the tiny Ada: “I know why you came here! You hope that I could lift your curse? Proud Darwin! My honourable incomparable Darwin! You finally came to ask me!! But I will never tell you! You will be forever trapped in this human body and never ever restore be to your noble dragon body again! Hahahaha! As long as I do not lift the curse from you, you’ll never be able to recover to your noble status again!!”

Ada lowered his head and smiled: “You’re wrong. I did not plan to ask you to lift the curse.”

He seemed to think for a moment, then looked up and replied in an unrushed tone: “From the day that you deceived me to drink the ‘eternal tears ‘ and put the curse on me to trap me in a human body, I knew already that you will never relieve the curse from me. When you did that, I knew that you already hated me to the extreme. I don’t have that ridiculous thought and my only wish is to see you die with my own eyes. I want to see you die in front of me and watch you breathe your final breath, then..... I will keep your soul forever from returning to the sacred tomb! You should know that as a member of Dragon Clan, if your soul does not receive a proper burial, then in the future some magicians passing by and could exhume your body. After that, they might use your remaining soul and create some Undead creatures. Perhaps you will turn into an ugly Bone DragonHahahaha! The beautiful Dora becoming an ugly Bone Dragon, how funny would that be?”

All of a sudden, the dragon flew in rage and its body shivered with a stronger sense of deep fear. With an ear deafening roar, it suddenly lowered its head and maliciously bit toward Ada: “Go to hell!!”

“Fuck!”

Shaar who was originally hiding on the side to watch this story unfold suddenly he discovered that the dragon was about to hurt the man. He instantly jumped out without hesitations and lifted a huge rock beside him while holding it in his hand. Aiming at the dragon, he threw it with an incredible force!

Whew!

Under Shaar's mighty force, the huge rock flew out with lightening speed, bringing a strong gust of winds. The dragon that had just lifted its head, immediately felt the strong winds closing its face. Bang, the huge rock relentlessly smashed against the head of the dragon and immediately twisted its neck badly. The dragon instantly crashed down and half of its face became dented.

Jumping up, Shaar shouted: "Mother**! Whatever Ada is, he is my soso now! You dare to touch this uncle's property without asking for his permission?!"

He grabbed his pitchfork with one hand, the pitiful creature in the other and Tatar who was still hanging his body. Shaar looked like a big black bear rushing forward with huge steps. With a murderous look, he moved with a majestic appearance.

However, in his heart he was already rubbing his hands and thinking: It would seem that this dragon would be dead soon. Such a heaven-sent opportunity, if not flog the cur that's fallen into the water, then when?? God finally opened his eyes and recognized that uncle Shaar deserved to be rich!!

TL: "flog the cur that's fallen into the water" is a Chinese idiom for being merciless with bad people even when they're down.

Chapter 41: Hard as steel

The strength of this hillbilly was really scary. The dragon that was already severely wounded got wrecked until its head started spinning from the rock that Shaar threw. Its gigantic head dropped to the ground while it gasped for air. It did not even manage to lift this head after shaking of the concussion.

Seeing that Shaar was unexpectedly rushing towards the dragon, Tatara's hands immediately turned numb from fear and slipped down from Shaar body. Looking afar, his legs were trembling, his body was shivering and there were signs of pee between his legs.

My god! Was this guy even human? He actually managed to wreck the dragon with a rock?! Even the Beast spirit Berserker in the legend did not have such barbaric strength?!

Remembering that this guy casually smashed a huge rock out of a small mountain a moment ago..... and he actually tried to desperately strangle this demon's neck just now? If he had only the slight bit of murderous intention, I' am afraid his bones would be smashed to countless pieces with one hit.

Thinks about it, Tatara faced ashen and did not dare to blame Shaar for his bad luck anymore.

Only after arriving next to Ada, Shaar decided to put down the pitiful creature. Giving him a cold look, Ada sneered: "Why did you come here? Were you not having a good time while hiding and eavesdropping on us a moment ago?"

Shaar stuck out his chest and righteously said: "Since you and I are companions now, we should help each other. Seeing you in danger, not to mention you are my soso.....I am not the type of person who would abandon a companion under any circumstances! Say what you want, I will rescue you regardless!"

A faint smile showed up on Ada's face: "Oh, really? Then why did you hide in the distance just now for such a long time without coming to help

me? But only after you hear her and me talking you.....”

Pausing for a moment, Ada’s vision started to observe Shaar’s face: “Now that you know my real identity, you quickly came here to kiss my ass. Furthermore, now that this dragon is severely wounded, it is not much of a threat anymore and how could you not take this bargain?”

Even after his intentions were discovered, Shaar’s face unexpectedly did not turn red – It must be said, the old man’s education indeed turned Shaar into a unique character. Making two hollow laughs, Shaar replied: “This dragon suddenly became violent and I was worried that it would hurt you.”

Ada shook his head: “You are such a bold and thick-skinned guy. You call tell a lie without even blink of an eye. What a strange guy.” Ada snorted: “Since I dare to stand in front of her, of course I have a way to protect myself. I don’t need you to rescue me! Do you know that you just ruined my fun?”

The dragon was still badly hurt from Shaar’s heavy throw. Under normal circumstances, even with Shaar’s abnormal strength, a rock would still not knock down a dragon. However, since this dragon was already severely injured, the dragon Ki protecting its body was also weak right now. Lying on the ground breathing heavily for quite a while, it finally managed to lift its head with a lot of effort. A pair of giant dragon eyes searched around but still could not find Shaar. It uttered a growl: “Despicable humans, who sneak attacked me?!”

With such a close distance, Shaar’ ears started ringing after hearing the dragon’s roar. The dragon’s mouth was so close that Shaar felt a bit nervous in his heart. However, when seeing that Ada was sneering at him, he could only clench his teeth and pump himself up again. Raising his pitchfork in his hand, he made a valiant appearance. Pitiful creature’s heart started to beat like a drum and looking this dragon lifting its head, she desperately pulled Shaar’s clothes. Right now, all she wanted to do was to strangle this guy.

If you wanted to become a hero, go yourself! Why did you drag me

here?!

Ada sighed: “Dora, today will be the day you die. If there are any words you want to say, since we have known each other for such a long time, I will give to the opportunity to speak.”

The dragon became enraged and roared showing that it was unwillingly to give up. It twisted its body and barely stood up on its back legs. It swayed twice and dropped down again while suddenly swinging its tail to sweep at them.

That giant Dragon’s tail swept over with a lightning speed and the edges of the tail created a strong wind. Shaar suddenly felt a shortness of breath and quickly grabbed the pitiful creature while jumping backwards. That Dragon’s tail swept over an empty space and when Shaar landed on the ground, he heard Ada’s voice next to him: “Did you not want to become a hero? Why did you run away so quickly?”

Turning his head to have a look, he suddenly saw that this Ada was standing close next to him – this guy actually dodged faster than him?!

The dragon turned its body and started to climb toward the summit. With each step, the ground was trampled to pieces and an alarming amount of dragon blood remained behind. This dragon blood had a strange color of red with green and even emitted a faint trace of heat.

Not in hurry to pursue, Ada looked at Shaar: “The buried treasure you are search is in the dragon’s lair, do you have the courage to look for it?”

Shaar thought to himself, right now this dragon only had half of its life remaining – no, probably that half was already gone too, what was there to be afraid of?

Steeling his heart, he patted the pitiful creature’s shoulder: “Watch how uncle Shaar becomes a Dragonslayer!”

The hillbilly became determined and immediately boosted his courage while raising his pitchfork to catch up to the dragon with flying leaps. With a huge jump, he dropped on the dragon’s back. Even through this dragon was on all fours, it was about ten meters high and a dozen meters

long. Like a mountain made of meat, the moment Shaar landed on the back of this dragon, he immediately felt the instability underneath his foot. Not noticing that something was standing on it, the dragon used all its efforts to crawl toward the summit. Barely keeping his balance, Shaar moved forward while climbing on the back of the dragon. Finally arriving at the dragon's neck with great difficulties, he roared and gripped his pitchfork with both hands while fiercely stabbing downward.....

Clang!

After a clear sound, a piece of blue-greenish dragon scale got pierced on the dragon's back. Just when the pitchfork entered the flesh, Shaar used it as a handle while the dragon under him wailed in pain. Shaking his neck in pain, Shaar suddenly lost his balance and slipped while almost falling down. Desperately clenching on his pitchfork, he managed to avoid tumbling down.

After eagerly returning to its lair, the dragon shook his head violently a few times. Still struggling on top, Shaar shouted and cursed while hanging on the dragon that was shaking its body back and forth.

Like always, he acted just too reckless. Although the pitchfork's sharpness was unparalleled and easily pierced the dragonscale, but after all it was too small.....Comparing to this huge dragon, his pitchfork was just like a toothpick and even if it penetrated deeply into the flesh.....How could it be fatal?

As a human, if you were stabbed by a toothpick, it would hurt and that's all. As long as you were not stabbed into the solar plexus or eyeball..... Would you die?

Just when Shaar was shaking around, he suddenly felt that a shadow crept up next to him. When he took a look, he suddenly discovered that Ada was also on the dragon's back and he did not know which method he used to jump up here. Putting on a cold smile, he wiped a bit dragon blood with his hand from the wound infected by the pitchfork. After carefully touching the blood in his hand, he pulled Shaar back up.

"How are your movement so fast?" Shaar had some doubts: "As if you

could fly!”

Ada shook his head and did not reply, but sighed: “You don’t not need to waste your strength anymore. She wanted to return to lair to breath her final breathe. We dragons have the habit of wanting to die in our lair.”

This dragon was so heavily injured that it could not even open its wing anymore. Limping and crawling up the summit, it finally dropped down when it arrived in its lair. With still half its body outside the lair, it was too weak to even lift up a foot.

After sighing weakly several times, Ada jumped down and patted the dragon’s neck: “Dora, do you really have nothing to say to me?”

The dragon’s was noticeably getting weaker: “Darwin, if you want to make me lift your curse, you can forget about it, I would rather die!”

Ada’s eyes flashed an air chilling coldness and sneered: “Since you refuse, then I won’t hold back anymore.”

Opening his mouth, he shrank his neck and suddenly pulled something out of his mouth!

That thing was semi translucent and half amber brown. It had the size of a pigeon egg and no one knew how Ada kept it in his throat.

Shaar stared at him with big eyes, but Ada just sneered: “Since I came to look for you, of course I have the means to deal with a vicious fellow like you. You think that you can die so easily? I told you, I will obtain your dragon soul and making you unable to return to the sacred tomb! Your bones will stay here turning into a skeleton. I will bait some magicians here to let them refine the lowly bones of your dragon corpse! The noble Dora turning into an Undead Bonedragon, how interesting that will be!”

Ada’s voice brought a bone penetrating cold air and in addition with his flawless face, Shaar could not help but feel a cold chill in his heart.

Ada’s eyes glanced at him: “What are you wait for? We are currently in the Dragon’s lair, don’t you want to quickly find your buried treasure?”

Froze for a moment, Shaar immediately pulled out the pitchfork and

when he landed on the floor, he suddenly felt his hand sinking to the ground.

Did this pitchfork just increase its weight compared to before?

Taking a closer look, Shaar saw that this black pitchfork was still the same as before. With its pitch-black appearance which did not show the tiniest light of sharpnessAlthough the naked eye could not see any difference, he felt that there was something strange.

Pondering for a moment, he suddenly noticedThere was unexpectedly not a single trace of bloodstain on this pitchfork?

Only those unparalleled razor-sharp weapons used by those godly warriors in legends could kill people without leaving a single trace of blood on them. Could it be that this pitchfork was the same?

Gently stroking the pitchfork with his hand, he really could not feel the tiniest traces of bloodstain of it.....

However, how did the weight increase? Shaar was slightly dazed, but quickly relaxed in his mind. He was probably tired and his arm was getting heavy.

Sitting cross-legged next to the dragon's head, Ada looked at it with a chilling smile. He gently put his hand on that item and stroked it. Keeping his mouth shut, he quietly waited for the dragon's death.

The dragon could not move anymore and the many wounds on its whole body continued to bleed. Its strength was slowly fading away and the most important part was that the dragon's Breath coming out of its nostril was gradually slowing down.

Giving it a look, Shaar immediately ran towards the dragon's lair.....

This cave on the summit was enormous, but not too deep. One could instantly see the end of it and when Shaar sprinted into cave, as if struck by lightning, he became stupefied!!

Treasures, buried treasure?!!

Looking in front of him a hill piled up together with a bunch of things,

Shaar's mouth suddenly dropped down. He started to make a "gege" sound with his throat and his faces became distorted.....

After quite a while, the hillbilly suddenly uttered an earthshaking yell full of grief!

"Mother***, this is the buried treasure?!!!!!"

In legend, dragons all like shiny thingsCorrect!

In legends, dragons all like glittering and translucent thingsAlso correct!!

HoweverIn legends, the dragon's lair was full of gold, diamonds and gemsThis was not correct!!

In this world, although there were not many dragons, but the actual quantity was still quite a lot. If each dragon collected gold and gems..... How much gold and gems would this world need?

ThereforeIn front of Shaar, was a big pile of.....

A big pile of different kind of stones! They had various shapes, round, oval, square, angular.....

All these stones were sparkling and shinyHowever these stones were definitely not gems!

Although Shaar lived in the mountain, it was not like he did not saw those kinds of things before. The name of this type of stones was "quartz"!

The texture of this material was not hard, even a bit fragile. The mountain where he lived had such a kind of mine. Some human caravans occasionally came by and collected this type of stones and went back.....

This stone biggest use was.....

Burning into glass.

.....

Shaar went mad! He frantically rushed towards it and started digging maliciously inside the piled of stones. Turning this pile upside down, he

finally found several pieces of thumb size metal.....Judging from quality of the material, possibly, perhapsIt was gold?

It was indeed gold, but in such a big pile of glass stones, these gold pieces were rather too scarce!!

Shaar was so enraged that his eyes turned red and turned around to rush towards Ada while roaring: “Where is the buried treasure? The gold? The buried treasure?? Inside there is only a big pile of stones!! A big pile of glass stones!!!”

Ada who was already expecting this result sat there while showing a faint smile: “Did you look closely?

“Look closely! It’s a big pile of stones!!! Glass stones! Don’t think that I would not recognize that kind of stuff! That kinds of stuff are everywhere on the mountain where I live!! What I want is gold! It is gems!!!”

Ada gave off a long loud laugh with a tone full of ridicule: “Gold? Most gold in this world was already made into coins by the human empires or collected by those powerful elites. How much gold do you think a dragon can get?”

Ada Lifted his finger to point towards north: “Perhaps in the north, the northern territories belong to the dragons. There you might be able to find a lot. However here is the middle of continent and human territory. Dora arrived here to live in seclusion. How could she go outside to collect some gold? If she began to collect and rob gold and gems everywhere, her whereabouts would have already been discovered by humans – could you not figure out such a simple truth?”

Shaar wanted to refute and opened his mouth, but after thinking carefully, this argument was indisputable.

“Butthis uncle came here to look for gold! Without getting any gain from this, this uncle will get very angry!!” Shaar clenched his pitchfork and a burning fire lit up in his eyes.

Ada smiled and pointed towards the dragon: “Buried treasure? This dragon corpse was more valuable than any gold mountains!”

He touched the wound on the dragon's neck: "Sees this blood? The blood of a dragon has very strong magical properties inside. If you wipe the blood on your body, later if you get attacked, your body will become hard as steel. It can even resist against most attacks from experts! According to those ancient legends, the brave warriors who slaughtered a dragon and bathed in dragon blood, would obtain a natural defense against swords and spears. The legend actually does have some sort of authenticity."

Taken by surprise, Shaar immediately sprinted back and stripped all his clothes in front of Ada. Using both his hand, he grab the dragon blood and smeared it all over his body.

Then suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind and he remembered that Ada said "hard as steel". The hillbilly squinted his eyes and saw that Ada had turned his back towards him and grabbed a handful dragon blood before fiercely rubbing it against his most precious piece several times.....

TL: That my friends, is how you obtain balls of steel!

Chapter 42: According to legend

This Hillbilly acted too excessive, if he could he would have rubbed his whole body on the dragon's wounds a couple of times. When the cold Ada saw how this vulgar fellow behaved, he could not help but turn pale while his eyebrows twitched a few times. Having enough of this guy, he simply turned his head and paid no more attention to this bastard.

Putting back on his clothes, Shaar's mind was finally a bit at ease even though his whole body smelled of blood. After obtaining a form of invulnerability, it could at least count as some gains and the resentment in his mind was finally soothed. Facing Ada with a smile he said: "This dragon blood is quite nice, when you wipe it on your body, its nicely warm, you.....ah, I almost forgot, you are also dragon and don't need these things."

While talking, Shaar could not help but to glanced at the spot on Ada's lower body.

Ada's expression became uglier and uglier: "Enough! If I knew what you would do with it, I would not have told you! A dragon's blood is something noble and you unexpectedly, you unexpectedly used it....."

Rolling his eyes, Shaar replied: "The uncle here fought, killed and struggled to get here. I need to at least get something back from it."

He then remembered the words that Ada just said and started to grab his chin while looking at the dragon in front of him: "Ah, You said a moment ago that the body of a dragon is more valuable than mountains of gold and silver?"

Grunting loudly, Ada squinted his eyes and his tone became somewhat strange: "That depends in whose hand it falls. If it falls into the hands of a fellow like you, it is just a pile of bones. However, if a magician or someone who knows what to do with it....."

Shaar suddenly improved his attitude tenfold and moved his head closer while smiling: "How would this thing body to count as valuable?"

Ada sighed and put his palm on a piece of dragon scale: “Dragons are the most powerful creatures, it is recognized everywhere on the continent. The dragon’s body is tough and when facing against physical attacks, it has formidable defensive power. For example the Dragonscale, even the strongest metal shield made from the best human blacksmith could not necessarily compare to the defense abilities of Dragonscale.....A dragon body is completely covered with those sturdy Dragonscales and normal attack cannot dream of puncturing those innumerable shields! If she was not in a weak condition, how could those magicians put her into such a situation! As for youThat sword in your hand would already count as a rare weapon, since only a handful of such weapon could pierce her scales.”

Sword?

Shaar looked at his pitchfork: “You said this thing is a sword?” He just heard the most ridiculous joke: “Hahaha! You say that this uncle’s pitchfork is a sword?”

Ada replied with a serious expression: “Of course it is a sword! Otherwise, what do you think it is? Being able to pierce a Dragonscale with such an ease, such a sharp weapon, it is the first time I see it with own eyes.”

His eyes fell on Shaar’s pitchfork and carefully examined it: “Such a treasure falling into the hands of someone like you, what a waste. Hmpf! Although it has a weird shape, however from its sharpness point of view, it is not far off compare to the magical weapons used by the godly warriors from the legends of this continent.”

Shaar was suddenly overwhelmed with happiness and gently stroked his pitchfork while thinking: Was this thing really a treasure left behind by the old man?

Ada sighed: “Your weapon, even I don’t recognize the material it was made of, but it is for sure not an ordinary metal!”

“Why?”

Ada sneered: “Dragon blood is a noble thing, you think that it could

just so easily make you hard as steel?”

When saying those words hard as steel, Ada’s eyes flashed full of anger and bitterly glanced at Shaar’s crotch while coughing. Suppressing the anger in his heart he continued:”If it was an ordinary weapon, just by touching Dragonblood it would have corroded! The dragon is the strongest creature on the continent and for thousands of years and none of the other races was able to win against a dragon one on one! One of the reasons is, regardless whether it was humans, dwarves or elvesAll the warriors of those races used weapons made out of metal. Except a few extremely powerful weapons, most weapons were at a big disadvantage when facing a dragon. If you had an ordinary meal sword in your hand.....”

He snorted: “Even if could pierce the Dragonscale with your astonishing strength, once your weapon touched the Dragonblood, it would quickly corrode and melt because of the Dragonblood! That’s why in all the human legends, any brave warrior who dared to challenge a dragon must first obtain an extremely powerful weapon before he could fight it. Because most weapons would have difficulties to pierce the Dragonscale and even after piercing, it would be corroded by the Dragonblood.”

Hearing this, Shaar became a bit scared.....

Corrosion?

Oh shit! If this Dragonblood is so bizarre, don’t tell me uncle’s would also melt away?

TL: That’s why kids at home, don’t smear magical fluid on your junk before finding out is 100% safe!

Feeling a bit frightened, he touched his own waist, but in front of Ada’s eyes, he was finally too embarrassed to touch further down.

“Relax, it is only corrosive towards metal. It is a natural magical attribute in Dragonblood and this magic only has a strong rejection against metal.”Ada put on a serious face while talking.

Swallowing down his saliva, Shaar finally calmed down and looked up at

the already dying dragon: “According to youwith such a giant dragon body cover with countless scales, if flayed.....”

Ada’s eyes suddenly flashed sharpness: “Haven’t you heard about Dragonscales?”

Dragonscales?

Shaar’s eyes immediately started to shine!!

He had heard of Dragonscale, but it only existed in legend told in the tavern of Primal Wildfire Town. When the bards told the stories, they had mentioned about itIt could be described with one word: Strong!!

“Dragonscales are the hardest on the back and a bit weaker on the abdomen – but it was only relatively speaking, since it was still much stronger than the finest human-made armor.” Leisurely talking about it, Ada pointed at Dora next to him: “Generally speaking, if you can get some Dragonscales from the abdominal area and make a set of armor out of it, although it cannot be compared to an artifact, it would be not far away from it.”

“Why using the Dragonscales on the abdominal area? Didn’t you say the hardest part was on the back?”

Looking at the greed in this fellow’s eyes, Ada replied with disdain: “The scale on its back is harder, but because of its extreme hardness, it would be too difficult to mould and polish. The scales on the abdomen, although slightly weaker, one could barely mould and polish it..... However to process the scales on the abdominal area, I heard that only dwarf masters were able to craft something with this kind of hard material, as for you humans.....I fear that there are not many craftsmen left on this continent that can create such things.”

Hearing this, Shaar was getting somewhat annoyed.

Fuck! After all this, I need to go look for a dwarf while carrying a pile of Dragonscale?

In Primal Wildfire, the dwarves were actually not hard to find. The problem was, if you dared to go to the territory of the dwarves, there was

definitely no way to return get back alive! Your skull would turn into lacquerware for dwarves!

Shaar could not help but to get discouraged: “Alright! Let’s first not speak of Dragonscale. Worst case, this uncle will peel off the Dragonscales and sell them. Anyway, I don’t intent to become a legendary hero and there is no need to put so much effort to get a set of dragonscale armor.”

Ada smiled with a hint of ridicule: “Right now you don’t want to, but when you comprehend the full advantage of Dragonscale, you will understand.....If using the dragonscale only as material, it’s not worth much. The most important factor is that ordinary manufactured metal armor has great difficulties to hold magic blessing, since most metal are repellent against magic. Only the greatest human alchemist could achieve this. However, I heard that there are only few wise human alchemists left right now. With Dragonscale it is different, since dragons are creature with natural magic adhesion. Even an ordinary magician, can very easily enchant a Dragonscale armor with magic if they wantOne set of Dragonscales armor is often an extremely magic resistant equipment!”

Listening to his, Shaar fiercely rubbed of his saliva and cursed: “Enough! I am already sold! I will go find a dwarf later if I have the opportunity

However, when he remembered those short tempered, mighty dwarves from the legends, the hillbilly panted while hesitating for a moment before asking: “Anything else? You said that this dragon is a treasure, are there other things?”

“Dragonfang.” Ada said with a smile: “Dragonfangs have an unparalleled sharpness, particularly the dragon’s upper jaw fangs. One could make a Dragonfang sword or spear.....According to legend the Dragonsword and Dragonspear are produced this way. However, the manufacturing process

Shaar got annoyed: “I know, I know! I must look for a dwarf, alright! I

know! Is there something else?”

While acting annoying, he had already decided in his mind to pull out all the Dragonfangs after it died.

“Also, the Dragonhide.” Ada sighed: “Dora is an earth type dragon and her leather could be made into a robe. It could defend against most earth type magic and even would have a certain defense capability against low level magic of other types. It would count as an Anti-magic equipment.”

Hearing this, Shaar felt excited again, but he looked at Ada cautiously and asked: “ThisThe dragon leather robe, I don’t need to look for a dwarf to make it.....”

Ada smiled: “Of course not, dwarves excel in the craft of blacksmith, but are not known for being good tailors.”

Shaar breathed a sigh of relief, but still felt uneasy in his mind: “What else?”

“There is.....Dragontendon!” Ada’s eyes began to flash and his tone was slightly excited: “If you want a nice bow, then Dragontendon would make the perfect material for the most powerful bow! For a bow, the hardest thing to find is a superior bowstring! A Dragontendon is tough and resilient, but also has magical attributes. Neither sword nor spear could cut it. Furthermore, it has extremely good stretchabilityAccording to the continents legend, among the three most famous artifact bows of the elves, two bowstrings were made of Dragontendon!”

Artifact?

Shaar’s face reddened and he started to see starsArtifact!!

What did the title Artifact represent?!!

“But.....” Ada tone immediately changed and sighed.

“But what?” Shaar immediately gave birth to a bad feeling. Every time this Ada spoke of how good the material from a dragon was, when the word “but” came out, no good thing ever followed.

Sure enough!

“A Dragontendon can become a bowstring, but a bow cannot be made of only a bowstring! The bow itself must also be made from a superior material in order to match with the Dragontendon. First, you must soak the Dragontendon with elf tears from legends. Afterwards, you need to use the extremely rare hematite ore from the legends of dwarves in order to build the bow.....”

Hearing this, Shaar spit out blood.....

Okay! It was even harder than making a set of Dragonscale armor!

To make a set of Dragonscale armor, one must only look for a dwarf, but to build a Dragontendon bow, one had even to include the damn elves!

“Hey! Are you making fun of me?!” Shaar was at the end of his nerves and got angry: “All you say is “according to legend” there, “from legend” that and you hype up all these things, however none of it is really achievable! You talk all day long about things according to legends! How would this uncle have so much time to look for nonsense “according to legend” things! Talking about these elf tearsthis uncle here wants to shed some tears right now!!”

Chapter 43: Eternal Tears

Ada sneered and looked at Shaar full of ridicule: “Since you want to good equipment, of course it will be hard to get! If it is easy, then wouldn’t everybody be able to obtain it? For thousands of years, how many equipment made from dragon parts do you think are there on this continent? If it was not such a rare case, why would everybody break their necks to get it?”

After listening to this argument, Shaar became speechless and startled for a moment before sighing: “Alright! What you said make sense

Still not fully satisfied, he could not help but to glance at this dragon. The pitiful Dora who had yet to breath her last breathe was already skinned and taken apart in this hillbilly’s mind. With his greed still not fully sated, this hillbilly asked: “Are there other things that I can use?”

“The other things are useless to you.” Ada said lightly: “I already told you before that I want to take something for myself. This dragon’s mortal body belong all to you however her soul belongs to me!”

“Soul?” Shaar curled his lip: “Soul or whatever, I won’t snatch it away from you since I am not a magician. What I wanted to ask you was.....the dragon’s meatIs there any used for the dragon’s meat?”

Ada froze for a moment and stared at this hillbilly while becoming speechless: “You? Do you want to eat her?”

Shaar rubbed his nose while somewhat embarrassed: “We have been eating wild chicken for these past few days. Seeing such a big fellow, now that things have calmed down, I finally remembered that we have yet to catch our lunch.....”

Ada was dumbfounded.

Although he was a dragon, but ever since he was trapped in human form, he travelled around the human world for a long time. He had met various kinds of people, but actually never someone as audacious as this hillbilly!

When facing a dragon, most people would already be awestruck. Even those legendary Dragonslayers, they would always show a fair amount of respect towards a dragon.

This hillbilly.....actually thought of eating it?!

Watching at this Ada's dumbfounded appearance, Shaar did not felt uncomfortable at all. This hillbilly's mind was already accustomed to this lawless land. He did not feel any awe at all and for him, this dragon was dying anyway. Whether powerful or weak, they were all the same.

Both tigers and wolves were also very strong. After killing them, he would eat them anyway!

"Talking about it." Shaar made a very strange expression on his face: "I am talking about you Ada. No matter what you say, weren't you also a dragon? Therefore, this female dragon would count as your kindred. However, looking at the way you talked, there should be a very deep hatred rooted between you and her. Otherwise, why would you teach me how to peel her skin and take her apart in such a detailed way?"

Ada's expression suddenly changed. His eyes which lit up a moment ago immediately converged back and became dull instead.

Although this kind of scene was quite common, Shaar had never experienced it before. However, listen to all the stories he could not bear but to speculate in accordance with the most common reason.....

This hillbilly cautiously opened his mouth: "Don't tell me.....you cheated on this female dragon?"

Generally speaking, when the story reached this point, romance and a piece of pain and sorrow should be involved, right? Ada had probably an affair with this female dragon! Ahthen for some reason, it changed from love to hate. As for whether Ada the male dragon found a mistress dragon, or whether this female dragon cheated on Ada, this story still needed to be thoroughly examined.

Or maybeForbidden love? Damn, this was too exciting!

The eyes of this hillbilly were shining while waiting to hear Ada's story.

No one could blame Shaar for being this noisy, since this was not the kind of scandal like the one of Aunt Sofia in Primal Wildfire Town. This was about dragons, two living dragons!

HoweverLooking at Ada and this dragon standing together, why did it give off a vibe of “bestiality”.....

(It had to be mentioned, the old man’s education towards Shaar was quite lacking on this aspect.....)



This time, Ada was unexpectedly not provoked by Shaar and faintly sighed. While caressing Dora’s neck with his fingertip for a moment, an indifferent faint smile emerged on his face: “It’s not what you think.”

His voice had a hint of solitude.

“LoveIt’s really funny that you actually think its love. However, it is very regrettable, because if there was love between her and I, perhaps we would not ended up on such a sad outcome as today.”

“Dora and I were born on the northern Dragon territory and we each belong to different dragon tribes. When Dora was still young, she was famous for her beauty amongst her dragon tribe. Her pride, her dignity and her intelligence made countless young dragons wanting to get in her favor. However, please do not misunderstand. She and I were not from the same dragon tribe. I am an Ice Dragon and according to the tradition of the Dragon race, there were rarely dragon’s who would bind themselves across ethnic lines. Same as her, I was the most talented dragon within our tribe since birth. Exactly like her, I was enjoying everything since birth: Envies, love, praise.....

Dora and I were actually from the same class group, since we were already born as superior. Even since birth, we belonged to the leaders amongst our ethnic group. We were surrounded by people who were constantly praising us and for this reason we got carried away to even lose our own nature. Since birth, we used to think that this world was created for us. The sky was mine, the land was mine and everything naturally belonged all to me.

Exactly at that time, we met each other.

When a superior feeling guy runs into another superior feeling fellow, then both sides cannot become friends and only be enemies! Besides that, there is no third option.

Once in a while, the dragon race community will make a selection and chose the most intelligent, strongest and talented young dragon amongst all tribes. These dragons were allowed to enter the Holy land of the dragon race. They would pray to the dragon god and with luck it was possible to receive the dragon god's blessing while obtaining some powerful and special Dragon ability.

The unfortunate thing was there were two outstanding people to choose during this selection.

It's between her and me!"

Shaar was somewhat disappointed.....

Why was it not the peachy gossip that he imagined? Was it only simple competitors plotting against each other?

"The selection is very fair." Ada felt that Shaar was having some doubts: "Such selections were made by the tribes' elders and patriarch, therefore impossible to falsify. Because Dora lost to me, that opportunity fell upon me. I entered the Holy land and carried out the prayer"

When Ada arrived at this point, his explanation became quite vague and did not talk too much about while quickly moving on the story: "When I left the Holy land, I became the most enviable person of the dragon race. Almost every dragon started to discuss about me being selected to pray to the dragon god.

And these, of course deeply offended the feelings of Dora who lost."

Shaar sharpened his ears and felt that the juice part finally arrived.

As expected.....

"Soon, Dora met up with me. At first, she pretended to respect me with a nice attitude while flattering me to please me. Very quick, we became a

couple recognized by the whole dragon race. Although we were from different tribes, but because we were tribal leaders, the whole dragon race was very optimistic about our unions.

However, all this was all a scheme for her wicked plan!

At our wedding day, she gave me a strong poison and put me under a curse.”

Ada smiled gently while his fingers were trembling and in his eyes, a deep chill could be seen: “Before, I liked studying Transformation magic a lot. For a dragon, this kind of magic was nothing much since many dragons would use Transformation magic to turn into other races. They would infiltrate humans, dwarves and other races while travelling around the world for pleasure. I especially liked Transformation magic and during our wedding night she deceived me. She made me take on the appearance of a human and then make me drink her violent poison – eternal tears.”

Shaar frowned: “What tears?”

“Eternal tears.” Ada took a deep breath and his eyes flashed in anger: “It is a strange treasure belonging to the elves. It grows in the seed of something called the ‘Forgotten world flower’. It is very rare and hard to find. The only use for this kind of thing is for its strange curse.

According to legend, as long as you take in a drop of eternal tears, regardless of how your appearance is at that time, you will permanently keep it forever.”

At the beginning, Shaar disliked the idea, but then suddenly had a change of heart – forever.....

“My god! Will you able to live forever?”

Looking at Shaar’s face filled with a pleasantly surprised twist, Ada sneered and dispelled Shaar’s wishful thinking with an ice-cold voice: “Of course not.”

He sighed: “You just keep the appearance from before. This means, if you drink a drop of this thing now, then when you are 80 years old, you

will still look young. However, your lifespan will not be lengthened since only your appearance stays young and you do not increase your vitality.”

Shaar was surprised and could not help but get disappointed and depressed: It seemed that you could only maintain your original appearance.

He then immediately changed his mind. Even if it did not increase the longevity, but by making someone looked forever young would already be enough to make a woman go crazy in this world!

Just thinking about it, if there was something in this world that could make women look like a 18 year old girl when they are 80 years old just by drinking it – If there was really such a thing, would not every woman on this world break their necks to get it?

Shaar’s face immediately showed how excited he was and he started to rub his hands: “That, thingThat tears thing, where can I get it?”

Ada immediately saw through Shaar’s deceitful intentions and snorted: “Don’t even think about it, you can only find it in the elf territory and is extremely rare. It is impossible for you to get it.”

At first, Shaar was somewhat disappointed, but then suddenly remembered that he heard a lot of “according to legend” today. In any case, in the future there would always be some opportunity to verify it one by one. First, he needed to keep that in mind for later.

Ada continued talking:”At that time, during the evening of our wedding, she made me turn into my human form and I did not reject her request. Afterwards, I drank the poison she gave me with her own hand.

Since that day, I am trapped in human body until now!”

“Damn!” Shaar could not bear it and got angry: “This woman, ah no, how is this female dragon so vicious? Just because you were selected she took revenge against you? ButWhy didn’t she directly kill you with poison?”

Ada laughed and looked at Shaar with gentle eyes while saying in a calm voice: “Can’t you guess? Dear magical beast hunter, I don’t like it

when you pretend to be a rude savage in front of me – you might be a rude person, but I know for sure that you are not a fool!”

Shaar was stunned for a moment by Ada’s words and made two hollow laughs while scratching his hairs: “WellI think that she hoped to hear from your mouth the secret of the dragon god’s blessing, right? Did your god manifested in the end and did it really grant you a powerful ability?”

Hearing this, Ada stayed silent for a moment and suddenly sighed. He then glanced at Shaar with a gentle look and replied in a very serious tone: “You are quite smart, so why do you actually like to pretend to be vulgar and narrow-minded?”

Chapter 44: Saying Goodbye

Shaar gave of some hollow laughs and did not reply. He suddenly remembered the words that the old man taught him when he was still alive.

“Remember, stupid people who like to act smart always die very quick and seemingly foolish, but wise people will have a long life.”

“When others think that you are a fool they will ignore you. If everybody knows that you are smart, they will keep their focus on you – It will be much harder if you want to stab someone from behind afterwards.”

Thinking about it, Shaar forcefully shook his head and put on an innocent smiling face, looking like he could do no harm to either humans or animals: “Who said that I am intelligent, I am a mountain hillbilly.”

If Tatara would have seen Shaar’s honest smiling face, his eyes would have definitely twitched. However, Ada only gave him a faint smile and no longer talked about this topic.

He looked at the dying Dora and seemed to be distracted for a moment before finally speaking: “ActuallyIf you had know back then that harming me would put you in such a position today, I am sure you would have regretted it.”

On Ada’s face was a big smile: “The so-called Dragon god’s blessings, is actually very simple. Since I was the lucky fellow who was selected from our race, the Dragon god granted me a special ability which was.....The first enemy who would harm me will suffer from a condition! Whoever harms me first will lose half of its strengths, lifespan, magic and health.....everything halved! Furthermore, it will forever stay on that level!”

His smiling face became even gentler: “Dora, back then you were still very young and we dragons will only reach our peak in magic and strength during adulthood. Because you poisoned me too early, the moment I was trapped in a human body and unable to restore to my

dragon form, you also lost half of your power. Furthermore, you lost half of your power during your 'childhood'! The noble and proud Dora actually became the most vulnerable and weakest of the dragon race! Don't you think that this is such a wonderful irony?"

Shaar grinned when hearing about this. This damn Dragon god's blessing – How could this be a blessing, it was just a curse!

"The effect of Eternal tears of the elves can only be lifted by the person who used the poison. You are naturally not willing to help me lift it, but I will also not help you lift the Dragon god's curseIn fact, I need to tell you that it's not that I don't want to help you, but actually I can't! There is no way to break the Dragon god's curse! Letting you know this information must surely annoy you a lot right now."

Already standing up, Ada lightly caressed Dora's neck with his finger. His movement were gentle, similar to lovers touching each other. However his look and voice was awe-inspiring cold.

While Ada was stroking her, Dora's breath was getting even weaker. She weakly opened both eyes, but there was barely any light left in there. She made a whimpering sound with her breath and did not even have the strength left to speak.

Ada gently placed the amber stone in his hand on Dora's forehead and said while laughing: "Do you know what kind of item this is? I have travelled many years in the human world just to find this thing. Yes, this is a soul stone. Don't worry, I will not use your soul and make you my slave, because I don't have that magic. However, your soul will be forever trapped in this stone unable to return to the sacred tomb.

Now. Please. Die."

Although Dora's eyes were not very clear, but Shaar actually felt that they were deeply frightened. She unwillingly opened her mouth and seemed to want to spit a Breathe to kill her enemies. However, she was only able to utter a low wail.

"Finish her, magical beast hunter." Ada turned his head and gave Shaar a cold look: "Pierce her forehead with your sharp weapon! Your weapon is

too short and can't directly pierce her heart. But the sharpness is enough to pierce her solid skull."

Shaar did not hesitate and walked towards her with big strides while holding his fire pitchfork in his hand. Arriving in front of the dragon's head, he muttered a few sentences: "Hey! Every debt has its debtor. It is Ada who let me pierce you. You die in his hands and I am only the executioner doing the dirty work. Do not bear any grudge towards me."

Finished his sentence, he made an effort to close his eyes and fiercely jumped on the dragon's neck. Aiming at the skull with his fire pitchfork, he forcefully stabbed downwards!

With a dull crushing sound, the fire pitchfork entered the skull and pierced straight into the dragon's brain until there was only a small piece from the handle sticking out!!

Dora roared and raised her head a bit before finally powerlessly dropping down. She breathed her last and a mass of blue smoke came out from her nostrils.....

When Shaar's fire pitchfork pierced the dragon's brain, a strange smelling fragrance was suddenly released. He did not know that the brain fluid of a dragon had a natural scent and this fragrance made Shaar's mind instantaneous hazy. He felt as if this smell rushed through his nose directly into his brain and his whole body instantly felt relaxed. The pain he suffered from multiple wounds on his body instantly vanished.

On the dragon's body soon emerged a mass of translucent green radiant fog. Seeing this, Ada squinted his eyes and held up that amber stone while chanting some strange words as if he was singing a song.

It was not a magic incantation, nor was he speaking in Dragon language. It was just a normal requiem with some weird and incomprehensible pronunciations. Although it was in a human voice, the language was something ancient and archaic. While listening, Shaar could not even understand eight out of ten words.

That mass of gently floating green translucent radiant fog was actually the dragon's soul. After each dragon's death, a soul would leave its mortal

body and fly towards the mysterious dragon's tomb!

Dragons had a strange tradition, after they die, they did not care what happen to their body. However they had to get a funeral for their soul! Only when the soul of the dragon returned to the sacred tomb, they would be able to receive eternal rest.

That green dragon soul seemed to want to fly away, but under Ada's singing it suddenly slowed down and appeared to be attracted by this song. Bit by bit it came closer toward Ada and hovered in the air while constantly changing its shape. Turning into a green haze, it finally shrouded Ada's palm, as if it was attracted by that amber stone and little by little it got adsorbed by it.....

Ada looked like he was having a very difficult time and beads of sweat was flowing down his forehead while the sound was also gradually getting more incomprehensible. Although this requiem did not count as magic, it actually consumed an extremely large amount of mental strength. His eyes quickly revealed his exhaustion and only when that dragon soul began to get sucked up into the stone, Ada managed to relax. A sudden wave of fatigue washed over him, making his body stagger and his foot soft before he fell on to the dragon's body.

Most of the dragon soul was already sucked up, leaving only few wisps of faint blue mist flying in the air. It still had not fully entered the amber stone before Ada got too weak and almost fainted. The remaining wisps of the soul did not receive any more guidance from the requiem and immediately lost its direction while faintly spreading in the surrounding.

Watching at it, curiosity got the better of him and Shaar could not help but to put out his hand while reaching out for it. However, since a soul was something immaterial, how would he able to grab it? When Shaar grabbed a hand of empty air, that green haze suddenly seemed to change its shape a little. Alarmed by the sudden movement, Shaar immediately shouted out before the haze shrouded his palm while moving upward until it gathered around Shaar's neck!

The grayish rotten stone hanging on his neck actually became this

remnant soul's destination. These seemingly dispersing wisps suddenly found a new target and immediately speed up. Before Shaar had the time to scream, it was already completely absorbed by it!

Just when Shaar opened his mouth, he saw this green haze sneaking inside the pendant hanging on his neck. Curious from the sudden event, he could not help but touch his pendant and felt that this angular stone was still ice-cold. It still had its original gray appearance, but for some reason when he carefully looked at it, there was a subtle feeling that something was amiss. Nevertheless, he could not pinpoint where this feeling came from.

Leaning against the dragon's body, Ada was heavily panting for a while before he recovered and stood up. Looking at the stone in his hand, that amber colored crystal already turned into a dark green color. Seeing this, Ada mind was finally at ease and swallowed the stone with his mouth before looking at Shaar: "What happened to the remaining soul?"

"Eh....." Shaar thought for a moment and for some unknown reason when the words reached his mouth, he did not tell the truth and probably made this choice subconsciously: "Dispersed."

"Dispersed" Ada nodded and faintly smiled while not suspecting anything: "It doesn't matter if the rest dispersed, since most of the soul is already sucked up inside my stone. The remaining soul will be unable to return to the dragon tomb and will vanish in the end."

In Ada's eyes was a faint hint of melancholy after he finally completed his goal after many years. Right now he was suddenly feeling somewhat empty. He looked at Shaar and thought a moment before quickly declaring: "Well, my matter is done now and I got everything I need. The rest all belong to you now."

".....I" Shaar hesitated.

"Magical beast hunter." Ada looked at Shaar in a friendlier manner: "I want to thank you, after all I would have been buried alive otherwise and died on the mountain. Since I am a human now, I do not have power anymore. No matter what, I owe you one!"

After saying this, he was no longer wordy with Shaar and turned around before walking away. When he walked several steps, Shaar could not bear and yelled: “Hey! Ada, where are you going?”

Ada turned around and frowned while looking at Shaar: “I, I will naturally move on.”

Shaar opened his mouth and felt a strange feeling in his heart, but finally yelled a sentence: “You still owe me a gold coin!”

Ada smiled and gave Shaar a glance: “Count it as a loan, you can add the interest.”

Then he walked out no longer turning his head. Shaar hesitated for a moment and decided not to pursue even when Ada left.

Shaar waited until Ada was gone before jumping to the ground. He quickly took off his oval pendant and inspected it closely in his hand. He actually could not see any problems with it.

Dragon soul? What use did it have in the end?

Ah, for uncle Shaar the most important thing was.....Were there any benefits?

Also.....that thing was not dangerous, right? Thinking about it, Shaar briefly thought if he should just throw it away.

However, giving it another thought, it was one of the few things that the old man left him. It was a memento what he always carried on him.

“Fuck! This uncle was not afraid of her when she was still alive, now that she died and became a ghost, what is there to fear?” Shaar maliciously stared at the dragon’s corpse to increase his his courage.

After all, he had the temper of a hillbilly and while anxiety came quick, it also vanished just as fast. Deciding to keep it, he gave off a loud cheer and jumped up.

“It’s time to peel her scales and take her apart!!”

Chapter 45: The Secret Of The Fire Pitchfork

Shaar was born as a hunter living in the mountain and was naturally skilled in peeling off skins and extracting bones after taking down a game. Nevertheless, since he had never hunted a dragon with such a colossal body before, Shaar took a while to measure this huge beast with only his hand. Only until he had a plan worked out in his mind, he dared to start working on this body.

First, he started to cut off dozens of scales with his pitchfork from the dragon's body. The size of the dragon scales were not small and even the smallest piece had the size of a washbasin. After finally cutting off more than thirty pieces, Shaar stopped in order to have a look at this dragon, only to find out that he had only managed to clean out a small area.

Dumbfounded for a while, a strange idea suddenly flashed got in Shaar's mind!

Dragonscale armor in order to make one, the craftsman had to polish and fix the pieces of Dragonscales together into one piece, right? Although he didn't have the craftsmanship to do this exact process, he did have other ways!

Exactly!

I could just cut off some large pieces of skin from her! Since the dragon skin was already covered with scales, I could just put it over my body.

Wouldn't I obtain a Dragonscale armor combined with a dragon skin robe?

If I used this method, what's the point in finding a dwarf?!

Upon thinking of this, Shaar immediately started with the work. The fire pitchfork in his hand was extremely sharp and immediately cut this poor dragon into several pieces.

He worked so hard until beads of sweat were rolling down his forehead

and he finally managed to cut off a large portion of flesh from the dragon's belly. After finishing his work, he cut out a layer of dragon scales from a piece of meat and it was a bloody disgusting mess. However, uncle Shaar had already completely covered himself with the dragon's blood a moment ago, how would he be bother by this bit of bloodiness?

With a smiling face, he wrapped it around his body and turned around to see how it looked. Suddenly remembering that there were so many sparkling glass stones in the cave, he ran inside to search for a few big ones in order to have a better look at himself.....

Curious how it looked, Shaar wrapped his tall body in a layer of dragon skin covered with scales.

"Huh The more I look at myself, the more I resemble a big headed carp?! Fuck! A fish completely covered with scales....."

Noticing that it looked too ugly, Shaar immediately sat down and began to cut this piece of skin into a short vest. Although the shape was extremely crude, if it was worn inside the coat, nobody could see it from the outside.

"Haha! Who said that this uncle is a hillbilly! Even without finding a dwarf, I was able to make dragon scale armor!"

Shaar danced happily around.

Filled with excitement, he unconsciously let his pitchfork slip out of his hand and dropped it to the floor. With a sudden bang, his pleasure ended in sorrow when the pitchfork maliciously smashed onto his foot. With a loud screamed, the hillbilly started to hope around while holding his foot. After calming himself, he sat down and suddenly realized that something was not right while holding his pitchfork.

"Huh? Why is it getting heavier and heavier?"

Shaar frowned and pondered for a while.

Since this fire pitchfork was made for shovelling the furnace, it could not be made too heavy and weighted originally very light. Previously, because of Shaar's monstrous strength, it was like holding a toothpick in

his hand. Despite its sharpness, it was too light and inconvenient to use.

However, right now the weight felt perfect in his hand!

After all, Shaar was accustomed in using an axe which weight at least over a dozens of pounds!

Noticing the weird changes in the pitchfork, Shaar finally understood that it was not an illusion. Holding his head while thinking for a while, he suddenly carried his pitchfork and walked back towards the dragon's corpse. When he saw the several freshly cut off dragon meat, he could not help but get dumbfounded!!

These pieces of fresh meat were all cut off by the pitchfork a moment got, however right now they looked.....

They all became dried jerky!! It looked as if they had been dried in the open for several months. They were not a single trace of fluid in them, only several dry and flat pieces could be seen!

"The blood is gone?!" Immediately after Shaar cleared his mind, he realized where the problem came from!

Shaar stabbed a hole in the dragon's body and as he watched the Dragonblood flowing down, he put his pitchfork next to it.....

Just as expected! When Dragonblood touched his pitchfork, it was instantly absorbed! The pitchfork didn't leave a single trace of blood on it! It was as if the pitchfork turned into a limitless sponge and as soon as the blood touched it, the blood would immediately get sucked up inside!!

"What the-!"

Shaar screamed and subconsciously flicked the pitchfork.....

Zoom!!!

Shaar heard a deep humming sound echoing inside the cave and got startled by it!

When he listened closely to the humming sound of pitchfork, it included a faint trace of Dora's roar inside!

Dragon's chant?!!

Even if he was inexperienced and ignorant, he realized that this thing in his hand was definitely a treasure and became so happy that could not help suppress his laughter!

“When I’m back to the Primal Wildfire Town, I will find a blacksmith in order to re-forged it and make it into an axe!!! Right now it looks so ugly! How could a top expert hold a pitchfork in a fight? It would make the others laugh their teeth off! It would only suit my status if I made a beautiful waraxe out of it! ”

Thinking about wearing his majestic Dragonscale armor set and his waraxe in his hand, Shaar could not help but drool out of his mouth.

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Outside, the pitiful creature and Tatara were getting impatient because Shaar did not leave the cave for a long time.

A while ago, they saw Ada coming out alone and even without greeting to those two, he just nodded and floated away.

The pitiful creature was a little bit worried and walk towards the cave. However, how could Tatara dare to do such a risky thing?

When Tatara saw the tail still hanging outside the cave, he suddenly got the urge to pee his pants and his feet would not take a step forward even if someone threatened to kill him.

Alone, the pitiful creature ran towards the entrance and suddenly heard the dragon's chant. Even when she became petrified and terrified, she was still a little bit concern and could not bear but to shout in a low voice: “Shaar! Shaar, are you alright?”

At that instant, she heard the hillbilly's wild laughter.

After a blink, she suddenly saw the hillbilly marching out. When the pitiful creature glanced at Shaar, she suddenly screamed and blushed. Quickly turning away, she ran away and after a few steps, she slipped before falling on the ground.

It turned out that Uncle Shaar was unsatisfied how he looked while wrapped in that dragon skin and so he changed it into a vest. After changing his clothes, he did not get dressed properly and forgot to tie his belt on his pants. When he turned around and strode out, his most precious part was swinging in the wind.....

How could the pitiful creature have experienced such a parade before? She instantly turned pale, before running off.

Outside, Tatara immediately jumped up to help her up while making a flattering expression: "Your Highness, you....."

Hearing this, the pitiful creature's face instantly paled and watched this guy nervously: "You! You actually know me?!"

Tatara smiled like a blooming flower: "Your Highness, I am a magician. When I was in Osgiliath, I saw you once from the distance inside the cathedral. At that time you left together with his Royal Highness Prince..... Although it was only a brief look from afar, I could never forget you Highness's beautiful face..... "

Hearing Shaar's laughter coming out of the cave, the look on the pitiful creature suddenly got worse and she tightly covered Tatara's mouth while whispered hastily: "Shut up! Not one word!"

A little worried, she constantly looked back at the direction of the cave. Noticing that he did not heard anything she breathed out and gritted her teeth while whispering: "You, what's your name?"

"Tatara! My name is Tatara! I'm a low-level earth magician, at your service, Your Highness!" Tatara was overjoyed.

"Very good! Tatara." The pitiful creature's eyes were focused and right now there was not a single trace of the pitiful state she always showed in front of Shaar. A hint of natural grace instinctively flashed through her eyes: "You listen well, your Excellency Tatara. About my identity, you are not allowed to mention anything to this guy! Not a single word! And, he, he thinks that I am a man, so you you know what I mean! "

Tatara shrank his head and thought to himself: Oh my God! He thought

she was a man? What kind of terrible eyesight does he have?! Is this thief, really an idiot?

Thinking that he was actually robbed by an idiot, he suddenly felt awfully uncomfortable.

“Do you understand!” The pitiful creature was a little bit anxious.

“Yes, yes, yes! I wouldn’t say anything!” Tatara immediately unconsciously found a reason in head: Her Highness must be worried that this thief would covet her beauty and therefore she disguised herself as a man! Ouch Oops! I cannot reveal this secret! Otherwise, if this thief noticed, then he might plan to do something to her, in that case Her Highness would..... then I would become the sinner!

Once they find out that her Royal Highness was shamed, after the investigation, his responsibility for leaking her identity would be.....

The stake in front of the church or the executioner’s guillotine.....

Tatara severely shuddered: “Nothing will come out of my lips!! Nothing at all!”

“Very good! If you dare to say anything, I will definitely let my brother kill you! I will let him chop off your head!” The pitiful creature still worried a bit and added an additional threat.

“Uh what if the secret was accidentally revealed by you?”

“I..... I will also let him behead you!”

“.....” Tatara blinked and signed with a sincere look: “Your Highness is really someone fair and just who can sincerely convince people!”

Chapter 46: I Am Rich!

When Shaar came out of the cave, he was carrying a backpack that was several times bigger than him. All the dragon's fangs, tendons and scales were packed together using the dragon's skin.

It was so heavy that only a guy with an abnormal strength could carry it.

Only after seeing Shaar who transformed into a human-snail coming out the cave, the pitiful creature could finally relax. However Tatara who was standing next to her started to get shaky legs right now. While staring at Shaar, he was still pondering over how he should greet this little thief.

By being ruthless?

This would naturally not work! This little thief and her Highness were quite close. Even if without considering that, with his terrifying strength, he could probably crush Tatara with his picky.

Furthermore, a moment ago he tried to strangle this barbarian. What if this barbarian was looking for settling the score? He was afraid that his thin bones would not even endure one punch.....

He feared that his revenge for the robbery in Primal Wildfire was hopeless.

Thinking about it, Tatara could only sigh in sadness.

Although Shaar had tremendous strength, while carrying such a big burden with half a dragon inside, his steps were heavy and ponderous. Just when he was about to open his mouth to greet the pitiful creature, he suddenly saw a figure rushing over and throwing himself in front of him while hugging his leg.

Huh?

It was the swindler!

Tatara clung on Shaar's thigh with tears and snots coming out of his

nose and eyes. His attitude suddenly became respectful and submissive to the extreme: “Oh Hero! My deepest gratitude for saving my life from that dragon! I am eternally grateful for this life changing grace. May I ask you to accept my unlimited gratitude!”

Finished his sentence, he wiped off his snot on Shaar’s pants.

However, Shaar was somewhat at loss. When did this uncle save your life? Didn’t you just run down the mountain and throw yourself in front of me a moment ago?

However.....It seemed like someone came to my doorsteps.....

Shaar stared at Tatara for a moment: “Are you determined to repay this debt?”

“Of course!” Seeing that Shaar was in a good mood, Tatara’s mind instantly relaxed. No one would hit someone who admitted his mistake. Since I acted so respectfully towards you, how could you shamelessly take your revenge on me now?

“Very good! Since I saved your life, according to the rules of Primal Wildfire, you will become my prisoner! Until you pay your ransom, you will be my servant.” Finished, Shaar cracked a smile and immediately threw him his backpack: “Carry the backpack for this uncle!”

“I” Tatara only felt a small mountain pressing down and saw black: “Help.....”

Gasping for air, the pitiful Tatara was squashed underneath the burden and tried to hold on while Shaar casually walked in front of the pitiful creature with a smiling face.

When the pitiful creature saw Shaar, she suddenly remembered the scene in front of the cave a moment ago where she saw this bastard’s naked appearanceAnd also his scary weapon.....Thinking about it, the pitiful creature’s face suddenly reddened and her heart started to race. She felt short of breath and did not dare to look Shaar in the eye.

“I have something good for you.” While talking, Shaar loosened a leather bag from his waist (it was also made from the dragon’s skin) then

bent over and started to pull down the pitiful creature's pants.

The pitiful creature screamed and desperately tried to pulled back:
“You! What are you doing!!”

The pitiful creature's scream immediately alarmed Tatara who was currently succumbing under the heavy weight and the scene in front of him instantly shocked him!

Oh my god, oh my god! This barbarian wants to rape her Highness!
God! What should I do!!

Her Royal Highness is currently being raped in front me.I need to stop this crime in the name of justice! ButBut where do I take the courage from? This little thief can easily cripple me with one hit.

If he really wants to do something, perhaps he will silence me afterward!

Not good, not goodOr maybe I should go help him? Since he wants to rape Her Highness, maybe I, Tatara should help him by pushing his buttocks from behind?

Bahbah!!!! I am a magician, how could I do such a despicable criminal actToo evil! Too despicable!!

However, sitting idly and do nothing? That would also be a big crime!!

Suddenly, the stake, the gallows and the guillotineAll these terrifying names flashed through his brain.

The pitiful magician was currently having a battle of good and evil in his mind and shivered.

“Stop moving around!” Shaar who was currently pinning the pitiful creature on the ground was getting angry: “Stop moving and let me see the wound on your legs and feet!”

He then ripped the bottom of the pitiful creature's trousers.

(Fortunately it was only the bottom of her trouser) The pitiful creature

who had determined that Shaar did not have any other motives relaxed a bit in her mind. Nevertheless, her heartbeat continue increase while thinking that her bare legs were currently held by this hillbilly. Suddenly, a sore and numbing feeling passed through her legs until it crept into her heart. Both her body and heart immediately softened.....

Taking out the leather bag, Shaar poured out some adhesive red-greenish liquid and wiped it all over the pitiful creature's wounded legs.

"This is Dragonblood!" He smiled with a happy face: "I just found that it could unexpectedly heal wounds! Look, all the burns on me have already been healed. It was because of the Drgaonblood's effect! Ha! If you smear it on your wound, it will quickly heal. If you apply it on other places, in the future.....it will become hard as steel!"

After saying this, he put a strange smile on his face: "Since we are all men, do you want me to teach you how to use it? Hehe!"

The innocent pitiful creature could not actually understand these words and was somewhat at a loss while looking at Shaar. She stared at him while being unable to completely understand the meaning of his words.

Seeing that the other party was not catching what he meant, Shaar could not help but get disappointed in his heart while thinking that this fellow was too stupid. Since he was born ugly, probably no woman would fancy him, if he used this.....Hard as steel, it would definitely an advantage, such a waste.(Ed note: I swear his step father was a devil and having a hell of a laugh atm)

Thinking for a while, he took back his bag after wiping the Dragonblood on the pitiful creature's legs.

When he withdrew his hand, he discovered that the pitiful creature was staring at him with her legs still stretched out and with a strange look. Seeing that weird look, Shaar could not help but feel a strange feeling in his heart. Stunned for a moment, he suddenly wiped his face: "Is there something on my face?"

(Stupid pig)

The pitiful creature immediately got back to her senses and became flushed in her face while retracting her legs. She sat there holding onto her knees and did not dare to look into Shaar's eyes. Her heart was in chaos, not knowing if it was confusion, shyness or if it was anger towards this ignorant hillbilly.

Quickly, she felt a numbness and soreness on her legs again and looked down. Those wounds that did not heal after such a long time were rapidly healing. Her flesh was closing, her skin was slowly growing back and even the scars were falling off.....

The pitiful creature finally understood.

"Dragon, Dragonblood? You used Dragonblood on me?" She was a little excited: "Dragonblood, such a precious thing, you actually used it on me?"

Shaar smiled while thinking in his heart. This uncle already washed his whole body with it a few times and even filled a few bags with it. I gave you a bit of the remaining rest, what was the big deal?

A pitiful moan transmitted from behind where Tatara was standing.

"Ehm.....Respectful master, if it is not too troublesome, please, please move the things from my bodyI, I am going to be crush to death soon....."

Shaar frowned and walked there before raising the backpack with one hand and looked at the magician who was already half squished to death: "You are really useless and much more useless than my previous servant."

While furious in his mind, Tatara put on an even more deferential face: "Your, your previous servant was....."

"His name was Oaks and a goblin."

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Tatara wanted to vomit blood.

Me, a noble magician! Was actually inferior to a goblin?!

While getting up, he looked around with his head for a moment then his eyes suddenly lit up!!

The last magician who was killed by Ada, his corpse was not far away!

Tatara immediately dashed out and his hands searched through the magician's bosom for a while. First he carefully took off that golden badge and then removed the wind type magic ring from his finger. Finally, he uncovered a small deerskin bag, with various bottles and jars inside.

Tatara immediately began to cheer loudly. Although his skills were lacking, he still had the eyes of a magician and could identify with one glance all these were extremely rare high quality magician items!

This wind type magic ring was already at least 10,000 gold coins worth!! Also those bottles and jars in this deerskin bag were mostly good magic materials and there were even some magic scrolls!

He even found two magic nucleuses.

Just when he filled with joy, he suddenly saw a giant shadow on the ground which was coming closer. Looking back, he saw Shaar standing behind him with a smile on his face.

"Found something good? Since you are my servant now, everything you discover belongs to me!" Smiling in a friendly manner, Shaar told him: "Just with one look, I can tell that you have no experience, ahDon't forget to take of his clothes and that pair of boots are also quite good."

TL: I think Shaar could become Weed's apprentice....

ED: I am sure they would get along quite well sigh I just want Shaar to enjoy real beauty

Tatara: "....."

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They sat on the summit and rested until the evening and waited until the pitiful creature's legs were completely healed. Standing up, Shaar patted his buttocks and stretch his arms while shouting excitedly: "Alright! This adventure was a complete success, time to go home!!"

Ah, uncle Shaar is now finally rich. The old man said that a man needed a woman besides being rich. Only then, it would suit it this uncle's status.

In Primal Wildfire TownAlthough Aunt Sofia was beautiful, she was now old. That's right, I think she had a niece who looked just like her. Thick arms and legs, big chest and a big ass.....

Now that this uncle is rich, it was time to go back home and discuss about marriage! Hehe!!

The old man also said another sentence that was very correct.

“Virgins did not necessarily have money, but rich men were generally not virgins.”

Chapter 47: Happiness, Only A Shadow

Part 1

They easily passed the mountain and through that flame swamp this time thanks to the wind type magic ring from the dead magician.

The small wind magic rune inserted in this ring was, if you look at quality point of view it was probably a mid stage first level type – According to Tatara's appraisal.

According to the magic classification system of the continent, there were three ranks; high, medium and low. Every rank had total of nine levels. Although medium rank level one was not that powerful, at least it could be considered as a middle rank magic. Even though the wind magic in this ring could not make someone fly in the air, it was barely able to achieve a gliding effect.....

Therefore, if you wanted to know how they crossed the flame swamp.....
Very simple.

Shaar let the pitiful creature wear the ring and then tied her together with Tatara. At the border of the swamp, he picked them up and forcefully threw them to the other side.....

Combining Shaar's monstrous strength with the effect of the wind magic, the pitiful creature and Tatara took advantage of this fusion as they glide over the swamp, the jungle and even over the mountain top.....

When Shaar rushed down to find them, those two were at the bottom of another mountain while hanging on a tree branch for half a day.

"We will travel to south across the goblin's territory, the Red Wilderness. Then we will be able to enter Primal Wildfire's jungle. It will take us between ten days and half a month to return to Primal Wildfire Town, depending on our speed." Shaar rescued the pitiful creature and Tatara from the tree: "Unfortunately, Oaks that fellow disappeared. Let's pray that, he did get taken away in a wolf mouth."

While talking, Shaar glanced at the whining magician and muttered: "Oaks was indeed a very good servant and now this guy ... humph."

Under the Dragonblood's mysterious effect, both of the pitiful creature's legs were already healed. Although she had still to restore her strength in them, it already did not cause any obstruction while walking. So naturally unlike before, she did not rely on Shaar carrying her anymore.

However, that pitifully magician Tatara actually performed worse than the pitiful creature – to be more precise, he was worse than the pitiful creature before her injury was healed!

Magicians generally have a relatively weak body. However this Tatara body was outrageously weak. If a magician's magical power was inversely related with his body strength, then Tatara at this point should have been a super archmage.

Just by walking less than ten miles, his legs already became soft, his face was ashen and he was already panting for breath. It was as if he could stop breathing any moment, his legs were too soft as if they did not have any bones. During the whole journey, he did not stop shaking.

Shaar was at the end of his rope, not only couldn't this servant help him carry his things, he even needed Shaar's support while walking – If he did not snatch his robe before and was a bit embarrassed because of it, he would already have thrown away this burden away like trash.

The trio followed the river towards south and re-entered the Red Wilderness. While walking along the river, the pitiful creature remembered their journey towards north and experiences she went through with this hillbilly. She could not suppress the various emotions in her, the goblins, those bizarre Deatheaters and those knights who wanted to kill her.....

"Hey, Shaar."

Camping outside in the evening, looking that hillbilly extinguishing the campfire, those three huddled together and lied down on the hot ground

which was roasted by the campfire. The pitiful creature looked at Shaar and then whispered something. At the moment the campfire was extinguished, only the starlight faintly illuminated the night sky. The pitiful creature felt a disturbance in her heart and her face was turning a bit hot. Luckily, this Hillbilly could not see clearly it.....

What a pity.....

“Eh? Why is your face so red, it resembles a monkey ass?” Shaar stared at the pitiful creature with widened eyes.

The pitiful creature uttered a loud yell and quickly turned her head: “What, what red face! YouHow could you have seen you see it?!”

“I was born with night vision and I can even see in the darkest places. Therefore, I am a naturally gifted Hunter.....uh, Magical beast hunter!” Shaar grinned while pointing at his own eyes: “I have never told you this before? Haha, this uncle has too many awesome skills and there are even some that I can’t even remember.”

The pitiful creature swore bitterly in her heart and now that she knew that this hillbilly unexpectedly had night vision, she did not dare to look at him again. While playing with a dry branch in her hand, she asked in a low voice: “Hey, I want to ask you, Shaar, when we are back, do you have any plans?”

“Plans?” The Hillbilly thought for a moment and could not help but say with a smile: “Of course there are many!! With such a big harvest this time, I can finally get a fine set of equipment. I can only become one of the top Magical beast hunters with a powerful weapon and equipment! Hmmm, drink the best liquor, live in a big house, wear comfortable clothesah, was right, I can even buy a small house in Primal Wildfire Town, the kind that has a courtyard at the back. Ah yes, I also want to buy a horse. My riding skill is quite bad, later if I want to hunt and kill a magical beast in Primal Wildfire, it would be rather severe if I can’t ride a horse.....”

The Hillbilly became ecstatic while happily talking and thinking about the future. He only felt that the situation could only become better and

better, his feeling was “this uncle is also rich now”.

However, when he as began to get more and more excited in his speech, while listening, the pitiful creature sighed softly and finally couldn't resist anymore. She raised her head and looked at Shaar in the darkness – Even though she could not see Shaar clearly, she very much hoped that Shaar could see her eyes at this moment.

“You, do you want to stay in Primal Wildfire Town and become a Magical beast hunter for the rest of your life?”

Shaar asked back: “If not this, what else?”

“Youhave you ever thought about leaving Primal Wildfire, leave here and go to the Byzantine Empire? After all, there is a bustling world and you can see many, many interesting places.....”

“Not interested.” Shaar shook his head and replied very simple in a light expression: “I was born and I grew up here also everything I know is about here. About the wilderness and mountains here, I can find food, water and something to wear. I know how to survive here. Although the people in Primal Wildfire Town are somewhat sly, however here people follow a custom and that is the law of the jungle. If you are strong, then you are the boss. Although all the locals are quite fierce, everyone acted openly regarding these rules. These rules were simple and if you lived according to the rules, you could live in peace with each other. Generally speaking, the people in Primal Wildfire Town, although they were a bit ferocious, they were fairly simple.

However, I heard the old man saying that in Byzantine Empire, people were very complex, especially those rich men and aristocrats who would eat people without even spitting out the bones. In front of you they behaved like friends then stabbed you in the back whenever they could. Even those man-eating wild beasts in Primal Wildfire were not as annoying as those guys. Instead of going to that place, I would rather stay here in Primal Wildfire Town. Moreover, I don't have any skills except hunting and I don't know what else I could do.”

“YouYou are a unique brave warrior. You could go work as a warrior

and become a bodyguard! With such powerful skill you can certainly.....”
The pitiful creature quickly replied.

Shaar heavily grunted: “Do you want me to work as a servant?”

He shook his head: “I rather go and become a mercenary who lives outside, experiencing adventures and use my own blood and sweat to earn meals than becoming some bullshit bodyguard! Hmpf, acting as a bodyguard for those rich and potbellied rich men and aristocrats – When they sit, this uncle has to stand? When they eat, this uncle has to watch! Even when they are having a good time with a chick, this uncle needs to become a lookout at the door? Forget it! That kind of thing, I won’t do it! I hate to get ordered around by other people.”

The pitiful creature understood immediately that she made a slip of tongue: “Ah, sorry, I did not mean this. I know that you are someone who does not like to be bound by something, but.....You can enter the army. Ah, with your skills, if you want

According to the pitiful creature identity, if Shaar wanted to join the army, naturally she would be able to pull some strings to grant him a good background. Perhaps it would not directly be with wealth and status, but at least he would become a “rising star”.

Join the army?

Shaar’s eyes lit up for a moment and even became somewhat excited, but immediately shook his head while saying: “Well, I still prefer to become a Magical beast hunter. Unrestrained and I can do what I want. If I become a soldier, I am afraid someone like me would violate a military order after a few days and get beheaded.”

“No, in fact you can..... “Feeling anxious, the pitiful creature nearly spilled out the beans. Realizing her blunder, she immediately closed her mouth.

Part 2

What the pitiful creature meant to say was the fact that she could actually arrange for Shaar to be located at her place of residence. By

using her connections, she could cover for him and there wouldn't be anyone who could bully him then. Maybe in the future, they could also be some opportunities to meet regularly.....

Shaar smiled: "Why is it that you are so eager to convince me into becoming a soldier? Do you want to join the army? I think you should give up this idea! Because although you are very tall, you are too thin and you can't endure the hardships."

Pausing for a moment, he continued: "what about you? After returning to Primal Wildfire Town, where do you plan to go?"

"I" the pitiful creature suddenly felt at loss in her heart.

Where to go? Go home?

If she went back, her uncle would surely kill her! And how could she be willing to go back after knowing such a fact? Thengo to Odin? Her father had already passed away. If she went to Odin, she would be by herself, alone and forsaken. Furthermore, what they focused most in Odin Empire was the blood relationship. She who carried Byzantium blood would always be looked down upon by those Odin fellows. If she went alone, she feared that in the future she would be bullied by other people and treated coldly.

Thinking it over, her only option was to quietly seek refuge with her brother. On the whole continent, her elder brother was the only person who could oppose her uncle. If her elder brother would protect her, even her uncle couldn't touch her. Furthermore, although they were only cousins, her brother had always treated her well since birth and their relationship was even closer than real siblings.....Moreover, she heard that her uncle was not in good health. As long as she made some arrangements with her elder brother and found a secret place to live in seclusion for several years, she could wait for her uncle to die of old age. After her elder brother ascends the throne, then the whole situation would be very different!

Howeverliving in seclusion for several years.....

"Oh, I don't know."The pitiful creature sighed.

“Ah, then.....You can stay with me.” Shaar laughed.

The pitiful creature’s heart started to jump madly after hearing this.

Stay, stay together with this hillbilly?

Staying in Primal Wildfire Town? Keep each other company? Wearing crude linen clothes, eating those rye breads, listening to this hillbilly’s mindless laughter and vulgar cursing every day.....Watching this guy’s valiant appearance.....

It seemed.....It seemed very attractive.....

(ED: Its magic or she finally lost her mind)

(TL: Shaar’s steel rod dangling in the wind was just too convincing...)

Moreover, other than being somewhat vulgar, this fellow was actually a smart guy who had a lot of ideas. He could also protect himself..... In fact, after being together with him for some time, this guy was actually not that annoying anymore. On the contrary the look he sometimes gives when cursing someone was actually quite cute.....

The pitiful creature’s mind was in chaos and she was short of breath.

Thinking about returning to her elder brother’s side, if she was under the protection of her elder brother she would have to hide in some remote place. Although her elder brother would not let her suffer the slightest hardship and prepare an indispensable shelter for her, she would lose her freedom nevertheless. And in order to avoid being discovered by her uncle’s people she would not be able to casually walk around anymore.....

However, staying together with this hillbilly was equal to giving up on her royal identity. She would resign herself to become a normal person with this hillbilly. Simple clothing, plain food, there were no luxury clothes, no exquisite jewelries, without respectful eyes of her admirers and not living in a luxurious palaceBut she would be able to live a simple life, looking at this hillbilly’s pure smiling face and his appearance when he cursed at people. Moreover, when enough time passed, he would know that she was a girl, then later.....

(ED: Did I miss a part where she hits her head and suffers a personality disorder?) (PF: That happened behind the scenes lol) (TL: She probably got hit on the head by Shaar's might steel rod!)

Thinking about it, the pitiful creature's face turned red and hot again. She could not help but to cover her cheeks while there was an indescribable feeling in her heart.

"Hey, pitiful creature, since you can read and write, you can teach me in the future." Shaar turned his eyes and laughed: "The old man only taught me the minimum level on how to write and read, so you can teach me more. You can also tell me more about the magic language. Since we got those things from the dead magicians, certainly there are some valuable things inside. Maybe, this magician book has some important information inside....."

The pitiful creature could not help but chuckle.....Really, this fellow wanted to keep her because he had some use for her.

Since she was already familiar with this hillbilly's nature, the pitiful creature did not get angry with him.

"To be honest, we could even form a circus." Shaar was getting more and more excited: "Every winter, when magical beasts start their hibernation, hunting is not possible for three months. We can form a performing troupe to make money in Primal Wildfire Town! Since you were born to be so ugly, you can play the clown! And I, II can crush a big stone with my chest and roll around on a nail board and so on! Haha, since I have smeared my body with Dragonblood, I am invulnerable! Those jobs will be a piece of cake!You trickster, you can also display your performance."

Tatara who was sitting next to them stayed silent until now, but hearing this he could not help but to burst with anger in his mind.

Trickster? I, Master Tatara, am a genuine honest magician! A magician!!!

However when Uncle Shaar opened his mouth, a person like Tatara who was currently under the mercy of someone could only give a hastened

answer with a smiling face: “Yes, yes, yes, I can certainly contribute, I will certainly contribute!”

Hearing this, the pitiful creature was getting excited in her heart.....

If she could really stay in Primal Wildfire Town, she would be able to abandon of all those heavy responsibilities and bad life experiences all at once. Henceforth, she would be no longer an aristocrat but an ordinary girl. By following this hillbilly, she could depend on his strong shoulder and his strong chest to protect her. It did not matter whether she had to cook for him at home, sew his clothes or even accompany him to become a performing troupe.

This simple silly life, it seemed.....

It seemed.....

Why was it that the more she thought about it, she felt more happy?



While thinking about it, the pitiful creature did not know when, but her eyelids became very heavy and gradually she fell asleep. In her dream, she saw a blurry scene where she arrived in Primal Wildfire Town with Shaar. They lived in a small house with a courtyard. Inside was a warm fireplace and the ground was covered with thick animal furs.....

When dawn was upon them, pitiful creature had a happy expression, but the moment she turned her body, she felt a sudden pain on her face.

A hand was patting her face and in a daze she heard Shaar whispering: “Hey, wake up! Wake up!”

When the pitiful creature opened her eyes, she found herself lying beside Shaar and his face was very gloomy!

The sunlight was barely illuminating the sky, why was this Hillbilly waking her up so early?

Waking up, the pitiful creature sat up and looked around, as her heart instantly turned ice cold!!

Not far in the periphery, where the morning light was coming up, more

than 20 cavalry soldiers had completely surrounded the trio's little camp!

Several knights dismounted while carrying weapons and stood in the surroundings. The rest of the knights were still on horseback and readied their bows and arrow while showing a stance full of vigilant alertness.

The few knights who were closest to them were only at a distance of about ten steps away. Each held a sharp longsword in their hands, which radiated coldness!

The hillbilly stood next to her with his chest out, grasping the fire pitchfork in his hand while his face emitted an ice cold aura!

Shaar instantly recognized those guys. One fellow who was standing at the opposite side was the knight leader whom he fought the last time.

Previously, they used the opportunity to flee before they could gather their forces, but now it looked like they would not have the opportunity to play the same old trick again. The enemy had already firmly surrounded their camp and they did not have any horses.....

"Put down the weapon." The knight leader who had lost to him the previous time roared in a hoarse voice and a cold expression: "Then walk towards us! One after the other!"

Chapter 48: Nightfall Guardians

Shaar looked at the fellow standing in front, noticing a fiery spirit burrowed within his eyes. The deeply ingrained hatred shown in his gaze caused Shaar's heart to waver slightly. Within his gaze he also appeared ready to attack at a moment's notice; looking to rip out Shaar's flesh.

Ah, Shaar finally remembered. The previous time they met, they sparred, but the martial arts he showed were all very strange. Every move looked similar to that of the simple movements used in cutting wood or any other normal task.

Could this fellow also have studied under that old man?

"There's no need to speak, I won't surrender." Shaar's eyes rolled. "Do you take me for a fool? Given your stance, do I really have another choice, but to fight?"

Rahim sneered.

Rahim was confident knowing his squad was nearby and fully-equipped. They also had their horses prepared and were ready to strike. This pitiful boy was fully surrounded, so it would be almost impossible to flee, even if he had wings.

Rahim straightened his lance while his eyes radiated a murderous spirit. "Good. I can cleanse this shame with your blood!"

In front of this wild boy, Rahim's gaze held a deep hatred and a deathly aura. Let God be his witness as he had every reason to cut this boy into countless pieces and feed him to the hounds.

Rahim was a member of the noble order of imperial knights called the 'Glory of Osgiliath, so he couldn't recall the last time he was humiliated this badly.

Osgiliath... a lofty, honourable name! Within the entire continent, only one order dared to title themselves as such. This was due to the fact that 'Osgiliath' is also the imperial capital of the entire Byzantine Empire!

This order swore allegiance to the royal family and was under the direct

control of His Majesty, the Holy Byzantine Emperor. The order was created by the sacrifices of their members, giving up an ungodly amount of blood and iron. They follow a glorious tradition which states that only qualified knights were able to title themselves under 'Osgiliath'.

The order 'Glory of Osgiliath' also had another unofficial name; the 'Nightfall Guardians'. This order was only loyal to the royal family, but their members were different from the regular palace guards. This order was a special division under His Majesty, the Holy Emperor's personal army. Neither supervised by the Imperial Army nor the senate, these soldier's salaries and costs were directly paid through the royal treasury.

Therefore, to differentiate between this informal knight order and the regular Imperial guards, the people started to call those fellows "Nightfall Guardians". Since they were not formally established in the empire's regular army, they all had to show exceptional bravery and power in order to join. The people also named them as such due to the fact that members of the order had the habit of wearing only black armour and only working during nightfall, rightfully earning them the title of 'Messengers of Death'.

Every member of the order of 'Glory to Osgiliath' was carefully chosen from the army's group most outstanding knights. Every member had a pure bloodline and was extremely loyal to the royal family, especially the emperor. It could be said that the order held greater loyalty towards the Holy Emperor than the empire itself.

In one such incident within the history of the Byzantine Empire 100 years ago, a civil war broke because a man usurped the throne and became the new emperor. However the 'Nightfall Guardians' held their loyalty towards the previous emperor and fought a bloody battle to resist against the new emperor. Stuck between a rock and a hard place, they fought and almost burned down the entire royal capital. Even when the previous emperor committed suicide due to fear, they never surrendered. As one final attempt to resist, the remaining group drunk on the desire to join their lord in death, decided to charge forward. Only a select few managed to break through and survive, but even then they refused to

surrender because they solely held loyalty to the previous emperor and not the actual empire... which led them to flee the city.

(ED: whew... this was a tough one)

This small group of remaining knights were later found to have formed a rebel army and taken over nearby bandit territory near the empire's borders. The empire took an entire year to suppress this rebel army.

After this, the new emperor actually decided to rebuild the order of 'Nightfall Guardians'. Almost every imperial minister opposed the idea but the emperor heavily insisted it.

Using the words of the current emperor then, His Majesty the Holy Byzantine Emperor Svendara the First; "Which emperor within this world does not desire to have such an order of fierce knights who are forever loyal, even in death?"

Due to the heavy criteria for joining this group, the order had very few members. Historically speaking, even at its peak, it never exceeded more than 500 members.

Every member of the 'Nightfall Guardians' were among the elite, holding an infallible will and absolute loyalty. Every member held an esteemed status, even greater than that of the royal guards.

Rahim joined the Nightfall Guardians many years ago and earned the rank; Cavalry Captain three years ago. It was the highest achievement of his life. Although he was only small Cavalry Captain with only twenty people under him, however how could a Guardians Cavalry Captain be measured by normal means?

In the Nightfall Guardians a small Cavalry Captain like him, even though he had only a dozen of people under him, when facing an ordinary general in peacetime they did not have to bow to each other and saluted at the same eye level. One could imagine how arrogant the Nightfall Guardians were!

Rahim's temper was harsh and tough, his execution of commands were decisive and followed the imperial order extremely strictly.

Simultaneously, he excelled in martial arts and showed a faint sign of superiority when compared to a dozen of other Nightfall Guardians Cavalry Captains. In the past two years, the regiment commander of Nightfall Guardians mentioned about a promotion of two younger members to vice regiment commanders and in Rahim's heart a faint hope emerged because of it.

The mission this time came directly from a letter with the Supreme emperor's own handwriting. Rahim hoped that after he completes it with an outstanding performance he could add this big achievement to his own career history.

A few days ago, he wouldn't expect to find his target and let her get away under his nose.

Moreover, three people fighting against a wildling actually ended up with one dead and two injured! One of his soldiers died and he, a Cavalry Captain was unexpectedly completely beaten in a fair contest against this boy.

How could Rahim endure so much shame?! For several days, he wholeheartedly hoped that he could find this boy and use his blood to restore his reputation. The pity he had for the boy before and respect for his talent were nowhere to be seen right now.



Kill him! I must kill him! I must defeat him under the watchful eyes of my men, I must kill him! In order to restore my reputation! Otherwise, if a glorious Nightfall Guardians Cavalry Captain lost to a wildling boy, not only I could forget about being promoted to the vice regiment commander when I am back, I will have to directly apply to retire from the Nightfall Guardians!

Rahim was not a fool, in order to become an officer in the order of Nightfall Guardians amongst all those elites, he was naturally not the type of person who did things mindlessly. After his previous disastrous defeat, he took time to calm down and made some careful analysis before finding two reasons for his defeat. First, unexpectedly the opposite party

was able to block his strongest set of sword techniques – this set of sword technique was Rahim's secret technique which he learned with great difficulties years ago from a master in the armed forces.

Rahim was quite puzzled about this, but besides the sword technique. Rahim was also very confident in his spear technique.

The second reason for his previous defeat, was his huge disadvantage at choosing his weapon. He did not know the quality or material of this boy's pitch black weapon was made from, however it was unexpectedly sharp and ended up breaking his weapon. This time he deliberately chose a cross-edged heavy spear as his weapon. This cross-edged spear was originally used for horse combat, but to someone like Rahim who mastered the art of weapons, he could use it while standing with the same efficiency. More, importantly this cross-edged spear was extremely heavy and long. Rahim made up his mind about breaking through with force!

Thinking about the wildling boy's blade (He regarded the pitchfork as a blade because of its sharpness), if he wanted to break this heavy spear, it wouldn't be easy like last time!

Not wasting any useless talk with Shaar, Rahim straightened the spear in his hand and rushed forward to fight. With a loud shout, under his arms a grey battle ki immediately erupted at the spearhead and with a roar he maliciously struck down at Shaar!

Rahim was a medium ranked second-level warrior and when he activated his battle ki. Before the spearhead hit him, Shaar could already feel the pressure of wind heading towards him. A huge vortex that tore apart the air formed at the spearhead!

Sticking out his chest, Shaar gripped the fire pitchfork with his hands and forward to meet his opponent's attack. The pitch black fire pitchfork formed a black arcping, ping, ping!!

Three consecutive strikes collided as the spear pounded the pitchfork. Each blow ignited sparks, and each strike from Rahim's heavy spear forced Shaar to retreat a step back.

It must be said that after a medium ranked warrior displayed his battle ki, even Shaar had a bit difficulties to endure the power with his sturdy body. Both his arms went numb from the impact, because of rupturing vibrations coming from the battle ki. Although his fire pitchfork had blocked the spear, when the battle ki poured out the wind it created ripped apart Shaar's coat. Moreover, the wind stabbed into his eyes disrupting his sight and his feet were being pushed back.

Rahim roared and suddenly turned his body to attack with backside of his spear. Like a python the spear swept towards the center of Shaar's waist! Bang, a dull thud could be heard when the spear connect to Shaar's body.

The strike swept Shaar from his feet and pushed him back ten steps. The clothes on his waist exploded and turned into a piece of rag by the battle ki.

Seeing his blow connecting Rahim finally relaxed in his mind since he was well aware of his own power. Just for a moment, he manifested the full potential of his battle ki and let alone a single person, even a horse would had its bones smashed to pieces with that strike! That kid's lower backbone must be shattered to countless pieces right now.....

However, he was somewhat surprised in his heart, since previously this fellow blocked all of his sword techniques, but this time he was actually was not able to resist his spear technique at all? Could it be that he did not know any martial arts?

Ah, he was probably just a dumb little barbarian wildling.

While he was thinking about it, Rahim put down his spear and just when he was about to speak, his eyes suddenly widened.

Standing up from the ground, Shaar was annoyed and patted the dust off his clothes. When rags were dancing around in the air, a piece of "scale vest" wrapped inside was exposed.

Stretching his waist, Shaar felt that it stung a bit, but noticed that there were no serious problems with him.

Sure enough, after smearing the Dragon blood on his body, his resistance towards physical attacks was surprisingly high! Shaar knew very well that this guy's last blow would have broke at least two bones from him of the past. However, right now his waist was only a bit sore and his back hurt a little and that's all.

Rahim's eyeballs nearly popped out while staring at him!

Those Nightfall Guardians nearby who originally made an expression with apathy now also made a bewildered expression. All of them saw their Cavalry Captain's powerful blow a moment ago and not only did this kid solidly endured it, right now he patted his ass as if nothing happened?!

Chapter 49: Ten Crimson Steps

Shaar raised his fire pitchfork and ran back in a few steps. Rahim only recovered when Shaar was standing in front of him, he immediately roared before ki started to radiate from his arms once again. A mass of grey Battle ki covered his spear again, but this time he pushed his output to the extremes and struggled. The Battle ki on the spear covered it with energy that radiated to almost a foot in height, it was obviously that this was the maximum power he could manifest.

The spear accumulated a mass of grey fog and maliciously curled forward. Rahim let out a loud Battle cry and ruthlessly thrust forward with his spear. Swallowed by the fog like battle ki, Shaar continuously blocked with his fire pitchfork left and right, but from time to time the spear created a muffled sound as it smashed against Shaar's body.

Shaar's martial art skill level could not be compared with his opponent's, so he relied on his pure strength to resist. Nevertheless, he was finally unable to block those intense attacks that swept down upon him like a wave. Rahim started to display his full spear technique and managed to land several hard blows on Shaar with both the spear head and spear end. It immediately left a few marks on Shaar's body, and even when it was obvious that he started to stagger from the beating, Shaar had yet to drop down.

Anxiety and anger started to creep into Rahim mind. In his whole life, he had never encountered such an opponent. It was obvious that he suffered many blows, yet how could he put it away as if it was nothing? With this level of attack, if it was him, he would probably already have fallen to the ground by the second strike. This wildling boy however screamed in pain again and again, yet his spirit actually seemed to increase with each strike?

(TL: Berserker mode activated!)

Finally, with a loud clang, Rahim suddenly twisted his body while holding his spear in his hands and maliciously thrust toward –

originally this was a lance thrusting move made from a horseback, however right now Rahim was at the end of his nerves and wanted nothing more than to pierce a hole into this boy.

With a rupturing Battle ki, the spearhead flew towards Shaar's chest. Shaar's eyes instantly widened and flashed with a strange light. With quickened steps, his feet moved backwards while he used his fire pitchfork to block his opponent's incoming spearhead.

Ding ding ding!!

After several clashing sound, both of them finally paused for a moment.

Rahim, using both of his arms, suddenly spun his heavy spear. Shrinking his body, Shaar dodged backwards with all his might. This exchange had left both of them exhausted, but Rahim's heavy spear already had countless tiny cracks from top to bottom. There were already a few places where it could break off at anytime, and the sharp spearhead had become blunt as well. The fire pitchfork knocked off the spearhead with ease before the blunt tip stabbed into Shaar's bosom. Stuck under his rib, it was blocked by a piece of Dragon scale and was unable to pierce any further.

Rahim's complexion instantly became distortion. Bang. Finally, the heavy spear in his hand exploded into innumerable pieces and a few iron slices grazed his face. Although Rahim received several deep cuts on his face, he generally seemed unaware of them and just stood still while staring stubbornly at the boy in front of him.

How, how is it possible?!

Both of Rahim's palms were full of blood because he recklessly and forcefully released too much Battle ki. By overstepping his body's limit to withstand the pressure of his Battle ki, it backfired on him. His fingers started to tremble and he suddenly fell down on his knees to the ground before blood came gushing out of his mouth. The side effects of overstepping the limit caused internal damage in several of his organs.

Why? How is that boy still all right? His martial arts was obvious a mess. But how.....?

Rahim fell to the ground and several Nightfall Guardians next to them instantly dragged him back. Right now, the remaining people looked at Shaar with a complex expression.

For a moment, an eerie silence hung over this scene.

Actually, on the ground behind Shaar, Tatara laid beside the pitiful creature. Frightened to death, his whole body was trembling, but after seeing this intense fight, his heart could not help but become horrified: This little thief was too powerful! Being able to use Battle ki that knight was clearly a middle rank warrior and he was unexpectedly defeated by him.

Taking a deep breath, Shaar still could not relax his mind.

After their bitter exchange moments ago, although he bathed in Dragon blood and wore Dragon scale armor, the injuries were still not light. After all, Dragon blood and Dragon scale were not omnipotent and the so-called invulnerability was only relatively speaking. An ordinary person would of course not be able to penetrate his defence, but facing a warrior using Battle ki was a completely different matter.

After suffering a dozen blows on his body, Shaar felt as if his bones were almost broken into pieces. His whole body was screaming in pain. Although he smashed the tip of the spearhead before it last stabbed in on his rib, getting hit by a warrior's powerful Battle ki was not something to joke about. The dragon scale was not pierced, but the Battle ki transmitted through the armor towards his chest from the stab.

Waves of pain were slowly overwhelming him at this moment, almost forcing him to vomit blood, he was sure that at least one rib was broken.

Keeping his mind sharp, he knew that even though the Dragon blood strengthened his constitution, this enhancement was not limitless! If he suffered a few more blows, he would certainly die!

“Kill that boy.”

Amongst the Nightfall Guardians came a weak order from Rahim. While this fellow was defeated, he still had not forgotten about their

mission.

The knights did not hesitate at all, drawing their sword and dismounting before rushing forward to attack.

Several swords simultaneously stabbed towards him from both sides. Only by slowly retreating backwards did Shaar managed to resist them and brandish his fire pitchfork around him. With countless clashing sound, he managed to break several of the sword tips, but he still received several cuts. When a blade landed on his shoulder, although his body was strengthen by Dragon blood, it still pierced his skin and blood started to flow – If this blow had landed before the strengthening, this strike would have cut off his whole arm!

The one that chopped him with a sword was also a powerful Battle ki user. Enduring the pain, Shaar furiously kicked this man's thigh. Receiving a heavy blow, the knight screamed pitifully while his thigh broke into pieces. Using this opportunity, Shaar turned around and ran, but a sword still managed to reach his back. Fortunately, his Dragon scale armor protected him and the stab did not pierce him. Nevertheless, this strike had tremendous force and hit him like a hammer!

Staggering, Shaar finally fell to the ground and just when he landed, several swords immediately stabbed towards him. Only being able to roll awkwardly on the ground to avoid being pierced, he desperately brandished his fire pitchfork in his hand.

There were no weak members amongst the Nightfall Guardians. Even an ordinary member had at least an official warrior rank. How could Shaar alone resist against all of these ranked warriors?

Amongst the warriors who were besieging him, half of them could use Battle ki. After obtaining their orders, those Nightfall Guardians were consumed by their rage and a murderous aura covered them. In less than a moment, Shaar's body was already covered with wounds. While facing those attacks filled with Battle ki, even the strengthening from the Dragon blood could not completely prevent all of the damage. Luckily, his Dragon scale armor covered his vital organs.

Not knowing how long he resisted and not even sure how many wounds he received, Shaar felt that his vision was getting blurry. With a swing of his fire pitchfork, he split a knight in front of him in two and a mass of blood sprayed on his face. When his breathing was getting ragged, he suddenly heard a whistling near his ear and when he turned his head, he notice a claw hammer flying towards him! The injuries all over his body had slowed him down so Shaar's reaction was too slow to dodge in time. When the Battle ki covered hammer hit his ribs, the energy burst through his body! With a loud bang, Shaar's body was sent flying by the force and landed rolling on the floor. Immediately he started to spit blood from his mouth, his eyes only saw black and his body felt like it was dissipating.

That claw hammer was a heavy weapons used by the knights and was quite similar to a mace. Made completely out of metal, it was without a doubt heavy and was used by the Nightfall Guardians squad leader. Although there was the Dragon scale armor in between, the hammer still transmitted a strong impact when it hit Shaar's back. Finally, running out of strength to get up he could barely roll his body, his hands and feet were no longer listening to him.

Not able to bear seeing him get beat up, the pitiful creature ran towards Shaar, but two Nightfall Guardians grabbed her when she tried to pass them. Furiously shouting and screaming the pitiful creature used all her energy to resist, but how could she oppose the strength of the two powerful knights?

Lying on the ground, Tatara's body was shivering, his face ashen, not even daring to lift his head.



Still unable to get up, Shaar face was lying on the ground, his blood and mud already mixed together near his mouth. Noticing that his breath was in disorder, he firmly shook his head. Feeling that he was surrounded by several knights, he knew that these fellows noticed his weakness and were in no hurry to finish him. While they were making some gestures back and forth, Shaar knew that any of those sharp swords could pierce his body at any moment. Just at that time, heavy steps were closing in on

him.

A knight with a slightly bigger stature than the rest, carrying a claw hammer in his hand moved apart from the other knights. When he stopped beside Shaar, he noticed that this guy was the one who successfully landed the blow on his back a moment ago. Staring at Shaar with a murderous aura, he raised his claw hammer and pointed it at Shaar's head. If this hammer struck down on Shaar's head, it would instantly turn it to a meat pile.

Raising the hammer towards the sky, the hammer's shadow covered Shaar's face and at that moment.....

Still lying flat on the ground, the greyish stone on his neck suddenly erupted and a mass of crimson red light filled the surrounding! That light instantly expanded outwards without any warnings and blinded everyone around Shaar!!

At that moment, that crimson light enveloped Shaar and instantaneously swept over his whole body!

All the wounds on Shaar's body such as cuts, slashes, broken bones and ruptured wounds.... Under the crimson light all these injuries healed instantly, almost in a blink of an eye!!

When the crimson light diminished, Shaar's body was back in perfect condition. Still lying on the ground, he saw that the grey stone on his neck had not turned back to its original color, but stayed crimson red like a bloodstone!

Shocked by the crimson light, Tatara looked up and experienced this amazing scene and dropped open his mouth. With sweat oozing down his forehead, there was only one thought in his mind:

Damage, damage absorption?!!

When Shaar breathed in, he instantly felt a strange force filling his body. This energy gave his mouth a violent taste and felt like a bucket of cold water poured down on his body. Filled with this kind of abundant energy, he felt as if his body would explode. Shaar could not help but let

go a heavy hum.

Right now, this strength filled his whole body and a surge of extremely violent emotions filled Shaar's mind. Filled with chaos, various negative emotions exploded in his mind: Angry, blood thirst, violence.....

Suddenly jumping up from the ground, the mass of crimson light had yet to fully disperse, but Shaar's eyes turned completely red. Deprived of any consciousness, he felt that his anger and murderous aura was harder and harder to suppress and he finally screamed.....

(TL: He is really becoming a berserker O.O)

That mass of crimson light silently stormed outwards from his body and instantaneously seeped into the surrounding air. Giving even the air a trace of the crimson color.....

The pitch black fire pitchfork in Shaar's hand danced around and drew a circular arc. A faint red glowing afterimage could be seen following behind the fire pitchfork's movements.....

One, two, three..... A distance of about ten steps!

Within those ten steps, everything turned crimson!

Within the scope of these ten steps, each knight saw a flash of crimson light in front of them.....

..... Everything fell into silence.

After a while.....

Kaka!!

A sudden cracking sound of armor could be heard coming from the knight carrying the hammer who stood closest to Shaar. When he looked down, he saw that a fine line extending on his armor and a thin scratch appearing on his body before blood started to spray out.....

The claw hammer in his hand silently split into two pieces! Half of the claw hammer fell down to the ground.

Staring in horror, he found himself unable to utter a word and watched

how his body started to gradually fall apart from the scratch on his waist!!

The blood finally sprayed out and half of the corpse fell to the ground. The part below his waist still standing!

At the same time, from the dozen of knights around Shaar, the closest five or six people were instantly decapitated. On all the places where Shaar's fire pitchfork left a crimson light, blood and brains sprayed everywhere. Two guys were sliced apart and the three men who stood slightly further away. One instantly lost his hand while still carrying his sword. Another person lost half of his right arm while his left shoulder detached from his body. The last knight let go a pitiful scream and wanted to run away, only to discover that while his upper body moved, everything below his knee stopped on the spot....

※※※

Still limping on the ground and unable to move, Rahim watched helplessly how most of his small squad had been massacred by Shaar in one hit. His eyes stubbornly staring at Shaar with a hint of madness in his eyes!

Slaughter, Thousand Men Army Slaughter! Crimson Rage ki!!

No wonder this boy managed to break his sword. He studied the Thousand Men Army Slaughter! He finally understood how this boy was so powerful, without even practising Battle ki.

What he practiced was not Battle ki, but Rage ki! Crimson Rage ki!!

Chapter 50: Thousand Men Army Slaughter

Shaar stood there, motionlessly, as if he suddenly couldn't believe that mighty earth-shattering strike happened at all. He looked at his hands and feet and the bloody look of those battered corpses scattered across the ground. He had a blank expression on his face.

Out of energy, Shaar was almost unable to resist and nearly fell to the ground before remembering the pendant...

Ah! The pendant!

He immediately grabbed the stone around his neck and noticed that it was no longer crimson red, but rather became the same dull gray as before. However while holding it in his hands, when his skin touched the stone he felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

Just a moment ago.....

What the hell happened?!

With just one slash of the pitchfork, these powerful and sturdy knights were all killed by me?!

Although the fire pitchfork was sharp, it was impossible for it to reach to such an extent! When that strange glow of crimson red light happened a moment ago, it felt as if their armor and weapons were made out of paper when the fire pitchfork cut through them without even a trace of resistance.

There were two knights who did not die immediately and laid on the ground, rolling around in pain. One knight's shoulder was cut off while the other knight's knees were cut off.

"You" Rahim forced himself to breathe out as he leaned against a horse, keeping his eyes fixed on Shaar. Right now there were only two men from his squad left. No matter how battle hardened the Nightfall Guardians were, seeing such a horrible scene in front of them, they could

not help but become dejected. Only Rahim had a saddened expression and keep staring at Shaar: “What a ‘Thousand Men Army Slaughter’! You practice Crimson Rage ki! I never thought that I would actually meet an opponent who practices Crimson Rage ki!!”

Shaar felt a bit lost in his mind and had no idea what his opponent was saying.

He looked at the fire pitchfork in his hand and the corpses scattered all over the place. Confusion and chaos filled his mind and he was able to faintly guess what just happened.

In particular..... Rage ki? !

Rage ki! !

This word was not new to Shaar. When he learned martial arts in the past, he had heard the legendary stories of Hero Warriors who defeated their enemies with magnificent Battle ki. Hearing about it, he once asked the old man about it, but he just bluntly replied: “Grandpa doesn’t know Battle ki. No matter what kind of martial arts, without Rage ki it’s all trash...”

“I finally understand, after encountering someone with Crimson Rage ki, no matter what we do, we won’t be able to beat you.” Rahim gasped. However his face became gloomy: “Nevertheless, orders are orders. The mission of Nightfall Guardians is to fulfil our orders.”

While he barely managed to stand up while holding on to the horse, the two knights standing next to him looked at each other and threw the pitiful creature to the ground before pulling out their swords. With an unflinching expression while facing certain death, they marched toward Shaar. Not giving up their will to fight, they rapidly attacked from both sides.

Simultaneously stabbing him with the two swords, Shaar brandished his fire pitchfork to block left and right. Giving up on dodging and their defense, the two knights started their blind onslaught in a desperate move. While Shaar managed to block a few times, he did not learn the art of sword. He still felt that he could not display his real skills with his fire

pitchfork in his hand, since it was a size too small to use as an axe.

More importantly, the feeling of being possessed by a God just a moment ago seemed to have disappeared. Right now he was using his reaction speed and strength to fight against the two knights. Deliberately bracing himself and taking a stab to his back, Shaar used this opportunity to smash the knight's chest with his elbow while his sword was stopped by the Dragon scale armor. With a loud scream, the knight's breastbones were smashed into countless pieces and blood sprayed everywhere. The other knight's sword was meanwhile broken in two by Shaar's fire pitchfork and his wrist was cut off from the slash. Following up with a kick, Shaar sent him flying to the ground.

Still leaning against the horse and gasping for air, Rahim coldly stared at Shaar. His injuries were very serious, when he saw that the last of his men were killed by Shaar, he knew that there were no means of escape. Facing Shaar's eyes, he sneered: "Mission failure means death, kill me."

Shaar frowned and grabbed the Rahim up while strangling his neck: "Tell me, you just said "Thousand Men Army Slaughter ", what does it mean!?"

While Shaar did not know what Crimson Rage ki was, he had already heard about "Thousand Men Army Slaughter ". This term was use by the old man when he taught him martial arts, since he sometime shouted "Thousand Men Army Slaughter ". That name sounded very impressive, but Shaar was sceptical for a while, wondering if this old man was not casually making things up.

Rahim gave Shaar a cold look:. "Thousand Men Army Slaughter is the strike you just used. Although I have practiced it before, since I do not practice Crimson Rage Ki, I specialized at that sword skill. Last time when you blocked all my sword patterns, I had some doubts. However, as expected, you really practice the Thousand Men Army Slaughter and moreover, your skills were more advanced than mine. No wonder you were able to block all of my sword patterns! "

Startled for a moment, Shaar suddenly came up with a strange idea and

threw Rahim to the ground.

Slaughter, Thousand Men Army Slaughter.

Crimson Rage ki.....

A fire pitchfork with unparalleled sharpness.....

Furthermore this pendant.....

Old man?

Could it be true what he boasted about when he was alive, that he once was really a great man?

While looking at the corpses scattered all over the ground and the several badly wounded knights who were not yet dead, Shaar felt an intense anxiety taking ahold of him all of a sudden.

This was not the first time he killed. Last time when he encountered those guys, he shot dead a knight who was holding a bow with his pitchfork. Growing up in the Primal Wildfire, it was natural for him to know the rules here and he admired the laws of jungle. The weak were the prey of the strong, it's either kill or to be killed. This was the difference between the weak and the strong.

However, today when that Crimson light erupted, a strong murderous impulse emerged in his mind that made Shaar a bit scared of himself. At that time, he didn't know what happened while his mind was twisted. He could only feel irritation and anxiety in his mind while becoming restless, wanting to tear apart every living thing he saw.

Old man..... What the hell did you teach me!

Struggling to sit up, Rahim pulled out a knife from his waist while standing next to him. His eyes blazing with anger and he directly stabbed towards Shaar's leg. Noticing the incoming strike, Shaar raised his leg and kicked him away. Lying on on the ground and gasping for air he laughed madly: "Kill me, kill me now! If you do not kill me, as long as I breathe, I will not give up on killing you!"

Shaar frowned and understood that it was very easy to end this guy's life

with his pitchfork right now. However, thinking about the horrible murderous intention overwhelming him moments ago, he was suddenly hesitant about killing him.

“Shaar!”

The pitiful creature stood up, sprinted forward and instantly threw herself towards Shaar. She was very concerned and started carefully examining Shaar’s body: “You, are you hurt anywhere?!”

Shaar pushed the pitiful creature away: “It’s nothing.”

He subconsciously pinched that pendant.....

Finally, Shaar left the pitiful creature and Rahim’s side before walking up to Tatara and saying: “Get up!”

Tatara widened his eyes and stared at Shaar. This magician was mentally somewhat exhausted since the situation moment ago was too extreme. When he saw Shaar going down, Tatara thought that this time, they were all bound to die. However Shaar suddenly exploded with energy and they managed to survive this deadly situation.

“You, didn’t you claim to be a magician?” Shaar pointed at the pendant around his neck: “Take a look at this thing. Is this a magical item?”

Tatara swallowed and timidly looked at Shaar: “I”

“Tell me!” Shaar barely restrained his anger. He had just slaughtered a squad of power enemies, like cutting melons and vegetables. While holding back his anger, Shaar naturally radiated with some slight killing intent and Tatara’s face instantly turned pale while quickly saying: “Yes, this is indeed a magic gem. Furthermore, it is a top grade magic gem and I guess that this gem must have been enchanted with a certain kind of extremely powerful magic, but..... based on my ability, I’m not able to identify the exact kind of magic. Just judging from the gem’s texture, it is absolutely top grade, definitely! ”

Magic gem.....

Shaar nodded and one of his doubts had been resolved, but the fog in his

heart became thicker.

“Shaar.” The pitiful creature walked next to him and looked at his solemn face with a somewhat uneasy feeling.

“I..... I need to go home.” Shaar suddenly raised his head and exhaled a long breath. Then he increased his tone of voice and repeated: “Uncle needs to go home!!”

Hearing this, the pitiful creature was stunned. This hillbilly said he needed to go home? What did he mean?

Exactly at that time, there was suddenly a hasty click of horse hooves coming from afar. The hooves blowing up a large cloud of dust all over the sky was coming closer!

Shaar, the pitiful creature and Tatar's face simultaneously became ashen and turned around to take a look. A group of horsemen came galloping from the distance. Judging from their formation, which was neat and quick, their armor reflected a metallic shine that could be seen from afar under the sun. It was obvious that the incoming group was a batch of heavily armed cavalrymen!

Shaar immediately turned to look at Rahim on the ground and thought that they were his companions. However he unexpectedly found that Rahim also had a look of astonishment.

It was obvious that this group of cavalry were rushing towards them like a sweeping wind! In a short amount of time, they had already closed in.

Shaar originally planned to drag the pitiful creature on horse and run away, however she caught sight of the cavalry in the distance. The vanguard knight held a lance high in his hand with a blue flag waving at its tip.

The second the pitiful creature saw this blue flag, her eyes suddenly lit up. When those men got a bit closer she could clearly see the appearance of the vanguard knight. The pitiful creature quickly grabbed Shaar: “We don't need to run! They're my brother's men! My brother's men! ”

Hearing this Rahim lying on the ground suddenly became pale as death.

This group of cavalry quickly arrived in front of them. There were about three hundred horses and everyone on the horse wore light riding gear with light armor, equipped with long swords and lances. This was the standard dress for empire's elite light cavalry. Arriving in front of them, they immediately divided into two groups and flanked them from both sides to guard the surroundings.

The knight leading the front wore a silver set of armor which was extremely ornate. Two beautiful patterns decorated his chest armor, his arm guards and shoulder pads had a family emblem engraved on them by a extremely skilled craftsmen. A thin layer of sequins covered his helmet while his armor was inlaid with pieces of silver on its chest, its back as well as the shoulders parts. While looking at him, sparkling silver lights were reflecting the sun's light.

The horse under the knight was also a fine rare breed. It was a completely white horse, both tall and majestic. The only part on its body that was black was around its four hooves.

Riding the horse in front of them, the knight suddenly reined his horse. His sophisticated skill of controlling this horse made it rear. Lifting his helmet, his eyes stayed fixated on the pitiful creature and with a voice full of excitement he shouted: "God bless! You are truly here, I finally found you!! "

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